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THE

# THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW

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## ON THE WATCH-TOWER

IT seems that at last the gigantic tide of enlightened opinion in matters of Biblical research has begun to make some slight impression on the dikes and dams of Roman Catholic officialism. *The Tablet* for January announces the appointment by the Pope of an important commission to examine the question of Biblical inspiration, and there can be no doubt but that the appointment of this commission has been forced upon the Holy Father not by pressure from without but by ever-growing discontent from within. In fact the tide of reason and acquired fact has already found a way in through the ancient bulwarks and is beginning to creep over the land. It would, however, be foolish to expect even under the most favourable circumstances any but the most moderate of recommendations from this commission. Like the Chinese, Roman Catholic dogmatic diplomacy has to save its "face," and we all know what *that* means! The following communication from the Rome correspondent of *The Morning Post* (January 16th), may throw some further light on the con-

Rome and the "Higher Criticism"

dition of affairs at the Vatican touching the "higher criticism"; the outlook is apparently not very favourable to the bold declaration of a truly progressive policy, but let us hope that the actual future will belie the present inauspicious prognostications.

The progressive and the conservative factions in the Vatican, which are constantly engaged in a silent but determined struggle, are marshalling their forces in view of the labours of the commission appointed by the Pope to examine the question of Biblical inspiration. The commission is composed of three Cardinals—Cardinal Parocchi, Vice-Chancellor of the Church, Cardinal Segna and Cardinal Vives y Tuto. The other members are Father Fleming, the British Vice-General of the Franciscan Order, who will act as secretary to the commission; the Abbé Vigouroux, representing France; Don Fracassini and Father Anielli for Italy; Father Jorio for Spain, the Abbé Van Hoonacker for Belgium, Father Poels for Holland, Father Esser for Germany, Father Gismondi for the Jesuits, Father Grennan for the United States, and Father Hummelauer for Austria.

The question on which the commission has to decide concerns the results of what is known as the "higher criticism." It has been brought into prominence lately by the efforts of some reactionary French ecclesiastics, among whom is Monsignor Péchenard, to obtain the condemnation of the Abbé Loisy by the Congregation of the Index. The Abbé Loisy is a savant whose contributions to Biblical criticism carry much weight in France, Germany, and Great Britain. He belongs to the advanced school, and is feared and detested by the partisans of the plenary inspiration of the Bible. Strong influences have lately been at work in Rome to bring about his condemnation in order to discourage other Biblical critics who may be tempted by his impunity to push their investigations and deductions too far. It seems, however, that the influences in favour of Father Loisy are too strong to admit of the immediate triumph of the conservatives, and the Pope has probably appointed this commission in order to gain time and to test the strength of the two currents in the Roman Church.

The conservatives or plenarists desire that the orthodox view of the inspiration of Scripture should remain untouched, and that belief in the absolutely divine origin of every word from Genesis to Revelation should continue to be imperative. The progressives hold, on the contrary, that without making any sensational changes in doctrine, the Roman Church might well authorise the view that the inspiration of the Bible affects only passages dealing with dogma and morals. In this case, they maintain, pious people would no longer be shocked by hearing Biblical critics assert that the Scripture contains historical, archæological, or scientific errors.

Formerly the Pope was on the side of the conservatives, whose views he upheld in an encyclical on Biblical studies addressed to the French bishops. Lately, however, the Pope is believed to have become more liberal, and he

is said to have prevented the condemnation of a French Dominican who criticised the literal interpretation of the Biblical account of creation.

Past experience makes it very doubtful that the present commission will report in favour of greater latitude in the interpretation of the Bible. The Vatican does not like innovations, and has a horror of opening anything like a breach in tradition.

* * *

A Reported Epistle of Peter the Fisherman

An exceedingly strange story is told by the Rome correspondent of *The Daily Chronicle* (January 27th) based upon an extraordinary statement made by the *Corriere della Sera*, the leading journal of South Italy. The story has all the appearance of a highly improbable romance, and until some further corroboration is given of the strange MS. "find" which it relates, it would be unwise to give it any credence. The story runs as follows:

On July 13th, 1879, there died at Jerusalem an aged hermit named Core, who in his lifetime was reputed to be a saint. Having left behind him a small fortune, the Governor sought out his relatives, and handed them 200,000 f. in the coinage of various countries, which had been found in the cave where the hermit had dwelt for many years. Together with this money the relatives received certain documents which they were unable to decipher. Some time later several learned Hebraists had an opportunity of examining them, and then discovered to their surprise that they were written in very ancient Hebrew. On deciphering the documents they read: "Peter the Fisherman, servant of Jesus, Son of Mary, thus speaks to the people in the name and by the will of the Lord." And the epistle ended, "I, Peter the Fisherman, in the name of Jesus, and in the ninetieth year of my life, have decided to write these words of love, three Paschs after the death of my Lord and Master Jesus Christ, Son of Mary, in the house of Bolier, near to the Lord's Temple." The *savants* concluded that the MS. dated from the days of Peter, both on account of its archaic form and because St. Mark in his Gospel says that the venerable Apostle wished to pen an epistle to those to whom it is attributed (!). The London Bible Society is of the same opinion, and after having submitted the palimpsest to expert examination is now offering 400,000 lire to the hermit's heirs for its acquisition.

Supposing that there is any truth in the account, and such a document really exists, then even from the superscription and colophon we are forbidden to assign to it a very early date, for the term "Son of Mary" indicates a doctrinal development; nevertheless even as a pseudepigraph it would be of great interest as being the only extant Christian document written in Hebrew.

But why, if the Bible Society are in haste for its purchase, and scholars capable of deciphering palimpsests have examined the document, have we not heard of it from some more reliable source? What, again, should we have to say of the age of Peter? Ninety years old in about A.D. 33, which he very well may have been, if Jesus really lived long before the traditional date! But what of the Roman claim that Peter was at Rome with Paul, say about 63 A.D.? A Peter of 130 years of age is a new development, even in that most puzzling personality!

* * *

Egypt and Christian Origins

IT is gradually being realised that Christianity, like all other great religions, evolved. The genesis of a religion is in some things as the birth of a genius. There are many who contend that genius is exclusively conditioned by heredity and environment, and who will allow it to have nothing of its own. On the contrary we assign the secret of genius in the first place to its own inherent power acquired by its prëexistent evolution, and treat heredity and environment as modifying factors. Now though the genesis of a religion differs in many ways from the birth of a genius, three main factors, namely, its own inherent spirit, its heredity and environment, have to be carefully considered if we are in any way to solve the mystery of its evolution. In contemplating the birth and growth of Christianity there are two dominant influences recognised on all sides as strongly modifying its growth and development, namely, Judaism and Hellenic culture. But there is another influence which so far has been largely neglected, but which is more and more coming into prominence, as the decipherment of the ancient records of the Nile land are made accessible to us by the splendid industry of our Egyptologists. Egypt played an indubitably potent part in the first three centuries of Christianity. In all probability all of our four Gospels were written in Egypt. It is also to be noticed that had the Egyptian environment been strong enough, the position of women, as equal sharers with men in spiritual offices, would have been totally different to the subordinate position to which they have been reduced by Pauline dogmatics. The following article by Mr. N. St. C. Boscawen, taken from

*The Globe* (January 29th), insists upon the importance of Egyptological research for students of Christian origins, and brings forward some points of the greatest interest.

* * *

Woman in Ancient Egypt

In no country of the ancient world did woman hold a higher position than in Egypt. The wife and the mother were addressed by the most endearing of terms. The wife is termed "his beloved," his sister, "she whom he loves," while the beautiful maxim in the Proverbs of Ani might well find a place in any modern home. "When thou hast arrived at years of maturity, and art married, and hast a house, never forget the pains thou hast cost thy mother, nor the care which she has bestowed on thee. Never give her cause to complain of thee, lest she lift up her hands to God in heaven, and He listen to her complaint." Much interesting information on the position of women in Egypt some four centuries before the Christian era is afforded by a valuable inscription now in the collection of Lady Meux, of Theobalds Park, Herts. The monument in question is a fine stele, or tablet, erected on the tomb of a lady named Ta Hebt, the daughter of Heru Mes. The upper portion is decorated with sculptured scenes, the figures of the Child Horus (Harpocrates) and the Solar Boats, and the usual scene of the offerings of the deceased lady to Osiris, Isis, Nephthys, and other gods; below is a long inscription of twenty-two lines. This important text differs considerably from the usual texts, and is extremely interesting as containing a very beautiful hymn to the Sun God.

In the opening lines we have the pious prayer that the soul of the departed "may be nourished with all good and pleasant things, which the heavens give, and the earth bringeth forth, and the Nile giveth forth from his store-house; and may she smell the sweet breeze of the (cool) north wind." Next follows the beautiful prayer to the rising Sun. This hymn, for such it is, bears a close resemblance to the beautiful compositions of the Theban School, such as those found in the papyri of Ani and Nekht, in the British Museum. These poems show how intensely the Egyptians loved the glorious light-giving Sun, and saw in him the source of light and life. We read: "Ta Hebt singeth hymns of praise to Ra. She praiseth her lord of Eternity. Thou art doubly beautiful as thou risest on the horizon of heaven, thou illuminest the world with thy beams, and gods rejoice when they see thy beams in the heaven. Let me come forth to meet thee, and behold thy beautiful form. I have come to thee for I would be with thee, and I would behold thy disk every day." It is hard not to believe that there was a sincerity in these beautiful words, and a belief that as the sun was immortal so the deceased would unite herself with him, and that her prayer would be answered, and that she "would arrive at the land of eternity and the region of ever-lastingness"; and it concludes, "Guide thou me, O Ra, and do thou give me the sweet breath of life."

THE ethical teaching of this inscription is most valuable, as it shows how thoroughly Egypt was prepared for the advent of Christianity. It is a curious specimen of the doctrine of justification by works. Ta Hebt says: "My heart was true. I never thrust myself unduly forward. I gave bread to the hungry, drink to the thirsty, and clothes to the naked. My hand was open to all men. I honoured my father, loved my mother. I was affectionate to my brethren, and my heart was at one with my fellow citizens. I kept the starving folk alive with provisions and clothes each year when the inundation of the Nile was low." After such an ethical code as this there was little to learn from the Decalogue or the Sermon on the Mount. The occurrence of these high moral and religious teachings in this is the more important when we learn that the lady was a native of the town of Khemmenu, the modern Akhmim, one of the most important seats of the Early Christian Church in Egypt, and we can now understand how it was the new teaching so rapidly took root in this city. It was from the Christian cemetery of this cemetery that we obtained the Gospel and Apocalypse of St. Peter, two of our earliest specimens of Christian literature.

Egyptian Ethics

The collection of Lady Meux is rich in coffins and inscriptions from Akhmim, and among them is one of special interest. It is the coffin and mummy of a priest named Nesi Amsa, who was second prophet of Khensu, of Thebes. This coffin is of great importance as it is inscribed with texts which differ from the usual Book of the Dead, and contains extracts from a curious work entitled "The Festival Songs of Isis and Nephthys," a litany which was sung by two priestesses on the Twenty-fifth to Twenty-eighth of Khoaik (December), when Osiris was born. The extract is valuable. "Beautiful boy come to thy house. Let thy heart be glad. No enemies o thine exist. Thy two sisters are near to protect thee." These quotations would lead us to identify this priest with the Nesi Amsu, whose papyrus is in the British Museum, and is one of the most valuable theological documents ever discovered in Egypt. It contains a curious litany on the attributes of God, presenting a curious prototype of the Athanasian creed, and is dated in the year B.C. 312. The recovery of these later Egyptian writings is of the utmost importance, and these two treasures of the Meux collection do much to throw light upon the religious and social life of Greco-Roman Egypt.

* * *

THE following paragraphs from *The Morning Post* of October 23rd are of importance, and we would suggest that one of our scientific colleagues might find matter for an instructive paper in Professor M'Kendrick's address. A "form of motion *sui generis*" is bordering on that further (so-called) "dimension" we are all chasing.

On the Track of the "Astral"

Twenty-five years ago Clerk Maxwell tried to impale the physiologist,

more especially the advocates of "pan-genesis," on one or the other prong of a dilemma forged, as it were, in his physical laboratory. In those days the *minimum visibile* for the best microscopes was a piece of matter having a breadth of not less than 1-4,000th millimetre, which, according to the measurements of atoms made by Loschmidt, Stoney, and Lord Kelvin, would contain from sixty to one hundred millions of elementary atoms. Furthermore, since the molecules of organic substances contain on an average fifty of these elementary atoms and at least one-half of every living organism consists of water, the smallest visible germ (which might yet be capable of development into a highly organised animal) might be supposed to be built up of about one million organic molecules. In Clerk Maxwell's hands this fact became a two-pronged pitchfork. If such a germ is to be regarded as structureless it cannot develop into a creature with thousands of racial and individual characteristics. If, on the other hand, it is structural, the number of molecules which make up the structure is too small to account for the infinite number of differences which distinguish one animal from another. Only by asserting that the germ was not a purely material system, and thereby abandoning the attempt to solve the problem of vitality by scientific methods, could the physiologist avoid receiving one of those prongs in some "useful spot" of his body scientific.

At the last meeting of the British Association Professor J. G. M'Kendrick, in a luminous address to which we cannot refer in detail, grasped this famous pitchfork in both hands and broke it across his knee. Having disposed of Clerk Maxwell's pitchfork, Professor M'Kendrick cautiously revealed a theory of life which may be accepted by physicists as well as physiologists. "It is conceivable," he said, "that vital activities may also be determined by the kind of motion that takes place in the molecules of which we speak as living matter. It may be different in kind from some of the motions known to physicists, and it is conceivable that life may be the transmission to dead matter, the molecules of which have already a special kind of motion, of a form of motion *sui generis*."

* * *

Lord Kelvin's latest Speculation

In its "Echoes of Science," *The Globe* of November 1st has the following brief summary of Lord Kelvin's paper to the British Association at Glasgow. The distinguished scientist seems to be touching on the question of equilibrium at the time of pralaya, and how the first impulse is given, how equilibrium is disturbed and the guṇas come into play. He, however, keeps clear of this insoluble mystery by postulating a greater density in some parts of space than in others. How it could be made conceivable, that already a difference of density in prime matter could have

arisen, Lord Kelvin does not say. We are glad, however, to see that Democritus and Epicurus are not yet banished from the realms of thought.

Lord Kelvin's paper to the British Association at Glasgow on matter in stellar space is printed in *Nature*, and expounds a new hypothesis to the effect that meteoric stones were not the first form of matter from which planets have been built. Millions or billions of years ago space might, he thinks, be filled with atoms nearly or quite at rest, but more densely distributed in some parts than others, and by gravitation these parts would attract more matter from the surrounding space until it was piled up in particular spots. Heated gases or nebulæ would be produced by this action, cooling would set in, and the solid bodies resulting from it would collide, producing meteoric stones. This view, as he points out, returns to that of the Greek philosophers, Democritus and Epicurus, and their fine expositor, the Roman poet, Lucretius.

* * *

The S.U.B.

OUR Senior Editor writes from Benares: Another curious little secession whirlpool may be watched forming in the American Section. These movements in America are frequent and all show certain characteristic marks. Someone receives a communication from the highest beings existing anywhere, and always produces a document: "WE (very large capitals, please) have chosen you out of all the inhabitants of this and other worlds to bear our revelation to the world." The chosen messenger is always exceedingly humble and lets some accident disclose his or, generally, her high mission. The next characteristic is that the Theosophical Society always takes a back seat and the new messenger founds a Universal Brotherhood on strictly separative principles. The Separatist Universal Brother is always ready to embrace everyone who will entirely surrender his free will and free thought, but everyone else is unbrotherly. Since the Judge secession we have had many such S.U.B.'s, and they always have hierophants and neophytes, and blue or other coloured stars and golden temples and swords, and what not. A new little S.U.B. is now in full process of formation, and we shall watch it grow with interest, and, we fear, its rapid decay. The one thing sensible Theosophists should not do, is to get excited over these harmless aberrations.

# THE LIFE OF A CRYSTAL

I HOLD in my hand a mass of quartz crystals from one of the deep mines of Ballarat, Victoria, Australia. Its beautiful symmetrical forms, exquisite hexagonal crystals, with pyramidal terminations, are composed of two elements combined in definite proportions under the impulse of a law of chemical attraction. Those elements are silicon and oxygen ($SiO_2$). Silicon may be said to play the same part in relation to the so-called inorganic matter that carbon does to organic. Both are tetrad elements in almost all their compounds, while in the form of quartz it is the basic material of a number of ornamental and gem stones, as amethyst, cat's-eye, aventurine chalcedony, carnelian, chrysoprase, plasma, heliotrope agate, onyx, sadronyx, jasper, etc.

The smallest conceivable particles of these elements are known to us as atoms, and it is inferred that all forms of matter in whatever stage of tenuity, whether in the solid, liquid, or gaseous condition, consist of such atoms; but when we investigate more closely the properties of these atoms with the aid of the most refined methods of chemical, optical, and mathematical research, it is still found necessary to assume a primordial homogeneous ether, in which ether units and vortex centres precede the evolution of the atom. For these atoms are known by what they do rather than by what they are. They are measured by their energies, identified by their responses. Proofs of position in action as related to other atoms may be demonstrated, so that the configuration of their aggregates as molecules may be investigated. Their movements as vibratory bodies have been calculated; their pulsations as vortex rings are said to agree with their combining power. As operating magnets their inter-action with other like magnets has been predicted as the method of valence. They are said to aggregate into crystals, to polymerise into cells. All this and much more is known, and can be demonstrated by

the methods of physical science, but what remains to be established is the reason why atoms have a selective power, an affinity for other atoms, resulting in the building up of crystalline forms on the one hand, and gelatinous masses on the other.

It is stated that in the interplay of the atoms all the visible forms of the universe are built up. Now I hold that the interplay of the atoms is an expression of the manifestation of their life force. It is singular that no definition of life yet proposed will exclude these processes which go on in the building up of a crystal from its solutions, or in other words will exclude the kind of processes which can now be shown to be continually going on in mineral bodies. Prof. Lodge has informed us that life from the physical point of view is that which has the power of directing energy into otherwise unoccupied channels, and that it is not a mere form of energy. Sir H. Lewes defines life as a series of definite and successive changes both of structure and composition which take place in an individual without changing its identity. Mr. Herbert Spencer defines life as the definite combination of heterogeneous changes, both simultaneous and successive, in correspondence with external co-existences and sequences. Now it matters not which of these definitions we take, it can be shown that minerals live, or in other words, that as the conditions to which they are subjected vary, they undergo definite and successive changes both in structure and composition without losing their identity. In fact, the less complex and more stable composition of the mineral gives it a greater, or more prolonged, vitality than that of a plant or animal.

Let us consider for a few minutes the process of growth of this quartz crystal. Formed in the cavity of a mass of sandstone, it was originally in a liquid form, *i.e.*, in a state of solution; as the conditions of temperature began to vary its atoms, seeking their affinities, gradually arranged themselves in obedience to a law of polarity and crystallisation, along certain definite lines known as axes of growth. Two of the atoms of oxygen, taking into partnership one of the atoms of silicon, began to combine with others similarly united into molecules, which, arranging themselves in obedience to a life force, at last built up the crystal.

First there developed points sensitive to light (forming centres of aggregation) appearing in the clear solution, then lines and filmy plates, then hexagonal forms, as plate upon plate was superimposed until the crystal was formed. This newly formed crystal has now a distinct organism, an inherent reproductive power which manifests itself when its smallest particle is surrounded by appropriate conditions. Of course we may alter that organism, or the vitality which is manifested in it, by subjecting the crystal to the action of hydrofluoric acid, yet it has a tenacity which is marvellous. It has been demonstrated that this silicon-oxygen combination when vitrified may be drawn into fibres so thin that a cubic inch of quartz will give a thread which may be wound three times round the world, or so thin as to be imperceptible under the highest powers of the microscope.

Prof. Judd has beautifully expressed this potency of life in the crystal when he says: "It may be worn and rounded into a polished sand grain, it may be washed from the beds of one formation to form parts of the materials of a new one, and this process may be repeated again and again, but after countless wanderings and unnumbered accidents by flood and field extending over millions and millions of years, let but the necessary conditions of growth again environ it and the battered and worn fragment will develop in all their exquisite symmetry its polished facets, and will assume once more the form of a quartz crystal having as much claim to identity with the original one as a man has with the baby he was when he was born."

Let me for a moment or two still further review the progress of investigation as to the growth of mineral bodies. In 1840 Link observed that the first step in the formation of crystals in a solution consisted in the separation of minute spherules of supersaturated liquid in the mass. Subsequently, Hasting, Rainyard and Old, in England obtained a number of interesting experimental results, by allowing crystallisation to take place slowly in a mixture of crystalloids and colloids. Then H. Vogelsang, by adding a viscous substance to solutions in which crystallisation was going on, succeeded in so far retarding the operation as to be able to study the successive stages. It was seen how the minute globulites, gathering themselves into nebulous masses or ranging

themselves according to mathematical laws, gradually built up skeleton crystals, by the clothing of which perfect structures arise.

Still more recently we have the marvellous results obtained by Professor von Schrön, some particulars of which were given by Mr. W. C. Worsdell, in this REVIEW, vol. xxvii., pp. 302-303. It is shown how, from a saturated solution, a sphere is differentiated which from being homogeneous is further differentiated into proto- and paralithoplasms, and produces in its interior small globules, which pass across the matrix and reach the periphery, while the material which forms them becomes changed into bioplasm, from which originates petroblast, which expands into crystals passing out and away from the primitive sphere to a considerable distance. While this is happening at the periphery new globules are formed at the centre. The remarkable statement is made by Professor von Schrön that all this process of crystallisation is "regulated by a principle superior to matter which does not fall under the observation of the senses." We cannot analyse the essence of this force, a force undoubtedly which determines the primitive angle which has an eminently directing and ordinating influence in the morphogenesis of the crystal.

This discovery of the process of what may be called the endogenetic reproduction of a crystal, as distinct from the process of its reproduction by apposition or accretion, is undoubtedly a marvellous one and demands the closest attention of all students of biogenesis as leading us nearer to those subtle forces which underlie visible phenomena. It is certain from these and other observations that crystals of minerals are by no means fixed and unchangeable entities; on the contrary, they exhibit varying degrees of instability, and pass through very definite stages of metamorphosis, every crystal possessing certain peculiarities of molecular structure as the result of its internal organisation. It certainly responds in a definite manner to the action of external forces, undergoing a well-marked series of chemical and physical changes without losing its identity. Of course, the final result of such successive changes is so to weaken the bonds which hold this organised structure, that they at last break down and the

separate existence of the mineral form is at an end, but the materials resolving themselves into new compounds go to build up the substance of other organised structures. In all these respects minerals behave like plants and animals; but in the case of the latter kingdom such changes are called physiological, the only difference being, in the case of the mineral, the longer time that is required to bring about the changes. The cycles of change in minerals require periods of enormous duration and long intervals of apparent suspension from growth. Yes, all minerals have a life history, one which is in part determined by their original constitution, and in part by the long series of slowly varying conditions to which they have been subjected since.

I have already referred to the combination of silicon and oxygen to form the quartz crystal, but if instead of simple oxygen we combine silicon and sodium with hydrochloric acid we get, not a crystal, but a gelatinous mass known as silicate of soda ($SiNa + HCl = Na_4 Si_2 O_4 + 2H_2 SiO_2$), or combining carbon, hydrogen and oxygen ($C_6 H_{12} O_6$) we get a non-crystalline sugar which can be split up into alcohol. When carbonate of lime is precipated in a viscid solution a faint cloudiness appears, then in a short time exquisitely minute globules, then dumb-bell shaped bodies, and egg-shaped particles which gradually enlarge, appearances almost identical with those occurring in vegetable infusions. The principal constituents of organic bodies are, as all know, C. H. N. O. S. P. K. Na.

Just as plants are subjected to variations under different conditions of environment, so are minerals, and the variability of crystals of the same mineral is very remarkable. In addition to the varieties due to the combination of many different forms, or the excessive development of certain faces at the expense of others, there are complicated and diversified structures built up by twinning according to certain laws, by oscillatory tendencies in the same crystal towards the assumption of different forms, or the existence of causes interfering with the free action of the crystallisation forces, varieties are obtained with curiously striated or curved faces, very often quantities of extraneous materials, solid, liquid, and gaseous, are caught up in the crystal during its growth, and these substances may be so affected

by the forces operating around them as to assume definite and symmetrical positions within the crystal. I have seen a beautiful octahedron of gold within a fine transparent quartz crystal, and prisms of rutile and cubes of iron pyrites are not uncommon in glassy quartz, while liquid bubbles are everywhere present in most quartz rocks. I can only at present refer to a few forms of crystals which may be easily produced. A saturated solution of chloride of sodium or common salt, when gently evaporated, leaves cubical crystals; a solution of sodium tartrate when evaporated gives cruciform crystals surrounded by handsome rays; iron sulphate gives beautiful arborescent forms, sulphate of lead minute rhombohedral crystals; carbonate of lead small rods characteristically branched; and so on, with a great number of metallic bodies producing a wonderful variety of forms.

Those of us who have studied botany will know that the protoplasm of plants often exhibits crystalline bodies which increase greatly in volume when treated with reagents. Many oily seeds contain crystallites chiefly of salts of lime, soda, magnesia, and potash, in combination with organic acids. A piece of the cuticle of an onion, for instance, when viewed under the microscope, is found to contain crystals and crystallites of carbonate, oxalate, sulphate, or phosphate, of lime. Some cacti are so full of crystalline bodies as to become brittle. Many of the plant crystals are needle-shaped and are known as raphides, and these may be artificially reproduced by filling the cells of rice paper with lime water by means of an air pump, and floating it in a weak solution of oxalic and phosphoric acids, thus forming stellate and rhombohedral raphides of oxalate or phosphate of lime; similarly silica is required for the culms or cereals and grasses.

Numerous other illustrations of the dependence of the vegetable kingdom upon the mineral could be given, but that would extend my remarks to an unnecessary length. I will, however, before concluding, draw attention to some interesting investigations which serve to indicate the vanishing lines between the mineral and vegetable, or mineral, vegetable, and animal kingdoms. For instance, fermentation was long considered a physi-

ological process. Now Prof. Büchner of Tübingen has shown that fermentation may be produced without yeast cells; Leo Lilienfild has, by condensing phenol and glycocol, practically built up an albumen product, pepton. Prof. Büschlei, by mixing bi-carbonate of soda and bi-carbonate of potash with olive oil, obtained an emulsion with which glycerine and water form globules exhibiting changes in shape and streaming movements resembling amœbæ, which may be influenced by warmth and electricity.

Numerous instances of like nature could be adduced to shew that the structures commonly known as organic and the processes called vital, which were believed to be entirely different, both in their origin and essence, from anything existing in the mineral kingdom, can no longer be separated fundamentally from the latter. Now is it not possible to compare all such solutions in which crystallites are uniting in obedience to the law of polarity to build up crystals with their regular forms, their molecular structure, and powers of further development, with a solution of sugar in which the cell of a yeast plant is living and growing, and a third liquid with suspended vegetable matter in which an amœba is increasing and multiplying? Yes, it is certain that they may be compared with one another; the cytoblastema or cell germinating substance and mother lye of crystals are one and the same essence save in differentiation for certain purposes. And what do we find at the beginning of all these manifestations of growth? I think the answer is clear; we find a life principle (the *jîva* or universal life principle of some Theosophic teachings), which, elusive as it may seem, is yet a permanent reality, becoming differentiated (as *prâṇa*) in the individual, ever manifesting its presence as the evanescent forms of either kingdom appear and reappear in the plane of physical existence. In the case of the mineral there is prolonged or stable vitality, in the vegetable less so, and in the case of the animal its period of functioning is, in consequence of the complexity of the organism, of relatively short duration.

Now I must confess that even the acceptance of a universal life principle by no means explains why the atoms *per se*, or in their aggregates in the form of the molecule of a crystal, should

have any inherent power of combination or of construction, unless it is further assumed that there are other planes of existence beyond the physical out of which the evolving life proceeds. If every atom in the universe has the potentiality of self-consciousness in it, it can only be by reason of its being placed there. I hold that the atom is merely the vehicle for the manifestation of a life principle, that it is not the result of blind force but the product of conscious intelligence.

Enough has been said to demonstrate that vital processes are common to the mineral as well as to vegetable bodies. Further we have the statement of *The Secret Doctrine* that monadic group souls incarnate themselves in filmy physical forms, the etheric doubles of the future dense minerals of the physical world. This explanation involves much that is difficult to grasp from the standpoint of physical science, still it is evident that some knowledge of super-physical forces must be obtained before a rational explanation of the phenomena of growth can be given. The more comprehensive is our knowledge of the inner forces of nature the more complicated and complex do we find those subtle influences, which lie on the occult side of nature, become; yet, paradoxical as it may seem, we realise more and more the idea of a fundamental unity underlying all phenomena. In the words of the poet:

> All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
> Whose body nature is, and God the soul.

If the views I have expressed in this paper regarding the life of a crystal are founded on fact, then, in the words of a teacher: "Nature is not to be regarded as a soulless, unconscious machine, but as a congeries of living entities." Every force, every energy, is the expression of consciousness, of will, ensouled by these entities; each grade works in obedience to more highly evolved consciousnesses, and therefore all kinds of material activity in nature can be controlled by the soul, by the action of the will consciously directed to command these inferior entities, as higher kinds can be controlled by the use of spiritual energies.

JAMES STIRLING.

# AN EASTERN SAINT OF TO-DAY

A FACE somewhat sphinx-like, somewhat oracular; the nose aquiline, broadening slightly at the base, the lips a little full, the mouth a little wide, the forehead high and broad, surmounted by long black tresses falling to the waist, while the white folds of a silken *sârî* conceal the whole body, save the right shoulder, the right arm and both hands; hands shapely, capable, placed together with fingers and thumbs touching in an attitude of quiescent meditation. The eyes, features of singular impressiveness in most instances, do not belie themselves in this. They are clear, intellectual. Their look-out is far-reaching. One reads in them infinite patience, an assurance of certainty, and, too, a certainty of sympathy. A type eminently Eastern, even though the photograph fronting me as I write is incapable of presenting oriental colouring.

One cannot fail to descry dignity in the pose, kindliness in the gaze, a certain impressive atmosphere—the air of a counsellor and adviser to many souls. Until, at the earnest request of Western friends, the photographer gained entrance to her apartment, no man but her father and her husband had ever seen the owner of this face. Pilgrims from far-off quarters of India and of other countries, persons in temporal or spiritual difficulty, men desirous of acquiring the knowledge of the highest, came and came again to her, receiving her words of wisdom through the lips of ladies who, like nuns, surround her, as their abbess, their director.

Her photograph, sent to us from herself with loving greeting, occupies an honourable place in our home. It is the portrait of Sarada Devî, of whom Swâmi Abhedânanda recently said in a lecture on "Woman's Place in Hindu Religion," she "has become a living example of the great honour and reverence that are paid by Hindus to a woman of pure, spotless, spiritual life."

Yet it is not only her life, pure, spotless, spiritual, that places her on the pedestal of worship. It is also—and perhaps primarily—because she is the widow and disciple of Râma Kṛishṇa—designated in the lecture referred to "the great Hindu saint of the nineteenth century."

It is of him that we think and write in this paper. We would discover, if we may, the secret of his saintliness. We would, if we may, learn by what means he attained that spiritual rest and peace which belong to those who—in merging with The I—the All-Father—have lost the "*i*" which for a little space limited them in an individuality of hope, and fear, and longing and dissatisfaction.

We would ascertain also the why and wherefore of that wisdom, which led men of learning and culture to sit humbly at Râma Kṛishṇa's feet—imbibing there a knowledge of the Eternal not to be gained from books, from parchments or from preachers, a knowledge deep, abiding, satisfying.

It was this man who inspired the hearts and tongues of earnest Hindu teachers of our own time. It was he who showed the ultimate uselessness of caste and of creed. It was he who, perhaps more than any other Eastern of these latter days, insisted upon the Unity of the Deity, and the unity of the Deity with humanity.

Underlying the formulæ and wordy mysteries of the great religions of the world, he found the one inalienable truth, that I, myself, I and my Father, are One.

The casual and the common-place were his earliest environments. Around him and about him were no apparent evidences that he came out from God. No miraculous conception, no standing still of the forces of nature ushered him into the world. After ordinary, orthodox fashion he was born.

The Hooghly district claims him, and a village called Kamarpukar marks his birthplace; for there he began this phase of existence, on February 20th, 1833. Until August 16th, 1886, he dwelt among men, having fulfilled half a century of earthly years. He came, it is true, of Brâhmanical parentage, his father and mother belonging to "the most orthodox and exclusive type in India." (*Brahmavâdin*, September, 1897.)

Yet poverty almost as extreme surrounded them and him. It is recorded that his mother had been known, willingly and religiously, to give to even poorer persons food of which she herself stood in need. Rigidly, religiously also, both father and mother clung to every regulation enjoined upon them by the customs of their caste.

Theirs, and his, was a life utterly devoid of luxury on the one hand, and, on the other, a life immovably, unalterably in accord with the rigorous ritual involved in the intricacies of the worship which was theirs. Of Râma Kṛishṇa it might be written, as it was said by Paul of Tarsus, "after the straitest sect" of his religion he lived. Caste prescribed his rule of life. Being a Brâhman he might be nothing but a Brâhman; that is to say, that many modes of money-making were imperatively denied to him, even had he desired to enter upon them.

It was for him to sit at the feet of some Brâhman learned in the law and lore of Hindu faith.

He had reached twelve years of age when he was invested by his father with the sacred thread which set him apart, which marked him as a student; and now the vast store of Sanskrit learning was thrown open to him. One historian tells an interesting story of this period. (*Brahmavâdin*, June, 1898.)

Discipline obliges the newly-invested with the sacred thread to beg his food at the hands of the women of neighbouring houses. Among the women who offer rice to the begging boy, the first from whom he begs is considered to hold, from that moment, a position of peculiar relationship to him. She is supposed to take the place of the mother of the boy during the period of his studentship. We are reminded that this village of Râma Kṛishṇa's birth contained very poor folk for the most part; among them dwelt one of the carpenter caste, whose wife, Dhanî, loved young Râma Kṛishṇa so greatly that she urged him to beg first from her, and, despite the disapproval of his parents, he carried this point.

Thus a woman of the carpenter caste became, as it were, the god-mother of a Brâhman boy. "Apparently the inner humanity in the heart of the boy could not understand the narrowness of caste restriction. To him the lovable nature of Ḍhanî

did not appear marred in any way by reason of her belonging to the carpenter caste."

One historian speaks of him as in every way attractive, possessed of a voice of notable sweetness, and of a memory which enabled him to retain and repeat many songs. Very considerable ability in forming figures of the gods from clay is attributed to him, also high artistic faculty in the delineation of human and other forms. Under local instruction—of very limited kind—he acquired some little knowledge of arithmetic, but he appears to have disliked prescribed studies and times of study.

For him, nevertheless, a course of study was, or seemed to be, inevitable. Shortly after his father's death, which occurred while he was still a lad, he attached himself to a teacher. Hindu teachers impart their knowledge without charge, and thus, under the recognised system of things, thorough and inexpensive learning was his for the taking.

He became immediately devoured by a spirit of enquiry. He soon learned this, that at all events some of the sages, despite all their erudition and reputation for wisdom and holiness, were anxious to exhibit their knowledge, at marriage and other feasts given by wealthy folk, in order that they might receive applause. More, he found that gifts were, at least sometimes, valued at a higher rate than even adulation.

After this, nothing could make him attend to their teaching. Young as he was, uncultured as he was, he threw over any attempt of following in their steps. Their struggle had worldly gain of some sort for its goal, and his soul revolted against it and them.

We next hear of him as priest of a temple, that temple of Kâlî, known as Rânî Rashmonî's temple, standing near Calcutta, on a bank of that river whose waters are sacred in Hindu sight.

In this change of condition there was apparently little or nothing of an alluring nature. It was not as if, among Westerns, he had followed the customary university course, received ordination at episcopal hands, and, by virtue of Holy Orders, obtained a diaconate in some established church. It signified, rather, an accentuation of his poverty. It meant that his mother's home could no longer sustain him and, that, perforce of circumstances,

he must undertake the temple service in order to secure the food and clothing necessary for existence. He had, literally, become a servant, his duties consisting of service more or less menial.

Sacred images required looking after, floors needed cleansing. Now and again some worshipper desired to pay special devotion at the shrine of some special representation of the deity, and the temple-server would be requisitioned.

For his service he would receive payment, a matter extremely repugnant to a Brâhman, accustomed to learn for nothing, to teach for nothing.

Here, in the temple, he thought and thought, and prayed and prayed. Here, in the temple, he strove for an answer to the questions which continually agitated him: "Is there a God? Does the soul live on after it withdraws from the body?" Here, in the temple, he had, or made, leisure wherein to meditate upon these momentous matters. At times his abstraction was so intense that his duties were altogether neglected. At other times he continued in their performance hour after hour, mechanically, so puzzled was he by the wonder of life and the wonder of living on after life. Again, he would wander away and be lost to men, and lose himself in his striving for a solution, "whether in the body or out of the body" he could have told no man.

Perhaps it was natural that, in a temple dedicated to Kâlî, he became possessed by a conviction that in the Motherhood of God lay a great and glorious factor in faith.

Here, he gazed daily upon the image of Her who represented the female principle in the Godhead. Before it he would lie prostrate, murmuring: "Mother! Mother! Art Thou *the* Mother to whom men may come for hope, for love, for salvation, for all?"

Kâlî, the Mother, the Creator, the Bearer—the Mother, in this sense, the Protector of her children also, was she not all-powerful, all-conquering?

There came, then, to Râma Kṛishṇa, an answer. It took the form of self-consecration to the Divine Mother, as one says, "a childlike, whole-souled self-consecration to the Motherhood of God as represented by the power and influence of womanhood."

Henceforth, for him, there could be no sense of sex relationship. Woman became for him, a being sacred, apart, worshipful. Not immediately, not without the sternest, severest struggles, after long and unwavering persistence, he overcame the natural desire of man, and acquired the natural adoration of one who had overcome. The Mother had, he said, opened his eyes to behold Herself in every woman; in every woman the incarnation of the divine. (*Life*, by Girish Chandra Sen.)

As his mother, henceforth, he regarded every woman, of whatever age, or rank, or caste; and to every woman he paid pure and lowly devotion.

No word, no thought, of his, from this time forward, but was directed by utter and complete respect for the Divine Mother in human woman-form.

His loathing of the carnal—because the carnal wrought and brought sin—resolved itself into deification of the feminine.

Married by his people to a girl-bride, in a vain hope that by her beauty and her grace he might be weaned from too absorbing religious abstraction, he held himself aloof during his soul-struggle, until the mother-message of motherhood dawned luminously upon him.

There is one chapter in his career of a very pregnant, very pathetic kind, relative to this matter. He had, as we have seen, lost the woman of the world in the Goddess and Queen of Heaven. (Recorded by several; see *My Master*, by Swâmi Vivekânanda.)

One day, his wife, wondering at his continued absence, wandered from the home of her own people, with whom, after the manner of the land, she still dwelt, to the shrine of his deity.

Quaintly, naively, he tells her (the Sarada Devî whose portrait we know) that he now sees how the Mother exists in every woman, for him—even in her, his wife. "You are, to me, as an incarnation of Her whom I adore. . . . I would be as I am. I would worship always, I would learn more and more deeply of divine things. Yet, if you will, I am yours. Then, I must be, as other men, of and for this lower life."

Sarada Devî bade him worship God in his own way, declaring that she would be no hindrance to that worship. Her desire for

her husband should never stand between him and his God. That is the woman of the photograph, the woman who learned to worship her husband—to imbibe his teaching as from one taught of God—to disseminate that teaching, to-day, in the hearing of many ears.

Perhaps it is not wonderful, comprehending his conception of womanhood, that he gathered much from the words of a woman, described as beautiful and learned, who visited him at a time when his absorption counted among men for mental weakness. Repudiating this idea of madness, she proved her faith in the coming seer by dwelling in the temple year by year, inspiring him, encouraging him, implanting within him, precept by precept, the Vedânta philosophy.

After her, came a man, a Sannyâsin, continuing text and exposition, until Râma Kṛishṇa himself attained to the condition of a Sannyâsin, being duly initiated into the order.

Faithful to Kâlî, he yet remembered with reverence Râma, the God of his father, Shiva, the contemplative one, Kṛishṇa, the embodiment of the Divine Love. Each of these, many more than these, shadowed forth, for him, some phase of the Eternal. These he therefore worshipped.

In his determination to crush within himself all idea of sex, he, at one time, wore woman's dress, completely ignoring and forgetting himself as man. He determined, also, to cast aside all distinction of race or creed. All around him and about him, inside and outside the country of his birth, were millions of men, of another colour than his—professing other beliefs than his; striving, after an altogether different fashion, to attain to the Divine. In his determination to understand the inner meaning of the great creeds, their religious motives, their forms and regulations, he took an equally decisive course. He put on, for example, Mahommedan clothing. He ate Mahommedan food, a bold step to take in face of Hindu law and life. He learned the gospel of the Korân from the lips of a celebrated Mahometan teacher with whom, to this end, he took up his abode. Christianity allured him also. He studied the Scriptures of the Western world. He acquainted himself with, and put in practice, rites and ceremonies instituted by various priesthoods of the Christian cult. The

Sayings of Jesus, the Life and Death of the Carpenter of Palestine, appealed to him with irresistible power. His heart responded to that of the Preacher of the Sermon on the Mount, and he bowed his head at the mention of the Holy Name.

Thus he gained intelligence concerning creeds.

Perforce of indomitable perseverance he comprehended the essence of divinity, the eternal Unity, alike in the Talmud, the Korân, and the New Testament. He acquired and assimilated the good in each by actually fulfilling the law of each. By this fulfilment of the law, he freed himself. He put himself, willingly, eagerly, into bondage, that he might learn the freedom of that Gospel which is the centre and sum of all creeds, whether spoken of in Sanskrit or Hebrew, or concealed by a network of modern phraseology.

We might again liken him to St. Paul, who said: "For I, through the law, am dead to the law; that I might live unto God."

One other notable thing he saw, with a seer's eyes, that as good lay in all creeds and among all peoples, no scorning of one or of the other should be deemed in anywise possible. That in effect, as the Creator manifested Himself in each and all, no scorn of anything created was permissible.

This attitude of his brings to one's mind a passage in Alfred Sutro's introduction to Maeterlinck's *Wisdom and Destiny*, where he writes:

"Nothing is contemptible in this world but scorn, and, for the humble, the foolish, nay, even the *wicked*, he (Maeterlinck) has the same love, almost the same admiration, as for the sage, the saint, or the hero. Everything that exists fills him with wonder, because of its existence and of the mysterious force that is in it; and to him love and wisdom are one—joining hands in a circle of light.

"For the wisdom that holds itself aloof from mankind, that deems itself a thing apart, select, superior, he has scant sympathy; it has wandered too far from the watch-fires of the tribe. . . But the wisdom that is human, that feeds constantly on the desires, the feelings, the hopes and the fears of man, must needs have *love* ever by its side; and these two, marching together,

must inevitably find themselves, sooner or later, on the ways that lead to God."

Râma Kṛishṇa's own remarkable utterance, "God, His words, and His devotees are all one and the same," illustrates, assuredly, the fact that, for him, no differentiation between the *i* that is human and the *I* that has existed, and exists, and will exist, was conceivable. His parable on the union between the Undifferentiated (or the Universal Soul) and the differentiated (or the individualised soul) runs thus :

"Once upon a time a doll made of salt went up to the sea with a view to measure its depth. The salt doll had a sounding line and lead in its hand. It came to the edge of the water and looked at the mighty ocean that was before it. . . Up to this point it went on to be the salt doll that it actually was—keeping an individuality of its own. But no sooner did it take one step forward, put its foot into the water, than it became one with the ocean, lost, entirely lost, to view. Every particle of the salt doll now melted away in the sea-water. The salt of which it was made had come from the ocean, and, behold! it came back once more to become re-united to the original salt of the ocean. . . The 'differentiated' once more became one with the 'undifferentiated'!"

Of this, the foremost phase in his spiritual development, his chief disciple has written :

"He went to the various sects existing in our country that were available to him, and whatever sect he took up, he went into it with his whole heart. He did exactly what they told him ; and then he came to the conclusion that they were all teaching the same thing ; the difference was only in the method and, more still, in the language. In the *heart*, all the sects and all the religions taught the same thing. . . This is what he found ; that the one central idea in all religions is, not 'me,' but 'Thou,' and he who says 'not me,' the Lord fills him up ; the Lord fills his heart. The less of this little '*i*' the more of God there is in him."

From the multitude of Râma Kṛishṇa's messages to men, we can gather but a few ; yet in these few, we shall trace at least something of the trend of his thought towards the trend of our thought to-day.

These sayings have been given to the world in various ways. Some of them, published periodically in the *Brahmavádin*, will sufficiently serve our end; for example:

"The soul enchained is man, and free from chain is the Lord."

"As fish playing in a pond of water covered with reeds cannot be seen from outside—so God plays in the hearts of men invisibly."

"Be diluted in the Lord; even as crude medicine is diluted in the spirit."

"How can the idea of ego-hood be destroyed? It requires constant practice to do it."

"In threshing out rice from the paddy, one must look to it from time to time, to see that the rice is properly husked; if not he must, of course, go on threshing."

"People do not see the force of habit. If you say eternally 'I am a sinner, I am a sinner,' you will remain a sinner to the end of the chapter. . . . . One who says he is bound to the world, *will* be bound to the world, indeed! But that man *is free*, who says 'I *am* free from the bondage of the world. Is not the Lord our Father?' . . . Such is the force of habit!"

"Verily I say unto you, that he who wants Him, finds Him. Go, verify it in thine own life!"

"How can one attain divinity? Thou must sacrifice thy body, mind and riches to find Him."

One of Râma Kṛishṇa's discourses, submitted to me for the purpose, I have turned into verse, as follows:

Would'st thou see God? Is it thy heart's desire
  To gaze with eyes of thine
Into His holy eyes, nor fear their fire?
  To brook the light divine
That falls and flashes from His faultless face,
  Searching the inmost nook
  Of all thy being, with all-seeing look?
Then, learn of me how thou may'st gain that grace.

Would'st thou, indeed, see God? Could'st thou endure
  To stand, unrobed and bare,
Body and soul, in His pure presence, sure
  And unashamèd? There,

Where knowledge dwells of deeds that thou hast done;
And where thine every thought
Into the radiance of His light is brought?
Then, lo! my lips point out the way. 'Tis one.

One, and one only. Lo! the path is plain,
Love not the love of life!
Love not the world nor any worldly gain;
Play small part in the strife
For fame or high estate; but these disdain
And hold them of light worth;
Then shalt thou learn the lesson of new birth,
And, in His beauty, see the King—and reign.

Thus, while within thee, one desire shall stay
Of lesser, lower sort
Than God Himself, thou can'st not trace the way.
Awake! Be not the sport
Of petty passions, little lusts or great.
Lift up thy heart, and take
Control of all thy senses, that they make
No slave of thee, their head! Then fear no fate.

The homeliness as well as loftiness, the humour as well as holiness found in Râma Kṛishṇa's sayings, surely prove the sanity of his mind and method.

"He finds God the quickest, whose concentration is the greatest."

"Is there no hope for the worldly man? Yes, there is! If you drop a purifying agent into muddy water, the water is purified and the impurities all settle down upon the bottom of the vessel. Thus it is that the worldly man ceases to be worldly and becomes pure."

"I look upon all human beings—in fact, all creatures, as the incarnation of the Deity. I see God evolved into all things, God manifest in everything, in man and nature. I see God Himself has taken these multifarious forms that appear before our eyes in this universe."

"In a potter's shop there are vessels of different shapes and forms, pots, jars, dishes, plates, etc., but all are made of one clay. So God is One, but worshipped in different ages and climes under different names and aspects."

"Adopt adequate means for the end you seek to attain. . . You cannot get butter by crying yourself hoarse, saying 'There is butter in the milk.' If you *wish* to make butter, turn the milk into curds and churn it well, and *then* you will get butter. So—if you seek to see God, practise spirituality and then you *will* see God. What *is* the good of merely crying 'O God! O God'?"

"A person went to a holy man to get some medicine for his sick child, carrying the little patient in his arms. The holy man told him to come the next day. The next day, when the man went, the Saint said: 'Do not give sweets to the child and the child will be cured.' The man questioned: 'Sir, you could have told this to me yesterday evening.' The saint replied, 'Yes, I *could*—but yesterday I had a lump of sugar lying before me, which seeing, the child would have thought "the saint is a hypocrite; he advises not to take sugar but himself eats it."'"

About the words and ways, the mind and method, and memory of Râma Kṛishṇa an edifice of literature has already been erected. One of the notablest efforts is that of the late Professor Max Müller. We may also mention the writings of Protap Chunder Mozoomdar and C. H. Tawney, M.A. (late Director of Public Instruction, etc.). But for a brief and concise glance into the outcome of Râma Kṛishṇa's teaching I will select, first, a few words by an Indian judge, spoken by him when presiding at a lecture on the life of the saint:

"Shrî Râma Kṛishṇa had," he said, "furnished the strongest protest against unbelief and irreligion. Another service he had done . . was that he had shown to the orthodox that their notions of religion were false and narrow, and that their methods of dealing with religious matters were utterly faulty. *That* he had done by the catholicity of his views and by the absolute equality of treatment which he had extended to all religions and to all sorts and conditions of men."

That we may know still further of this outcome, we will turn for a moment to the best known disciple of our saint—Swâmi Vivekânanda. Lecturing at Madras on "The Sages of India," he said:

"The time was ripe for one to be born who in one body

would have the brilliant intellect and the wonderfully expansive, infinite heart, one who would see God in every being, one whose heart would weep for the poor, the weak, the outcast, for every-one in this world, and at the same time whose brilliant intellect would conceive of such noble thoughts as would harmonise all conflicting sects. . . . The time was ripe; it was necessary that such a man should be born—and he came. . . . Without any book-learning whatever . . . he never could write his own name . . . the most brilliant graduates of our university found in him an intellectual giant. . . And mark the Divine power working behind this man. . . . The son of poor parents, born in one of the wayside villages, unknown and unthought of, is worshipped, literally, by thousands to-day and, to-morrow will be worshipped by thousands more."

Fuller and more exhaustive details of the life, the teaching, and the outcome of the teaching, have just lately been given to the world in Vivekânanda's book, entitled *My Master*, from which, by way of fittest conclusion, we gather a brief sentence or two.

"For years I lived with that man, but never did I hear those lips utter one word of condemnation for any sect. He had the same sympathy for all of them; he had found the harmony between them; . . . he condemned no one, but found the good in all.

"People came by thousands to see this wonderful man, to hear him speak in a *patois*—every word of which was forceful and instinct with light. I learned *this* of him: 'Be spiritual first. Religion is not doctrines nor theories nor is it sectarianism—it consists in realisation.'

"This man was a triumphant example, a living realisation of the complete conquest of lust and desire for money. He was beyond all ideas of either.

". . The first part of my Master's life was spent in acquiring spirituality, and the remaining years in distributing it. Men came in crowds to hear him—and he would talk twenty hours in the twenty-four; until, at last, the body broke down under the pressure of this tremendous strain."

On the 24th of February in the past year, more than 30,000 people are said to have attended the festival held at Calcutta, in celebration of Râma Kṛishṇa's birthday. At Madras

6,000 poor persons were fed at a similar festival on the same day.

The celestial harmony comprises many notes, some, apparently, of themselves, discordant, but the theme and the harmony are one.

The answering harmony, here, on this earth, is, too, composed of many notes, some of which, heard singly, jar in our hearing, but the theme and the harmony are one.

ERIC HAMMOND.

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## "NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH"

IN perusing an article by Mr. Fullerton, under this title, in the THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW of September, 1901, my attention was struck by the following statement (p. 13): "Observe that it (the motto of the Theosophical Society) does not say that no principle or no policy is higher than truth—*though this is abundantly the fact*—but that no religion is so. It is certainly the case that no principle is higher than truth—no code of morals and no doctrine of action can possibly cancel the imperative obligation to adhere to fact."

According to the broad way in which Mr. Fullerton has expressed himself in the last sentence, the absolute truth should be observed in all circumstances, under all conditions, and with all people without exception. I confess I cannot accept that position at present. Mr. Fullerton seems to me to give this maxim a more extended meaning than was intended. Religion and morality are not identical, therefore the same rules and conditions do not necessarily apply to both. Religion in its usual application is concerned with man's duty to God, or those God-like hierarchies above our evolution, whereas morality is the duty or conduct of men *inter se*.

I doubt the wisdom of attempting to enlarge the meaning of the noble maxim of the Theosophical Society, as Mr. Fullerton apparently does, beyond its exact words, which are simple and

inelastic. I may be wrong, of course, but to me the obvious meaning of the motto is: *In religious matters* there must be absolute truth so far as we know it. This surely does not warrant us in saying that there is no morality nor other human activity higher than truth. The subject dealt with is religion, that which is predicated is predicated of religion and not of morality nor of anything else.

There are certain laws which are good and applicable up to a certain point, and then other (not necessarily higher) laws come in and take their place, without in any way contradicting them, as the conditions for their continuing application have altered. Take the law of the survival of the fittest. This is admitted in the evolution of the animal, and even animal man, to be beneficial *up to a certain point*—that is, until man is somewhat fairly developed, in the moral sense; then comes in the more beautiful law, taking its place because of the altered conditions—the law of self-sacrifice and the rendering of help to the weak and the less developed. Thus it may be that this strict adherence to truth in matters of morality, and even of religion, may be relaxed in favour of other laws in certain conditions.

In order to analyse the meaning of "truth" let us look at its antithesis "lie" or "untruth." The best dictionary meaning I can find gives: "Lie—false representation; deceit of others, *when they have a right to know the truth, or when morality requires a just representation.*" If this be a good definition of a lie or untruth, then truth, its converse, would mean a true representation, not deceit of others, *when they have a right to know the truth, and when morality requires a just representation to them of it.*

To test the position taken by Mr. Fullerton I will put the following hypothetical case, which may be called an extreme instance, but extreme cases are often the only means of testing the *general application* of any theory which is not practically accepted by those to whom it is propounded.

A. B. is a respected citizen, noted for his truthfulness and morality; he is bedridden and weak, and lives alone with a young son. A madman rushes into his room with a loaded revolver, seeking the son: he says to A. B.: "Where is your son; I am come to shoot him if he is here. I know you to be truthful; if

you tell me he is not here I will go away, but if you admit he is here, there is no way to save him. I will shoot him." The son, to the father's knowledge, is in the next room asleep.

Now would Mr. Fullerton contend that it would be nobler and more moral (for there is no religious question here) for A. B. to tell the plain unvarnished truth and have his son murdered in his own house, or to tell a lie, or untruth, and so save his son's life. There can surely be no doubt that as motive is the great factor in karma, A. B. would be generating good karma rather than evil by uttering what might be termed a *pia fraus*.

I may of course be wrong, but I feel sure that out of millions of men placed in the position of A. B. *not one would tell the "truth."* This may be considered a Jesuitical way of putting the position, but I feel sure there must of necessity be some qualification as to the practical meaning of truth in such a case.

Is it not higher morality to save the life of your child by telling an undoubted lie, than to ensure its death by telling the truth? Or must not this motto of the Society be construed (if made applicable to morality) with an understanding that truth can only pertain amongst those on the same level of development, *i.e.*, amongst those with whom reciprocity of understanding and equality of evolution obtain.

Some such idea as this must be understood in the Theosophical Society, otherwise I cannot reconcile the high ideals of truth which abound in its literature with the repeated statement of H. P. B. that "blinds" are used by teachers in order to avoid giving out truths that are unsuitable to the state of evolution of the masses for the time being.

Some of these "blinds" are really misleading and as statements of fact untrue; therefore, surely, according to Mr. Fullerton, they ought not to be admitted in our literature.

Surely one can imagine cases where a noble and unselfish lie should in all sense of morality and honour be uttered in place of a mischievous truth. Even in mythology when Hypermnestra, having promised her father Danaus to murder her husband and bring him the murdered man's head, yet refused to perform the act and so saved her husband's life by untruthfulness, this *lie* was considered highly moral and her conduct had the approval of

gods and men. Horace in one of his odes describes her untruthful action as "*splendide mendax*," or as we would say "nobly false."

I trust Mr. Fullerton will correct me if I have in any way misinterpreted his meaning; my real wish is to get a proper understanding of the relative positions of "truth" and morality from some Theosophical writer better informed on the subject than myself.

N. A. KNOX.

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## GREEN'S "SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY"

JOSEPH HENRY GREEN, F.R.S., D.C.L., was an eminent surgeon who flourished in the first half of the last century. He was of fine presence and had great powers of mind and speech, so much so as to have made a deep impression on those of his generation who came in contact with him. In reference to his lectures on the "Natural History of Man," given at the Royal College of Surgeons, the late Professor Owen wrote of him as "that noble and great intellect." He was of a very philosophical turn of mind, a friend and disciple of S. T. Coleridge, some of whose posthumous works he, as literary executor, edited and published. His later years he devoted to the writing of a system of philosophy on the main lines laid down by his master; this he did not live to finish, and, dying in 1863, it was left to his friend Sir John Simon, F.R.S., to edit and publish the portion that was complete, or nearly so.

*Spiritual Philosophy; founded on the Teaching of the late Samuel Taylor Coleridge*, was published in 1865. It does not seem to have made any mark on the thought of the age. Its style is tedious and diffuse, full of repetitions, and as it ran counter on several points both to the orthodoxy and heterodoxy of the century, it is little wonder that it was allowed to drop out of sight. But from a Theosophical point of view it has many

features of interest. It shows the strivings of a deep and sincere thinker to reconcile Christian doctrine with reason and nature, with the result that in some of the author's conclusions there is a close approximation to the ancient teachings which have since his time been brought again to the western world.

Coleridge's position—that Christianity, rightly understood, is identical with the highest philosophy—was accepted by Green unreservedly. In the second volume of *Spiritual Philosophy*, he endeavours "to show that the principles of Christianity are essentially part of the original constitution of the human mind, and are implied in the gift of Reason considered as the divine Logos."

In his attitude towards the Bible, he repudiated the literalism of his day. He observes: "If the historical facts on record are regarded only as events which belong to the sphere of our sensible experience, without the interpretation by Ideas which they require as exponents or symbols of a supernatural or spiritual order of the universe, they will inevitably forfeit their claim to be regarded as truths of Religion." He also says: "We cannot be far wrong in regarding the first chapters of Genesis as specimens of the earliest, perhaps hieratical teaching, or as a Myth in which Ideas and Causes are expressed by images supplied by the fancy."

*Spiritual Philosophy* begins by setting forth that: "The aim and object of all Philosophy is to attain to the insight of First Principles or Ideas, or Primary Truths of Reason." In the First Part of Volume I. the endeavour is to exhibit and discriminate the intellectual Forms of knowledge. In the Second Part the aim is "to construct a sound principle of *Realism* of which the principle is not only light but life" (according to John, i. 3, 4). The speculative reason is "the downshine of the true light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world."

The author's main doctrine is, that "God exists for us in as much, and in as far, as we are consciously impressed by His living presence, and willingly submit ourselves to His gracious aid and operance; and the test and measure of the divine work is to be found in the growth and development of an enlightened *Conscience*, that is the individual Will, enlightened and enlivened

by the divine Reason, or by Him who is both Light and Life to His creatures." He continues: "It is only in and by such a Principle or Idea that a *Method* or *System of Realism* in Philosophy can be established and secured; a method, namely, by which our thoughts of things in the physical and moral universe become identified with those realities whereof they are only the reflections and representations, and by which they may be traced to an ultimate ground which is at once Supreme Intelligence and Absolute Power causative of all reality."

In Part II., ch. 2, he affirms the absolute principle of being to be Will. The Will, he says, is "the ultimate fact of self-consciousness . . the essential primary and living principle of man's conscious being, intelligent and moral . . . a self determinant agency, and the only source of original power." "I must be cognisant of the self as will," and "the Will is ideally a principle of *Absolute Freedom*."

"Without the Will any discussion of morals would be idle and useless, and hence it was that Kant, notwithstanding his speculative convictions, commences his ethical enquiries by assuming the human Will as the ground of man's liberty and responsibility and as a necessary *postulate* of moral faith. It is easy to see that if we have no cognisance of a Self, other than in the changes which the self undergoes, we can have no knowledge of the operative cause of those changes, and the Will ceases to be a fact for us."

By "Substance" he understands a Noumenon, and observes that "substance is Will or Spirit, and the student has obtained this knowledge in and by an act of self-consciousness." "I know that I think, feel, will. What do I affirm? Clearly this: I have attained to the knowledge of Substance, of Spiritual Being, of a Noumenon, of my own being as a Spirit or Will. I recognise in myself the identity of Being and Knowing."

"The Idea fundamental in the Spiritual Philosophy—the required principle of the Unity of the Manifold of the Universe, physical and moral, must be ONE, of all reality the absolute cause, which affirming and realising itself as its own abiding and self-sufficing ground, utters and reveals itself in the infinite

manifold of Being, entire in All and entire in each." That principle is Will.

"This antecedent One, or potential unity of the manifold, is inconceivable except as predeterminate in aim and object, and this predeterminate we may call the '*Type*,' or that to which whatever may be deduced from the original One is to be referred for its intelligibility." "The antecedent One must be conceived as realised and existing in a Diversity of interdependent parts and distinctive relations."

"The Universe itself is to be conceived as a *Whole of Parts*, but can only be so conceived in its integrity as animated by One Will or Spirit, present and operative everywhere, and exerting itself totally in and to every sphere of individual being."

"In every grade of being in that scale which culminates in, and is throughout rendered intelligible by, will and mind, the existence of the living subject must begin from itself—I do not say caused by itself—and depends upon an *appetence to be*, or to fill a predetermined sphere; in other words, living existence implies a subject or power, which, actuated and directed by the law or idea, becomes a causative agency, formative and productive, and this under the condition of being excited to act, and at the same time of resisting the excitant as long as it remains an alien power, either by repelling or appropriating the same."

"I characterise these tendencies under the names *Excitability* and *Resistance*." Psychologically, he says, "they are found in *Desires* and *Aversions; Susceptibility* and *Repellence*."

Of the soul he says it is "the total sphere of Being of the Will," and we are to understand by "Soul," "the immaterial part of man, as contradistinguished from his material and bodily part, which immaterial part may survive the death of the corporeal and now existing organism." "We distinguish in the Soul at least two states, or spiritual conditions, which though correlative are opposed to each other. The one *Spiritual*, which derives its character from the life and light infused by the Divine Spirit. The other *Natural*—including understanding, the passions, feelings and affections, which are common to man—" equivalent to "the spiritual and natural man" of St. Paul.

The second volume deals with Christian doctrines and the

Redemption of Man under the title of "Christology." The author sets out "to explain *the growth of the soul* from its rudimental strivings under the predicament of its original pravity to the development of its spiritual capabilities."

The origin of evil is first discussed. "Will by its very nature is the inherent and inalienable tendency to be *absolute*." But, "man is soon made to feel (amid the striving of other wills) his utter incapacity to realise his will, which would mean unmitigated selfishness." Then, "under the sense of weakness and pravity, engendered by the utter failure of all attempts to assert his will as absolute, man will inevitably crave for spiritual integrity," or "the healing principle of universal *Love*." "Spiritual development of man depends upon the revelation to him of, and his actuation by, the Idea of the absolute spiritual integrity, or the highest excellence of his spiritual being."

"In the false striving in which *Selfishness* essentially consists, the Will will be brought to acknowledge the necessity of *Self-denial* in its unavoidable intercourse with other Wills or Spirits, and will have taken the first lesson in *Love*, as that which essentially consists in living for another and others. Hence the creaturely Will acquires the consciousness of himself as a *Conscience*, and there arises the conception of a rule of Ethics."

"We recognise God as the idea of absolute spiritual integrity. The existence of God is no matter of inference or proof, but is a fact of spiritual experience, and intuitively apprehended by our rational and spiritual nature." "In order to know God we have to meditate on Him as the Idea of Spiritual Integrity which He is eternally in truth and power."

On the subject of the Trinity, Green observes: "We contemplate the Godhead as Absolute Will thrice uttered and self-substantiated in tri-personal reality.

"First, the one self-affirmed Absolute Will, above and unconfounded with nature—*Deus Subjectivus*.

"Second, the Divine Alterity, the divine principle in all and through all derivative being, the Humanity which worketh in all men, and is the Light and Life of the world—the Logos, *Deus Objectivus*.

"Third, the Community. We venture to call this synthetic

unity of the personal relations of the Trinity, *Love;* as the union and communion of the two Persons, who each seek and find in the other the complement of their Being, and therein disclose the Idea of that transcendent *Life* which in every form of nature is the perpetual renovation of the same in alterity."

"The filial alterity is *The Man,* the absolute exemplar of human perfection, the power of Humanity and its eternal realisation. Is not the Only-begotten Son the realisation in Himself and the power for all others, of the Humanity, of that, namely, which man was destined to be, and which the divine Son is as the Archetype and Author of perfect spiritual integrity?"

"The primary genetic act of the Son is to beget Wills or Spirits like Himself. And it is thus that we find realised a *heavenly community* of blessed Spirits of which the Logos is the eternal Prototype and ever-present Spirit." "The Logos having affirmed Himself, by virtue of His divine nature, as in His own Person *the type* of the Humanity and the exemplar of the highest moral worth and excellence, begets under the simultaneous contemplation of the moral whole, of which the final aim is the eternal life and love of all the members by their union with Himself and communion with God—begets, I say, the plenitude of Spirits, Sons of God, Humanities, who are the living integral parts or members of the organic whole." "The Logos becomes the Author and Progenitor of the *Heavenly Community*, of those whom we have been accustomed to hear called 'Angels,' 'Angelic Beings,' and the 'Children of God'—they are Humanities, that is men with the abstraction of all that belongs to a fallen nature, and under the condition of spiritual integrity."

"We contemplate Him as the *Divine Humanity*. We say, then, that the heavenly community consisted of 'Humanities' as 'the Children of God'—born of the Will of the Logos, to severalise infinitely the ideas and spiritual perfections which were concentrated in Him eternally, and constituted the spiritual 'pleroma.'"

"We refer Evil and its origin to the necessary postulate of the possibility, in a non-absolute Will or Spirit, of willing in contrariety to the Divine Will; nor can we avoid the

consequence of such contrariety when willed, namely, that the disobedient Spirits were 'the Angels which kept not their first estate.'"

"In accounting for the origin of Evil, we find an adequate solution of the problem of a fallen and corrupt nature, as originating in the supra-mundane condition of the angelic fall, and as the explanatory pre-condition of what in man is called *Original Sin;* that is, of the proneness to sin which constitutes what we have called 'the natural man.'"

"But it follows, as it needs must, that if the heavenly Spirits fell into the state of spiritual death and perishing which we call Hades, the boundless nature of the Divine Love in the Absolute Will, should of its own spontaneous necessity assign the office of Grace and Mercy to the Only-begotten Son, who had been their Progenitor; in order to restore them to their pristine condition." "If Angels fall *absolute* Love must have been moved to their restoration;—and if Angels were the children of God, they were essentially akin to man, had been created in the image of God, and therefore bore the essential characteristics of Humanity. It would indeed introduce gratuitous and unnecessary difficulties to consider man otherwise than a part and parcel of the fallen heavenly community."

But, he acknowledges, "the records of Scripture confessedly do not state the doctrine."

"We believe that in the idea of the Primal Apostasy in the spiritual world, or 'Fall of the Angels,' we have supplied, or rather find the means of supplying, the needed requirements of our moral being. For if the human race be the resurgency and resuscitation of the fallen spiritual, or angelic world, it implies that every man born into the world must be tainted by the original imperfection of the nature out of which he was produced." "Now, according to our view, the guilt of the Angels or Spiritual Humanities who fell, could only have been an act of self-will independent and detached from God."

Respecting a personal Devil, Green remarks: "It is, I venture to say, impossible to conceive such a being." He says also, "that 'Adam' may be regarded as the *nomen appellativum* for primæval man, and as the representative of the whole

race,* all of whom would have been disobedient, and do continually sin under like conditions."

On the subject of the Redemption, the author writes: "The fundamental Idea of Christianity is the salvation of the world by the Logos in Christ. He undertook the vast and astounding task of Redemption and of saving sinners by the conquest and destruction of evil. The conflict by the very nature of the case was to be carried on in every child of man, from Adam to the end of time, under all the various forms of states, communities and peoples."

"The Logos in Christ was, and is, the Divine Humanity. But He is also the Idea of the Humanity as the immediate source and power of all which man cannot but believe to be essential to his spiritual integrity; He is that in perfected evolution, of which the germ exists in man as a spiritual nature. Man cannot partake of universal Reason and Truth, nor be enlightened and enlivened by them, except so far only as the Spirit of Truth, even the divine Logos, dwelleth in him."

"But the Will of the Natural Man is insufficient to adopt the Law of Righteousness; Christ must act in and with a fallen and evil Will, without destroying man's individuality, yea, actuate him in order to transmute the psychical to a spiritual Will, so that its light may become *a Life*." "We have to consider that for every such individual, He had, has, and will have to the end to supply the *susceptibility* or *recipiency* on which He has to act; He is in truth both Agent and Patient; and all that the individual can contribute to the process of his own redemption is the *concurrence* of his will with the gracious operance and the 'prevenient' grace of the Redeemer."

"The doctrine taught by Jesus is, that the spiritual light and life of man is the actuating and indwelling presence of the one

* "Writing against Celsus, Origen treats the Fall as a pure allegory. Adam is Man. His sin is a mystical presentation of the defection of the souls that fell away from God. The 'coats of skins' may perhaps be the bodies in which they were clothed on their expulsion from Paradise."

"Of those angels who rebelled, some became devils. But those whose error was less, turned into 'souls' better or worse, according as the faculties of sense or desire gained the upper hand over the intelligence. The appointed scene of their discipline is this world, a later and grosser model of the first. It is infinitely various, to afford scope for the treatment proper to every phase of character."—BIGG, *The Christian Platonists* (1886), pp. 204, 197.

and self-same divine Spirit of Truth and Righteousness—even the Logos, who was revealed in and by Himself, and is the indispensable constituent of the ideal Humanity."

In respect to the Baptism of Jesus by John, Green asks: "In what consisted the Epiphany of Christ as the incarnate Saviour and plenipotentiary of heaven?" He answers his question in a very interesting way: "I am," he says, "strongly disposed to consider the Baptism as the period at which the influx of the divine Spirit, or Logos, became *actual* in Jesus, and that the Baptism was His solemn inauguration into the office of the Christ with its powers and functions."*

Of the natures of man and Christ, he says: "If we contemplate man *spiritually* he is also a 'Son of God.' Man considered ideally, does not differ *in kind* from Christ on earth; though in the former the divinity is derivative (from the Logos), and in the latter original."

"Jesus Christ was certainly divine, He was the exponent of the Logos in a fleshly tabernacle; but assuredly the Godhead was never abated, divided, or diminished by the sojourn of Christ upon earth."

Discussing the meaning and reality of "the Kingdom of Heaven," Green observes: "It is plain, indeed, that in the term 'Spiritual Kingdom' the Idea is enunciated of a unity and community of godly love, which corresponds to the Idea of the Christian Church universal, on earth and in heaven."

The question of the pre-existence of souls, Green dismisses in a few words as "more curious than practical."

That Green's insight into the nature of things was profoundly theosophic, may be recognised from the following statements: "It is certain that without a Body, Spirit is inconceivable under any intelligible relation of actual existence. For by Body we mean the indispensable condition under which Spirit acts and is acted upon." "Now Body may be conveniently defined as a Sphere of Being by which a Spirit acts and is acted upon, that is, becomes a phenomenon and has its existence in the

* "According to some early theologians Jesus became the Christ after baptism only, that is, after the Holy Ghost in the shape of a dove had descended upon Him."—MAX MÜLLER, *Theosophy, etc.*, p. 442.

world of the senses." "We might say that the Universe, Kosmos, is the Body of the Logos."

From the account I am able to give of the *Spiritual Philosophy*, I think it will be seen how noble an effort Green made to reconcile Christian doctrines with philosophy and nature, and it is interesting to see that wherein he varied from the orthodoxy of his time, he approached the Theosophical view of things which to some of us is now so familiar.

G. A. GASKELL.

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# BLACK MAGIC IN CEYLON

## IV.

A NATIVE girl living in a village not far from Colombo sat pounding paddy one day under the shade of a *yakberiya* tree. Previously she had taken a bath and anointed her jetty locks with cocoanut oil, for the *yakberiya* tree is the haunt of a very evil class of demons. But the sun was so scorching she must sit in the shade, and this was all that offered. Suddenly a *malla yakseya* up in the tree espied her. He did not come down himself but sent his *distria* in the form of a *tic-polonga*.* Simultaneously a cold chill thrilled her frame, a ghastly hue overspread her countenance, her hand ceased pounding, her arm grew stiff, her whole body cataleptic, her eyes glazed and fixed and an unnatural expression came into her face. She was "possessed"—a *taincama*. She, Etelinka, who formerly had been renowned for her virtues as well as graces, forthwith developed qualities of a most objectionable kind —sensual, dissolute, fiendish.

The services of a Buddhist priest were requisitioned, *bana* (the sevenfold path of Buddha) was read over the girl, then *perit* rites (sanctioned by Buddhism for removing demoniac influence or obsession) were held and she was set apart as a vestal in attendance on the goddess Pattini, wife of Vishnu, and goddess

* One of the most venomous snakes in Ceylon.

of chastity. Nevertheless, the girl continued in her evil inclinations. *Capuism* was next resorted to. An astrologer having discovered the cause of the calamity declared that a *balli* ceremony in accordance with the science of *grahaism* or judicial astrology would determine the best course to pursue. Now a *balli* is a costly affair. A Brahmin, a *capua* priest, and a *ballicaareya*, the last usually of the Berewayo (tom-tom beater) caste, in order of rank officiate. Even this—all this—availed not. The obsessing *malla yakseya* was obdurate, incoercible, invincible, the victim being subjected to paroxysms horrible to behold.

A *yakun natanawa* (devil-dance) was next tried,* the result being no more satisfactory than prostration, physical and mental, of both *kattadiya* and patient, the latter remaining in a cataleptic condition three days and nights, and then manifesting attacks of demon-obsession more potent, more evil than ever. The whole village was concerned and in distress. She who had been their pride! Nothing for it but to take her to the temple *Gala-cap-pu-dewale*, dedicated to Wahala Dewiyo, one of the most powerful demon-gods. This temple is at Alutunevera, a village about eleven miles from Kandy, the mountain capital of Ceylon.

Now as we were about to go to Kandy to witness the *Perehera* (grand national festival of the Sinhalese) this fact lent additional interest to me. The temple is "old as the hills," one of the rock-temples, the steps leading up to it—some two hundred—being cut in the dark, gloomy rock itself. Images of solid gold, silver, bronze and ivory plentifully adorn the interior, the walls also being panelled in these precious metals beautifully wrought and embossed. But, like everything in Ceylon, dust, dirt and filth are permitted to cover and in a European's opinion spoil all. Insects infest and abound. I somewhat shocked the Buddhist priest, our guide, by my vandalism in sighing for a broom! Imagine ages of dust and cobwebs, and myriads of generations of insects in a tropical clime—gems, jewels, precious metals, gleaming amongst spiders the size of a baby's hand, one of the webs covering the whole face of a golden Buddha! "Kill not," said the great Master. *That* command is literally enforced and

* Similar to the one described at length in my paper in *The Nineteenth Century*, for November, 1899.

obeyed by the Sinhalese. I was in a chill perspiration of fright all the time, yet witness the ceremony I would and did.

The patient (invariably of the weaker sex) was attended by a goodly contingent of her relatives bringing offerings to Wahala Bandara Dewiya, chief of all bad demons. When within two miles of the temple, the demoniac influence takes possession, and the woman's whole demeanour undergoes an alteration. Suddenly she stops, starts, stares wildly, defiantly in front of her. For a minute or two not even the strength of two strong men can move her. Then she smiles, a strange, unnatural smile, her countenance undergoing a singular transformation, a shudder convulses her frame, resulting in a strengthening and bracing of the muscles, and a determined expression appears in the eyes. Seemingly unconscious of the presence of others she gathers herself together with a firm, inflexible resolve. The temple is her goal; she is desperately determined to get there. Should anyone attempt to stop or deter her she would tear him to pieces. If a demon seek to prevent, her own body is victimised most cruelly. In this instance the opposing powers were in due time suppressed. I never beheld such power, such determination in a naturally weak woman's face. Her bearing and demeanour suggested at first defiance of all opposition; her gait was even, firm, fast. The attendants, exchanging looks, fell back; no one spoke to her. It was not she, they would have told you, it was the evil demon in full possession and control now. He wanted to get her to the temple, his stronghold. But he reckoned without *reason*—the weak point in demoniac wisdom it seems.

The interior of the temple is divided into three; the centre being the sanctum of the great demon Wahala Bandara. The offerings, money, betel-leaves and silver ornaments, having been laid on the altar, the woman under possession, madly rushing in, falls in a heap in front of it. Her garments are wet through with perspiration, her limbs grown limp—a suppliant now, in striking contrast to the defiant virago of a few minutes ago. Yet at intervals an effort is made to reassert the supremacy. The *capua* begins by narrating her case in an address to the demon chief, an exhortation, not an invocation, well spiced with flowery rhetoric and flattery. Throughout, the patient lies at his feet,

only raising her eyes now and again to scowl, her wrath rising to such a pitch occasionally that she writhes and foams at the mouth.

A waxen image of the poor girl, two inches in height, and a *dagoba* (shrine) modelled in silver and beautifully wrought, together with *dolla*, are then offered by the *capua* to Wahala; this is called *pandura*, or ransom. After this the *capua* requests the demon to depart. Refusal is always the result, for only "possession" of the worst degree comes to this famous temple. Thrice is the request made, an exhortation couched in flowery and flattering language prefacing each address. The response is invariably the same. The *malla yakseya* will not leave. On the approach of midnight stringent measures are resorted to, for the midnight *yama* is the *crux* and turning-point on which the fate of both *capua* and patient depends. Should the power, that is mental ability and magnetism, waver, both are "made solitaries" (*taincama*) for life. This, however, rarely occurs.

Bundles of thorny sticks are kept in the temple, and one after another is used by the *capua* to accentuate his superiority by corporeal means. With all his might he inflicts chastisement on his obdurate patient (or the demon obsessing) until her clothes are stained with the flowing blood. The cries of this poor girl were agonising. The spectacle was still worse! The demon must be vanquished before cock-crow. Now is the time—the midnight *yama*.

Horrible as was the sight it fascinated me. The scene was so savage, so extravagant in cruelty and in splendour of colouring and picturesqueness! One could scarcely believe this a simple village girl. Strange gibberish fell from her lips—"demon language" they told me, called *paisachi*—interspersed with curses. Still the *capua* worked away, More exhortations, more physical chastisement. Thus for fully an hour. It was sickening, ghastly yet, as I said before, fascinating. Suddenly, when least expected, a long, loud shriek seemed to rend the temple. Then, in Sinhalese, the girl's lips said: "Yes, I obey; I depart. Spare me, Wahala Bandara Dewiya, great and powerful one, second only to King Wissamony—I go; I depart."

An answer from the well-nigh exhausted *capua* is returned in

Sanscrit, equivalent to "Amen," in solemn and thankful tones. All is over. The demon is exorcised. But the erstwhile *taincama* is prostrate. No one is allowed to come near her, much less to touch her, save the *capua*. He ties a *kan-ya-nool* (thread) round her waist, a *yantra* containing a *mantra* from the Vedas round her arm, sprinkles perfumed water over her, then areca flowers, betel leaves, and *rat mal* blossoms, then powdered sandal and saffron; after this he kneels on the ground beside her, his hands extended in benediction, muttering: "I pray that of my virtue, my strength, my life, this woman may be restored to health, to chastity, now the demon has gone out." Then, taking a new linen cloth, he covers the recumbent form. A solemn silence ensues until the first cock-crow, when the *capua* rises; his task ended he goes away, not forgetful of the *dolla* offered to the demon, which having served this purpose are his portion now.

Our hackery was in waiting to take us back to Western civilisation and its comforts, as supplied by the courteous manager of the Queen's Hotel, Kandy, but never shall I forget the above-narrated spectacle!

CAROLINE CORNER-OHLMÜS.

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# WOMEN AND THE WISDOM RELIGION

IT has always been a question to me since I joined the Theosophical Society, whether any re-adjustment of my ideas on the position of women were necessary. An assurance in current Theosophical literature that the women of ancient India, though among the finest women the world has produced, were subordinate to the men, seems to point to subordination as an ideal for the sex. Seen in the "light of eternity," in the light of our present knowledge of reincarnation and karma, is this the view we may take? Is it possible that I may revert—without loss of my sense of justice, and without insult to my wife's reasoning powers—to my ancient instinctive conviction, that because I am

a male I have a right to be masterful, that somehow men must know better than women, in other words, that women ought to be subordinate; why should such an instinct be so strong in men, if it is not justifiable?

Examining the subject in the light of reincarnation, is it not possible that the more men and women become differentiated, the more experience the soul will gain, as it takes on the form first of one, then of the other. Domination and subordination produce or bring out such different virtues (I had nearly said vices) that the extremes of experience may be useful. One can see the advantage to the soul of the predominate male in being reborn in the more gentle and submissive female form; should we not therefore consciously and conscientiously aim at these extremes, hoping thus to widen our experiences? But in glancing (with, alas! but little knowledge) at the possible working of the kârmic law, a doubt comes to me. It may be the egotistical male that entails the submissive or subordinate female, and both are equally far from sweetness and light and the eternal equilibrium, which is our goal. Am I then to be turned again from the citadel of masculine prerogatives, where I began to think I might *virtuously* be predominant partner, in this existence at any rate, only hoping that when my turn came to be subordinate, I might find it as pleasant as women, no doubt, have found it, down the ages?

* * * *

Life has come upon me so rapidly. It seems only the other day that I was hardly more than a young animal. I had so little time to think or feel, so little time when I was not working, or playing games, or passing the time with some fair girl animal, who equally loved sports and pastimes, and made things pleasant by looking up to me because I had won my blue, and could beat her at every game we tried. Then, in one short year two or three things happened to me (or is it all one I wonder?). I fell in love and "found my soul," and became a convinced Theosophist.

She and I were discussing how it was that we had recognised each other almost the first time we met. I told her I had found a pretty idea in Stephen Phillips. I found time to read poetry now. I quoted the lines;

Paolo: "Remember how when first we met we stood strong in immortal recollections."
Francesca: "Did I not sing to thee in Babylon?"
Paolo: "Were thine eyes strange?"
Francesca: "Did I not know thy voice?"

"A *pretty idea!*" she repeated; the sympathy died cut of her eyes and voice, and I knew miserably that something was wrong. She began to look at her programme—it was at a dance—and I thought I must have been so silly that she would remember we had been sitting behind that palm for nearly half an hour. She relented slightly before she went with the officious person who came for her, and said reproachfully: "A *pretty idea!* Don't you know it is truth and fact? I should have thought you would have felt it!" She told me afterwards that she had a moment of horrible doubt, if I could still be so "un-aware." But she remembered I was a man, and as at that time she considered man's education more stultifying than even woman's, she was able to make excuses.

* * * * *

"I have so much more experience of life, I wish you would let me judge for you," I said once—long ago—when we differed.

"I am not sure about the experience," she said. "Say all you wish to say, and then I must judge for myself."

But when I tried to tell her she was too good to be mixed up with "that" class of women, I knew it was only I who was not good enough to bear to think of it, and that it would not hurt her. So she took up the work I disliked, and I helped her with it, for only men and women together can hope to purify the thoughts and feelings of men and women about each other, and I knew it now I loved her.

I hear men say that there must always be two standards ot morality, one for men, and another for women, and I can hardly believe now that I half acquiesced in this in times past. Is this perhaps at root the desire to keep women subordinate? Perhaps unconsciously. But can one set out with a woman to seek the path of wisdom and still think this thought? Can one take hands with a subordinate and yet share the things of the soul? Can one indulge the wish to be predominate and still keep to the way?

It is not long since so many things happened to me or in me, but I cannot get behind the buttress of masculinity again. I have found that in true marriages there is no predominant partner without loss of character, which means the lessening of the stature of the soul; and there follows the lessening of the sympathy and oneness which is the joy of life and the advance along the path of beauty and wisdom. The one who is nearest nature, and the one who sees clearest the spirit that is in matter, is the one who must have the final say in sex matters. "True women and true poets," says one of the wisdom-lovers, "have the native sense of the divineness of what the world calls gross material substance." True poets and true women must teach us.

Have men more experience? Women can know all that men know. Is there a noble feeling or a base one that women have not shared? Women have known the lust of battle and the martyr's stake, but has a man ever known the triumph of spirit over body that makes the months of waiting a joy, and the selflessness of the rapture when the first-born sees the light?

We think woman's opinion of little value, because we say "her sympathies run away with her," and yet the wisdom-religions all teach that "love is the fulfilling of the law." Which is wiser, the excess of sympathy, or the excess of what is sometimes called worldly wisdom? The balance between sentimentality and callousness is indeed hard to attain, and that is wisdom, but is it a matter of sex? Why then should domination be a matter of sex? It is even as Plato said, only the wise are fit to rule, and they do not wish to.

It is only the strong who can be gentle, the free who can be just, the great who can be wise. The seekers of the wisdom-religion must never limit themselves or others by false boundaries of sex, or class, or country. Each in its place, and God and the boundless universe for all.

H. D. Web.

# MEISTER ECKHART

In a recent article I gave an account of Dr. Rudolf Steiner's very able and interesting series of lectures to the Berlin Theosophical Society upon the "Mysticism of the Intellect," and I promised to illustrate the account there given of his own views from his treatment of the great series of German mystics from Meister Eckhart to Angelus Silesius. This promise I now propose to endeavour to fulfil by giving a summary of Dr. Steiner's remarks upon the thought of each of these remarkable men. In the following pages, therefore, I shall try to present, as clearly as considerations of space will permit, Dr. Steiner's leading ideas, with only an occasional comment or remark of my own interspersed here and there.

The reader will recall that, according to our colleague's view, the objective world undergoes a veritable rebirth in the mind of the man who has acquired that new sense of the real significance of his own self, upon which the doctor lays so much stress; he therefore introduces us to his study of Meister Eckhart with the observation that Eckhart's conception of the world was saturated through and through with the feeling that the objects which make up the outer world are born anew as higher entities in the mind (*Geist*) of man. Like St. Thomas Aquinas, Eckhart belonged to the great Dominican order—the most learned of all the monastic orders—and was himself a thorough-going admirer of that great theologian. Although doubtless Meister Eckhart desired, and indeed fully believed himself, to be a truly orthodox Christian after the teaching of Augustine and Aquinas, yet his testimony as to God was not theirs. "Some people," he writes, "want to see God with the same eyes they see a cow withal, and want to love God as they would love a cow. So they love God for the sake of outward riches and inner comfort; but such folk do not rightly love God. . . . Simple folk fancy they should

behold God as though He stood there and they here. But it is not so. God and I are one in the act of knowing (*im Erkennen*)." And thus again and again Eckhart plainly shows that underlying all his statements are the experiences of that inner sense which has been alluded to. For instance, in his booklet upon *Loneliness*, he writes: "Here thou must know that the Masters say that in every man there are two men. The one is called the outer man, that is sensuousness; and five senses serve that man and yet he acts through the power of the soul. The other man is called the inner man, that is that which is within the man. Now thou must know that every man who loveth God makes no more use of the powers of the soul in the outer man than so far as the five senses absolutely need; and that which is within turns not itself to the five senses, save in so far as it is the guide and conductor of the five senses and shepherds them, so that they follow not after their craving towards animality." One who speaks in such wise of the inner man cannot longer direct his gaze upon a Being of Things lying *outside* himself; for he sees clearly that from no kind or species of the outer world can this Being come to him.

An objector might urge: "What can it matter to the things of the outer world, what you add to them out of your own mind? Do but rely upon your own senses. They alone give you information of the outer world. Do not adulterate by a mental addition what your senses give you in purity, without admixture, as the image of the outer world. Your eye tells you what colour is; what your mind knows about colour, of that there is nothing whatever in colour itself." To this, from Meister Eckhart's standpoint, the answer would have to be: The senses are a physical apparatus. Therefore what they have to tell us about objects can concern only that which is physical in the objects And this physical in the objects communicates itself to me in such wise that in myself a physical process is set going. Colour as a physical process of the outer world sets up a physical process in my eye and brain; and thereby I perceive colour. But in this manner I can perceive of colour only so much as is physical, sensuous. Sense-perception cuts out everything non-sensuous from objects. Objects are thus by sense-perception stripped of

everything about them which is non-sensuous. If I then advance to the mental, the ideal content, I in fact only reinstate in the objects what sense-perception has shut out therefrom. Thus sense-perception does not exhibit to me the deepest being of objects, it rather separates me from that being. But the mental idea seizing upon them again unites me with that being. It shows me that objects are inwardly of exactly the same mental (*geistigen*) nature, as I myself. The barrier between myself and the outer world falls through this mental (*geistige*) seizing upon things. I am separated from the external world in so far as I am a thing of the senses among other things of the senses. My eye and colour are two different entities. My brain and a planet are two different things. But the ideal content of the planet and of colour belong together with the ideal content and my brain and eye alike to a single ideal entity.

But this way of looking at things must not be confused with the very widespread anthropomorphising conception of the world, which imagines that it grasps the objects of the outer world by ascribing to them qualities of a physical nature, which are supposed to resemble the qualities of the human soul. This view asserts: When we meet another human being, we perceive in him only sensuous characteristics. I cannot see into my fellow-man's inner life. I *infer* from what I see and hear of him, his inner life, his soul. Thus the soul is never anything which I can directly perceive; I perceive a soul only within myself. My thoughts, my imaginations, my feelings, no man sees. Now just as I have such an inner life, besides the life which can be outwardly perceived, so too, all other beings must have such an inner life. This is the argument of the anthropomorphic standpoint, and it leads to a sort of pan-psychism, an ensouling of all nature.

But this view depends on a misunderstanding of what the awakened inner sense really gives us. The spiritual (*geistig*) content of an external object, which reveals itself to me in my inner self, is *not* anything added in or by thought to the outer perception. It is just as little this as is the spirit of another man. I perceive this spiritual content through the inner sense just in the same way as I perceive its physical content through

the physical senses. And what I call my inner life in the above sense (*i.e.*, thoughts, feelings, etc.), is not at all, in the higher sense, my spirit (*Geist*) ; for it is the outcome of purely sensuous processes and belongs to me only as a purely individual personality which is nothing more than the result of its physical organisation. It is my individual, human soul, and I have no right to infer the like in other objects which do not possess a brain and nervous system like my own. But this, my individual soul, is not the highest spiritual element in me. This highest spiritual element must first be awakened through the inner sense, and when it is awakened, it is one and the same with the spiritual element in all things.

The illumination which has thus been brought about through the inner sense is, according to Eckhart's view, the entering of God into the soul; and he names the light of knowledge which flames up through the entering in of God into the soul, the "spark of the soul," and writes of it: "This spark is in very deed God, in that it is a single oneness and bears within it the image of all creatures, image without image, and image upon image."

On this foundation Meister Eckhart builds up his relation to God. It is a purely spiritual one, and cannot be modelled according to any image borrowed from human individual experience. Not as one separated individual loves another, can God love his creation; not as architect builds a house can God have created it. All such thoughts vanish before the inner vision. It belongs to God's very being that He should love the world. A God who could love or not love at pleasure, is imagined according to the likeness of the individual man. "I speak in good truth and in eternal truth and in everlasting truth, that God must needs ever pour himself forth in every man who has reached down to his true root to the utmost of possibility, so wholly and completely that in His life and in His being, in His nature and in His godhead, He keeps nothing back; He must ever pour all forth in fruitful wise." And the inner illumination is something that the soul must *necessarily* find when it sinks itself deep into the ground of its being. For God *must*, by virtue of His very nature, reveal Himself. "It is a sure and certain truth, that it is a necessity

for God to seek us, exactly as if His very godhead depended upon it. God can as little dispense with us as we with Him. Even though we turn away from God, yet God can never turn away from us."

Eckhart is thus conscious that it belongs to the perfectness of the Root-being of the world to find Itself in the human soul. This Root-being indeed would be imperfect, ever incomplete, if it lacked that part of its unfoldment which comes to light in the soul. What happens in man belongs to the Root-being; and if it did not happen, then the Root-being would be but a part of Itself. In this sense, man can feel himself as a *necessary* part of the being of the universe.

But this relationship of the soul to the Root-being must not be so conceived of, as if the soul in its individual nature were declared to be identical with this Root-being. The soul which is entangled in the sense-world, and so in the finite, has as such *not* yet got within itself the content of the Root-being. It must first annihilate itself as a separated, individual being; and this Meister Eckhart most aptly terms an "*Entwerdung*," literally, an "Un-becoming," or "In-volution."

From these premises Eckhart also builds up a pure conception of Freedom. In its ordinary life the soul is not free; for it is interwoven with the realm of lower causes, and accomplishes that to which it is compelled by these lower causes. But by "vision" it is raised out of the domain of these causes, and acts no longer as a separated soul. The root of being is laid bare in the soul, and it can no longer be caused to act by anything other than itself. "God does not compel the will, rather He sets the will free, so that it wills not otherwise than what God Himself wills. And the spirit (*Geist*) desires not to will other than what God wills; and that is not its unfreedom, it is its true and real freedom. For Freedom is that we are not bound, but free and pure and unmixed, as in our first outpouring." True, such an one cannot do aught that is not good; for, in truth, he does not serve the good, but the good realises and lives itself out in him.

BERTRAM KEIGHTLEY.

# THE MIRROR OF WISDOM

It is said that once there came to a thinly populated land a king possessed of certain powers of the soul which made him fit to be a leader of men. Some say he was a god incarnate, whose powers and knowledge were not human but divine. He came, and with him a small band of followers; and he drew the peoples of the land to him, and welded them together, so that they became a nation.

After he had ruled them in peace for many years, he departed from them, and left his son to rule in his stead. Thus it happened during a long period of time that son followed father upon the throne. As time drew on the rulers grew less wise and strong; and the people waxed in power as the rulers waned.

At last it came to pass that there sat upon the throne a very young man, less strong than his counsellors; and he was grieved in his heart because they urged upon him action that seemed to him to be evil.

Within the capital of the land was a great space planted with trees, and within that space a temple of granite which no one entered; the key thereof was held by an aged man, the last of a line of seers. A certain charge had been given to the people through the mouth of the seer, that the temple should not be opened save on the day when the king should die childless, and the country be left without a ruler.

Now the chief counsellors of the king were a man of great and subtle intellect, and a strong and proud warrior, violent and masterful, though of small wit; and these men urged upon the young king that knowledge should not thus be kept from the people because of the word of a long dead king, passed downwards through the ages, and uttered by the mouth of a seer, who might be misled by his own visions.

At length the warrior was so clamorous in the matter, that

the king, who secretly feared him, came, in company with his chief councillors, to the Shrine. There, standing before the closed doors, which were of shining golden-bronze, curiously wrought, he bade the seer lay in his hands the key; his lips trembled as he spake, for a voice within his heart, which he feared to obey, forbade him to do that which outer voices urged upon him. The seer looked at him lovingly and compassionately, and then said:

"Behold, in the days that are passed I was thy teacher, and thou art dear to me. The king hath power to command me; but now I pray thee, suffer that I speak, not to the king, but to the youth who was my pupil."

Then the king bade him speak thus, and he said:

"O my son, pluck not the fruit before it be ripe; stretch not forth thy hand to open this door! For thou canst not turn aside the purposes of the gods, which are that verily this door may not be opened till the king shall die childless."

The young king paused, and the tears gathered in his eyes; but those who stood beside him cried scornfully:

"There is, in our opinion, neither reason nor justice in thy words, O seer; for there is, in our judgment, no reason for the closing of these doors."

Then the seer, unheeding them, asked:

"Is it the will of the king that these doors be opened?"

And the king, who could not speak for inward shame, bowed his head. Whereupon the seer silently handed him the key; and, having done so, he cried in a loud voice, saying:

"Approach, O king, and open these doors, if such be thy will."

The young king approached, and fitted the key in the lock, thinking in his heart that it would refuse to turn, and thus the doors would remain closed till the appointed hour, unless he were constrained to shatter them. But it was not so, for the key turned very easily, and the doors moved; but, before they opened, the king gave a great and bitter cry, and fell on his face. When they raised him, they found he had fallen dead on the threshold, without the open doors. Within the doors they saw only a room paved with white stone; and a flight of stone

steps leading to a dais of stone, and against the wall at the back of the dais a great crystal mirror; glimmering, cold and pure, in the dim light of the silent, shadowy place.

There was a loud outcry and much lamentation because the king was dead; but the old seer stilled it solemnly with up-raised hand, and, at his command, they bore the dead youth to the dais and laid him upon it, and the seer, standing on the steps that led thereto, harangued the people after this fashion:

"O ye men," he said, "truly this hour was known to me, and to the great king who reared the shrine. For this your king of long ago was one to whom it was given to enter the land where past, present and future are not three, but one; and he, perceiving this hour, provided for the country's need. For the word of the king has come to me, even as to my brethren, the seers who went before me; and the word is thus: Unless the king be wise, there shall be no peace for the land; and no man hath ever yet been wholly wise, save he have received the word of wisdom the king alone can teach; for lack of which this your ruler lies dead. During many years this land hath suffered grievously for lack of wisdom, and it shall suffer yet more, unless wisdom return to it. Now, therefore, let your greatest men appoint a day, and come before this mirror, and he who shall read within it the word whereof I speak, shall be your king, and restore to the land the joyous days that are gone."

Then the people dispersed to their homes; and they wept, for they loved their young ruler, who, even in his weakness, had not been wholly unwise, for he was gentle and kindly. There was great mourning in the land, for the people feared that that proud and cruel warrior whom they did not love should learn this word of wisdom, and be their king.

On the appointed day the people gathered without the Shrine of Wisdom; the nobles and priests entered therein, and the seer stood alone upon the steps leading to the dais. There were three men chosen who were to gaze within the mirror of the king; these were the late king's two chief councillors, the learned and subtle man, and the masterful warrior; and the third was a man of saintly and retired life, to whom had been granted many visions, and who was versed in the secret lore of the priests.

It was he who, bare-footed and clad in the garb of a recluse, ascended the dais and stood before the mirror. The people saw his face and form reflected therein; as for him, he too perceived himself, but robed in the vestments of the chief priest, with a glory round his head, and with symbols of sacerdotal power in his hands. In that hour he perceived somewhat of the hidden desires of his soul, but the word of wisdom he did not see. So weeping sorrowfully, because a sudden shame and inner knowledge had shown to him the dark places of an otherwise pure heart, he went out, and living thereafter in much humility among the sorrowful and oppressed, he grew to be very wise and holy, and the people loved and followed after him, as they loved and followed no other man.

He who next ascended the dais was the warrior, who had counselled his king to his death; his face was flushed with pride and ambition, and in his heart he rejoiced; he gazed in the mirror as one who would compel the vision he desired. The people saw his face and his gigantic form reflected therein; they saw his eyes grow angry, and he raised the war club which hung at his side as though he would fain have shattered the mirror. Then he turned and strode from the dais, and when one asked him what he had perceived, he answered fiercely by a curse upon the mirror and the seer. Pushing wrathfully through the people he went to his pavilion of cloth of gold, which was pitched without the Shrine; for the man was as a child in his love of glittering shows, and everywhere he journeyed with much pomp and pride. His slaves followed him, trembling, and, in truth, they had need to fear, for three he slew by a cruel death, because of his rage at his own failure. His soul seethed within him like the soul of an angry beast, so that he saw neither men nor things justly, but only as they seemed to his shaken, stormy soul. And he fiercely blamed the mirror, and the seer who guarded it, and the king who set it up, because he could not see the word he sought; but himself he blamed not at all.

Lastly there came that councillor whose intellect was great, and his brain keen and subtle. Within his soul was a very great and calm pride, for he was aware of his wide knowledge and his subtle wit, and he believed his judgment to be very stable,

balanced, and acute; therefore he did not doubt that to him would be shown the word he sought. He mounted the dais, and the people beheld his stately form, pale face, keen eyes, and massive brow reflected in the shining surface. Within the mirror's depths there dawned a light; it shone outwards from the surface, and quivered round the man on the dais. Then, as though struck backwards from his form, it faded. Both he and the people alike saw his reflection wax huge within the mirror, so that it filled it from top to bottom, yet the word of wisdom was not shown to him, but only his own greatness. Then he, erect and proud, with cold eyes, and bitter disappointment in his heart despite his outward calm, went forth from the Shrine, and the seer closed the doors, and sat alone upon the steps without.

While he sat there he became aware of a young lad of a fair and shining countenance, clad in the fine linen garments worn by the slaves of the wealthy, who came lightly towards him, and with a smile as of one whose heart is at peace, said:

"O father, suffer me to enter the shrine, and gaze upon the mirror."

The seer perceived a light that shone about the lad, and he said, gently:

"Who art thou, O youth?"

And the youth replied:

"I am the son of a prince in a land far off, who, being taken captive by my father's enemies, was sold into slavery in this city, to serve the great warrior who this day has made trial of the mirror."

The seer said: "Report speaks loudly of the harshness of thy master, yet thy face is joyous; how can this thing be?"

The youth replied: "In truth, mighty seer, when I dwelt in my father's house, it was given me to behold the face of the king by whom this mirror was bestowed upon the people; and the power and marvel of him so enchanted my soul, that in whomsoever I serve I see the likeness of the king. Wherefore the service of a harsh master and the tasks of a slave are willingly undertaken by me, for they are to me a royal service, and a post of high honour; and hence I am content and very light of heart."

The seer answered, gazing earnestly upon the young man: "By whose authority, O son, comest thou to make trial of the mirror?"

The youth replied: "'Twixt light and darkness, sleep and waking, there stood by me a man bearing the seal of the king. He shone as the sun, and gleamed with many glorious lights; and he said to me in my own tongue, 'Go thou, and demand to gaze in the mirror on the day when thy master stands forth to look therein. Nevertheless thy hour is not yet.' Then he, smiling, blessed me. And I rose and came forth into the light of dawn; and I bathed me in the river, and went in lightly to serve my master, till the fit hour when I should seek thee, O seer."

Then the seer rose, and kissed the youth, saying: "If the people suffer it, ye shall surely gaze upon the mirror. For I know thee; and this hour also was shown to me and to my brethren."

And when the people were summoned, he stood on the steps of the Shrine, with the youth beside him, and told them his purpose. When his voice ceased there was for a while silence; then that subtle councillor, whose form had filled the mirror, spake pridefully, and his cold voice was like the clash of steel on frozen ground, saying: "Who is this youth who seeks to be our king?"

And when the seer told him further of the matter, he turned to the people, saying: "Will ye seat a slave upon the throne of your kings?"

Then the seer told him of the lineage of the youth, whereat he made answer: "Will ye accept the words of a wandering slave lad? If this be suffered we shall have from among our scullions many claimants of the crown."

Thereupon a tumult rose, some saying this, and some that. At last the subtle pleadings of the learned councillor, and the angry ravings of the warrior who had bought the young man in open market from the merchants, prevailed; and they seized the youth and bound him to a tree without the Shrine, and there scourged him till he seemed as though dead, and they cast his body into the sea.

Soon there was great conflict in the land; for the angry warrior urged upon the people that the seer had, through cunning arts by which he controlled the mirror, kept from them the wisdom, which should have been theirs, so that he might place on the throne this youthful slave, who was his tool and mouthpiece. This warrior, who possessed no subtlety of wit, railed against the seer for withholding from their sight the word of wisdom in the mirror; while at the same time he vehemently protested that the seer had no wisdom at all, but was deceived by a lying spirit, wherefore the people should not heed him, but should place on the throne a man of might, a tried and strong warrior.

In the meanwhile the learned and subtle man was going among the people, explaining to them the portent they had seen; for he showed them that he had grown greater than the wisdom the king's mirror could teach, and therefore when he gazed in the mirror he blotted that wisdom out wholly with his own reflection. The people were greatly troubled and bewildered, and they railed, raved, argued, discussed, and weighed the matter, every man according to his own nature; and each one arrived at the decision towards which his desires urged him. And the din and confusion were such that the peaceable groaned in spirit.

At last the learned councillor and his followers, who were the more sober-minded of the land, and the warrior and his turbulent soldiers and slaves, came to the Shrine, and commanded the seer, on pain of death, to cease from the evil magic whereby he held back the vision of the mirror, and left the land desolate without a ruler.

Then the seer flung aside the doors of the Shrine, and mounted on the dais and the people trooped into the hall and stood there, expectant. And in the mirror were reflected the glare of torches and the gleam of naked swords, the pale scornful face of the subtler claimant of the throne, who veiled his desires even from himself, and the heated angry countenance of the less subtle warrior, whose grasping eagerness all men could perceive. The seer raised his hand, and they grew silent; then he spake, and his voice tolled through the hall like metal clanging upon metal;

"O fools!" he said, "Fools are ye, alike whether ye be humble, or wise in your own conceit. What profit to rail against the mirror, or against me who guard it? Can I fashion for you clean hearts, and minds clear as this mirror before which I stand? Behold, now, take ye a scavenger from your streets and robe him in the royal robe, since ye have slain the messenger who came to you in the garment of a slave. Take your vilest and robe him in a robe of purple and rejoice; for it is the robe ye worship and not the wearer; it is the garment ye seek, and not that which it veils; it is the outward things ye perceive and not the inner. What use to preach wisdom to men who are deaf, to men so sunk in folly that they will fight and blaspheme in the very Shrine of Wisdom? What boots it to speak wisdom to you, vain and carnal fools? What profits it to send messengers to you, that ye may slander them with your tongues, proclaiming them liars; and scourge them with your whips of steel and cord, woven by the hands of ignorance; that ye may spurn them in your vain-glorious folly, and in the ingratitude wherein ye rage as beasts of prey. Wrangle, O fools, tear and rend each other with none to guide you; for were it in my power, I would not deliver the word of wisdom to men so sunk in folly that they are unable to perceive their low estate."

Then the warrior who claimed the empty throne, gnashed his teeth in wrath; and, being mad with fury, he struck his sword through the seer's heart, and he fell on the dais before the mirror of wisdom, and his blood fell slowly, drop by drop, down the steps, and trickled over the stone floor; and the people, half fearing what had been done, fled out of the place, and the dead seer lay there alone in the empty Shrine of Wisdom.

Then, since there was no sign to point to the people who should be king, the fiery warrior and the subtle councillor jointly governed the land. But in their hearts was bitter rivalry, and the warrior, who was simple and foolish, knew that he hated his rival; but the keener and subtler man wove himself a web of the mind, wherewith he deceived himself, and called his hatred and jealousy by other names, and prided himself mightily upon them. And, after a while, the simpler and more honest man broke into open warring against his rival, and in a great battle he was slain;

and the more learned of the twain became sole king. But though he was a man of keen intellect he was not wise; and the land suffered. The soldiers of the dead warrior were very turbulent, and much grief and wrong fell on the people; and their minds were like the restless weary sea, beating on the cold rocks that throw back wave after wave, and are themselves unshaken. So did the minds of the people throw themselves restlessly against the woes and wonders of life; and there was neither peace nor joy for them, nor any light, and the hand of each man was against his fellow.

And the new king sought earnestly to rule the people well; but they saw that the pride of his bearing failed, and was replaced by a great weariness. Day by day his hair grew grey, his face more stern, and his eyes more tired and sorrowful, and within them dawned a great wistfulness, and an eternal question. The people perceived that he sought out that gentle-hearted man, who had stood in the Shrine of Wisdom, a claimant for the throne, and failing, mourned his own weakness, and went forth to mend his life. These twain, the new king and he who sought to aid the people in their sins and sorrows, were much together. After a while he whom the people loved began to draw around him a little band of those who grieved for the evilness of the time—men and women into whose souls the iron of the woes of others had entered, poets, and those seers of the hidden things who speak their vision as music, and those, a slender band, who loved better a sorrowful truth than a joyous lie. In these had dawned a great humbleness of mind and heart; and they began to cry in their souls: "Hypocrites are we, and self-deceivers, fools and blind, as long ago the seer, whom we slew, said unto us. Yet in our hearts we bear the seed of wisdom. Water it, O dew of heaven, that it may grow and bear fruit."

It came to pass that it was a custom among these to hold night by night in the Shrine of Wisdom, a silent vigil in which each seeking soul felt itself bound to the rest by a common searching, and a common life, until at times there grew up in that little band a sense that they were not many, but one, and they gathered together with strong crying of the heart, that silent crying which alone has speech. Sometimes, when they

were thus gathered together, there came amongst them a tall man, with a pale face, sad eyes, and a still dignity of bearing. They knew he came as a soul stripped of outward show, naked and alone in spirit, as all must stand at times, if they would seek and find; nevertheless, in reverence of his office, they would stand aside to let him pass out first from among them, when they parted.

It befell that on the tenth anniversary of the day on which the seer was slain, these people held their vigil. They were a dwindled band, for some had grown weary of waiting for a sign. But those who had strength to endure cried mightily in their souls for light; till of their cry was fashioned a strong compelling power that claimed and seized, as by violence, the thing they sought. As they were together thus they heard a sound, and the sound was as the trampling of a horse, crossing the river ford without the city. And the sound drew near and nearer, till it ceased without the door; then upon the door, which was of shining bronze, was heard the ringing stroke of a lance, and the people listened and moved not. Twice came that blow, and thrice. At the third stroke, he who was their king cast open the doors wide, and they waited to see what should chance. Then there came into the midst of them a young man clad in silver-shining armour, very white and pure, bearing a lance in his hand, his helm was laid aside and his head was bare, so that they saw his face, and beheld with awe that it was he whom they scourged and cast into the sea. But now the fashion of his bearing was changed, and he entered in as one who pleaded not, as in the former days, but claimed and took. Thus, then, he entered, and it seemed that about his head and about his feet there flickered a pale elf light. He mounted upon the dais, and before the mirror of wisdom he knelt, that the sign might come, and the people know their king, Those who watched perceived with awe that he cast no shadow, neither reflection of himself within the mirror, so that it abided clear and pure.

Now, some there be, who say that what he beheld within the mirror was this: The shadow of that ancient king who gave the mirror to the land that thereby the people might know their lord, and over the heart of the king a jewel fashioned as a rose,

and in the heart of the rose the word of wisdom, flaming like pure fire within the jewel. But others say this is but a weaving of words to shadow forth a thought that may not be voiced.

But the people who watched saw a light, like the milky-blue shimmer of white moonlight upon steel, strike outwards from the mirror, and smite the young man who knelt there. And as it smote, the fashion of his form was changed to their eyes, and they beheld him no more in human form, but as a shining sphere of living fire, through which the light from the mirror struck and shone upon the people. Then the great glory of the light faded, and they beheld only a young man, clad in white armour, kneeling upon the dais. And he rose, and turned to the people. Behind him the mirror glowed softly like a rose, and lit his armour with faint rosy light, which gleamed thence on to the people; and they stood with bowed heads, and durst not gaze upon him. But among them were two, on whom the light chiefly shone. And these knelt, and kneeling gazed. They who knelt before him were the man of subtle reason who had been their king, and he, that pitiful and humble soul, who gave the people love.

MICHAEL WOOD.

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THAT it is possible for the soul to depart from, and enter into the body, is evident from him who, according to Clearchus, used a soul-attracting wand [? the thyrsus (or caduceus) used in the mysteries for this purpose] on a sleeping lad; and who persuaded Aristotle, as Clearchus relates in his Treatise on Sleep, that the soul may be separated from the body, and that it enters into the body, and uses it as a lodging. For, striking the lad with the wand, he drew out, and, as it were, led his soul, for the purpose of evincing that the body was immovable when the soul was at a distance from it, and that it was preserved uninjured; but the soul being again led into the body, by means of the wand, after its entrance related every particular. From this circumstance, therefore, both the spectators and Aristotle were persuaded that the soul is separate from the body.—From a Fragment of the Commentary of Proclus on the Tenth Book of Plato's *Republic* (TAYLOR).

# THE FORGIVENESS OF SINS

In the celebrated fifteenth chapter of his great work, Gibbon sets forth five causes which contributed to the growth of Christianity. It seems strange that he omitted to dwell upon the fact that the new religion offered to those who accepted it the forgiveness of their sins; though we find an allusion to the distinction between the new faith and the religion of the Roman world in the following lines:

"It is a very ancient reproach, suggested by the ignorance or the malice of infidelity, that the Christians allured into their party the most atrocious criminals, who, as soon as they were touched by a sense of remorse, were easily persuaded to wash away, in the water of baptism, the guilt of their past conduct, for which the temples of the gods refused to grant them any expiation."

It seems evident that the doctrine of the forgiveness of sins was an element of great importance in the problem discussed in the chapter referred to, and that the same doctrine, in the hands of the Catholic Church and of the Protestant Churches of our own time, has been, and is, an element of importance second to no other in the development of orthodox Christianity. While the language quoted above is perhaps intentionally exaggerated, the distinction there pointed out is a true one, separating Christianity, as a formal scheme, from the older religions in existence at the time referred to, and in our own time as well. One has but to listen to the words of any earnest exhorter, preacher, revivalist or Salvation Army leader, or to turn to the volumes of homilies and exhortations which have come down to us from the past, to get evidence that not without a distinct purpose did the Catholic Church put the forgiveness of sins into so prominent a place in its scheme as to call for the insertion of that doctrine in its creeds. The writer is not aware that this subject has been discussed from

a Theosophical point of view,* bringing out the relation or conflict, as the case may be, between the Christian doctrine of the forgiveness of sins and the Indian doctrine of karma, and therefore proposes to suggest some considerations on the subject in the hope that they may lead to further thought and discussion.

It will not be necessary to expound the orthodox Christian doctrine, based upon vicarious atonement, as we all know it already. The Vedântin also knows that this doctrine, as popularly taught, interposes a something from without between human actions and their natural consequences; and his convictions as to the just government of the world being based upon the law of karma, as it has come to him in ancient literature and more recent Theosophical writings, he sees so wide a difference between these two systems that he may well despair of finding any meeting-ground, any place of reconciliation, between statements which appear to be mutually exclusive. Nevertheless, it is the belief of the writer that such a meeting-ground and place of reconciliation may be found, if one turns from the terms upon which the forgiveness of sins is offered by the orthodox Christian Churches to the terms upon which it was offered by the Founder of Christianity as recorded in the New Testament. Reference is particularly made to the "Sermon on the Mount," and to similar discourses in the synoptical gospels, for the reason that in the midst of the great differences and conflicts of opinion which are abroad at this time, we find the discourses above referred to generally acknowledged to be those contents of the New Testament least open to the suspicion that alterations and additions have been made to the original records by later writers. To those also who accept the New Testament in its entirety, the selection of these passages cannot be objectionable.

The preaching of the doctrine we are considering appears to have had its inception with the ministry of John the Baptist, who, we are told in Matthew, preached repentance, "for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." "Then went out to him Jerusalem and all Judea, and all the region round about Jordan, and they were baptised of him in the river Jordan, confessing their sins." We

* Mrs. Besant's just published work, *Esoteric Christianity*, contains a chapter on the subject.—ED.

read in Mark, "John came, who baptised in the wilderness and preached the baptism of repentance unto remission of sins." To this baptism, "to fulfil all righteousness," came Jesus, and later on we find traces of what this doctrine of the remission of sins really was, as set forth by Him in the very beginning of His ministry. The most important record we have, bearing upon this subject, is found in the brief form attributed to Jesus and familiar to every Christian, from world's end to world's end, in the Lord's Prayer. The revised version of the New Testament gives two variations of this form of words, both differing from the one in common use. Matthew reads, "And forgive us our debts, as we also have forgiven our debtors." Luke reads, "And forgive us our sins, for we also forgive every one that is indebted to us." With these passages it is desirable to group the following, that the principle underlying them all may be seen. From Matthew, "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." And "Judge not that ye be not judged. For with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged; and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you." From Luke, "Be merciful, even as your Father is merciful. And judge not and ye shall not be judged; and condemn not and ye shall not be condemned; release and ye shall be released; give and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, shaken together, running over shall they give into your bosom. For with what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again."

Taking the word "debts" to be used above in the sense adopted in the version of the Lord's Prayer in common use, that of sins or trespasses, we have there a definite statement by Jesus of the condition affirmed to be necessarily anterior to the remission of sins. It is obvious at a glance that there is no even remote reference to any scheme of vicarious atonement, or other form of substituted righteousness. The condition precedent is distinctly stated to be that *the supplicant has already discharged all other offenders from their offences against him.* If the other passages quoted above be examined, it will become apparent that the same principle applies. It is unnecessary to multiply words in exposition of the plain statement set forth in these passages, that every man will get from the world just what he gives to it.

That this doctrine of the remission of sins differs widely from that which is current in orthodox Christian Churches may be regarded as both their misfortune and their fault. In many, probably most, of these Churches, the theological and artificial presentation of their doctrine has become so habitual that the apprehension of this simple and beautiful truth has been dulled, clouded and at last blotted out. The great interest of the Theosophist in this connection lies in the possibility of demonstrating an intimate relation between Jesus' doctrine of the remission of sins and the Vedântin doctrine of karma.

If karma be regarded as a mere blind, unreasoning, unthinking, impersonal law, controlling the destinies of men, and chiefly alert in demanding an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, we may well question whether the cancelling of an offence against that law is possible on any terms short of complete expiation; but we have no reason to form such a conception, though it is probable that such a misconception of karma is prevalent among those who have not taken pains to become better informed. The population of our world is the sum of its individual inhabitants, and the karma of the world is in like manner the sum of all that engendered by the composite units of humanity. If this world-karma has been engendered by the world's inhabitants, it can be modified by them, and is being modified daily and hourly. Karma is not a dead law but a living activity, in some measure at least within the power of the human will to affect, perhaps to control. How may this be possible? Let us take a concrete case of an offence committed by A. directed against B., by which the latter suffers loss, deprivation, injury to person or to reputation, or some other evil coming within what we regard as the domain of kârmic law. As this case stands, without further modification there appears no way of remitting or forgiving A.'s offence without the exaction from him of suffering, like in quality and quantity, to that which he inflicted; and at some time, in some life, he must pay the penalty. But let us suppose that B. declines to take the view that he had suffered any loss, deprivation, injury to person or character, or other evil, as the result of the act committed by A. Let us suppose that when he is smitten upon the one cheek

he turns the other also, and when one compells him to go a mile, he goes with him twain. If he resolutely takes this mental attitude and sends forth to the offender strong thoughts of forgiveness of his ill-intent and offence, and of good-will towards him, and subjectively refuses to permit his organism to be used as a resonator, to receive, multiply and send forth again into the world inharmonious vibrations, disturbing to its peace, he has thus, from a kârmic point of view, deprived the offender's act of any power to work evil through him, and has thus, in quite another form of words, forgiven or remitted the offence. He has cancelled the debt.

Objection may be here made that this line of thought leads to the conclusion that the forgiveness of sins, *in its practical operation*, is a human activity, and not, as widely believed, a divine prerogative. This is true, but we cannot admit the conclusion to have the force of an objection; on the contrary, it is, as we believe, the supreme truth of the matter. Nor does this conclusion rob the doctrine of the forgiveness of sins of any part of its interest and value, or of its claim upon the humble and devout gratitude of humanity. There was a time, not so very long since, when in the Christian world every activity of nature was piously believed to be a special manifestation of divine power. It was even regarded as impious to inquire curiously into the methods of such manifestations, and by the same authority which held that the forgiveness of sins was a divine prerogative, exercised through divinely appointed means of grace, and under special and defined conditions as to administration. The former of these two related conceptions has almost wholly passed away from the more intelligent of Christian believers, but the latter still holds its ground. Human thought has been actively occupied in recent years in forming larger conceptions of the nature of divine government, as Emerson says, drawing larger circles, embracing what has been and including much more in its sweep. The time has come for recognition of this truth, that through its own activities our race is working out its destiny, and that the law of its development is wrought into the very fibre of humanity. We bless the world, and we curse it. We forgive sins, and we fasten them upon the sinner with enduring bonds. Not of an

ecclesiastical organisation but of the race were the words of Jesus spoken, "Whosesoever sins ye forgive, they are forgiven unto them; whosesoever sins ye retain, they are retained."

But, I may be told, the Lord's Prayer is addressed to "Our Father who art in heaven," and it is He whom we are there bidden to ask for forgiveness. How can the views you present be reconciled with that plain statement? Yes, and we read also "Thy Kingdom come," "Thy will be done." What do all of these expressions mean? Are they statements of fact? Has His Kingdom come and is His will done? Or are they petitions for special boons or gifts, as one would address some mighty monarch? There may be some or many who hold that the function of prayer is the asking for special favours for the petitioner; there will be few, I think, who will retain that belief after carefully examining its foundations. A better, because a truer, view of prayer is that it is an effort on the part of the separated human spirit to rise to its Source, and to enter into communion with the heavenly Father, rather than that it is a begging expedition. The object of prayer is to know God and His laws in governing the universe and man, and while in the practical work which we have to do we must regard the Law, in the hour of devotion we pass beyond to the Law-giver. Prayer and aspiration can not be directed, as it were, to a "Constitution and Bye-Laws of the Universe."

Indeed, these so-called petitions are not petitions at all. They are appeals to the divine order. We believe that cosmic evolution will go on. We believe that the divine purposes in regard to the human race, as shown in its progress to its present stage of development, will be carried out, that His kingdom will come and His will be done on earth as it is on the higher planes; and we believe that the acts of love and forgiveness, by means of which we lessen the heavy load of karma pressing upon the world, will make the world a better place for us to live in and lighten our own karma. All this we believe as law, but when we turn our devout hearts to contemplation of the good law and strive to raise our spirits to the Source from which that law flows, it becomes a very human necessity that we form some conception of a manifested God, in whose Person we make confident appeal to those immutable principles by which our existence is

governed. A realisation of its meaning puts him who repeats the Lord's Prayer, in a position substantially identical with that of the pious Buddhist who exclaims, "I take refuge in the Law."

It may be said with justice that the solution of this problem above suggested does not provide for the remission of the offences which B. may have committed, and further it does not take into the account the ill-intent with which A. attempted to fasten an injury upon B. To discuss these points satisfactorily is not possible in the necessary limits of this article, but it may be permitted to point out briefly that in these cases we rely with full confidence upon the general principle involved, that mental and spiritual action and reaction may be depended upon to take care of both of these human units. A. will find his ill-intent passing away under the influence of the strong vibrations directed against it, while B. will lose nothing by the transaction, as his good-will come back to him. The old Hebrew proverb reads, "Cast thy bread upon the waters and it will return unto thee after many days." The rising floods have covered the fields, and it seems a wild venture to cast abroad the good seed; but fling it broadcast, you who believe in a divine government of the world and that law and righteousness will prevail. It will find a lodgment, and will spring up and bear fruit, of which your share will come to you.

This view of the remission of sins places the responsibility for the sins of the world and their necessary consequences squarely upon ourselves, where it belongs, and involves the conclusion that it is for the human race as a whole to decide how long they will be in making a kingdom of heaven out of the conditions now surrounding us. It will be some time, no doubt, before any noticeable change occurs. For long ages to come will the saying remain true, "Woe to the world because of offences, for it must needs be that offences come, but woe to that man by whom the offence cometh." Yet each one can do something to affect and hasten the beneficent outcome, and some, doubtless, can do and are doing much; these last will be those who have realised that it is possible to agree utterly and fully with one who, before he cheerfully laid down his life for the truth's sake, said "There can no evil befall a good man whether he be alive or dead."

HORACE L. CONGDON.

# THE PLOUGHING OF THE FURROWS

We wonder how many members of the Society read the General Report issued annually from Adyar by our President-Founder; and yet there is no document better suited to bring home to our minds the truly world-wide nature of our international body, to foster that spirit of universalism which we believe to be the saving grace of our movement, and to broaden out our sympathies from the narrow limits of personal or local activities into a generous and enlightened interest in that larger life which is vehicled in the general body of an association whose proud boast it is to know no distinction of race or creed.

The manifold evidence massed together in this document of some hundred pages, coming as it does from the widely-spread Sections of the Society and its many other branches of activity, gives manifold proof in definite concrete form that a vigorous life is everywhere stirring in our organisation; and if any isolated member or branch should ever feel a touch of solitariness, a glance at the long list of branches and their officers of many nationalities should at once dispel all sense of loneliness, and arouse a glad feeling of confidence that here are friends, men and women, scattered throughout the world, confessedly desirous of helping to the best of their power every unit of our Society who desires to open up communication with them; and not only every member of our body, but also every soul who sympathises with the noble and exalted ideals which we set before us. And this thought induces the further reflection that, large as our actual numbers are, they do not by any means represent our strength; it is known to all of us that it is a peculiar fact in connection with our movement, that for one acknowledged member there are at least ten sympathisers with the objects we have set before us as the goal of our endeavour.

We doubt if there has ever been a more rapid growth of an

association with interests so wide, with a programme so bold, with objects so far-reaching, as that of the Theosophical Society. We have existed but one short quarter of a century, yet in spite of the fact that we have a programme which can appeal only to those who have some knowledge of human affairs, and who have freed themselves from the trammels of conventionalism and custom of thought, in spite of the fact that we have no popular cry, no simple form of propaganda suited to masses of people or groups of nationalities, though we have in every land to seek to adapt ourselves to widely differing environments, to refrain from iconoclasm, and yet to point out the unsatisfactory nature of every existing state of society or general system of thought—nevertheless, we have grown and gained strength, and that, too, frequently in the face of difficulties which would have utterly annihilated any movement which had not in it the strong promise and potency of a beneficent future.

Sensing as we do the glorious nature of our high endeavour, feeling profoundly the crying necessity of some reasonable solution when face to face with the chaos of life's problems, and believing with all our hearts that we are not the sport of a heartless destiny, but that the countless promises of a solution given to the world are the comfortable words of the servants of an all-knowing providence, we dare gladly to welcome the illumination of the dawn of a new spirit—new in our latter days, though as ancient as wisdom herself—which seeks to at-one those stupendous forces which little men have hitherto so busily striven to keep apart, and to separate out into religion, philosophy, and science. The light of this ideal, however, is so bright, so overpowering, that so far from imagining "we are the people," and so falling into the ancient error of the manifold sects, we are only too conscious of our own unworthiness, of our utter incapacity to attempt a so gigantic task of ourselves. We know *we* cannot do this thing, we feel we are at present but "a voice crying in the wilderness," we are conscious that many outside our ranks are far more fitted than ourselves to make possible the realisation of this sublime ideal; but we also are assured that every soul who hears the call, even the humblest, has the privilege of being trained for that great service which is perfect

freedom, and that even if he be halt and maimed now, he will be speedily healed so that in the near future he may work in full use of his powers, and intelligently carry out the plans of the great Architect of good.

Nor is this the unsubstantial figment of a dream; there be those of our number who know it is true, and some even who have manifested its truth in extraordinary fashion, and that too in ways that even the dullest can perceive. We have all heard how Helena Petrovna Blavatsky was on more than one occasion snatched from death when all hope had been abandoned; she declared that this was done for her by her beloved Master because she still had work to do and the will to do it. In the Report before us our President-Founder relates how that, in obedience to the suggestion of the same watchful care, he left at Honolulu the vessel in which he was sailing to San Francisco, and so escaped the fate of 150 passengers who went down in her. And yet again in the same document we read how our tireless colleague Annie Besant arrived at Adyar so prostrate from recurrent attacks of fever that she had to be carried to her chamber. No one expected her to lecture, yet, though it took her five minutes to descend from her room to the hall below, she lectured for an hour and a quarter to a packed audience of 1,500 people without a falter of voice from beginning to end, and so with the rest of her course. That this was in fact a triumph of will exercised by Mrs. Besant herself is true, but that it was something more than this may be seen from the following extract from a private letter from Adyar to a friend in London. I do not know who wrote it, but the writer was apparently unaware of the previous absolute collapse of our brave colleague, and bears witness to the even more than ordinary force of her words.

"We have had a glorious Convention, it was the best ever yet held here, I wish you could have been present.

"It has meant more to me than any I have attended, and I have tried to store all in my mind for future reference, but, after all, the intellectual help is not what we most prize. Something comes with Mrs. Besant that we value much more, the inspiration to higher living, the determination to let nothing hinder us in our struggle upwards.

"I think Mrs. Besant never gave so convincing a lecture as the last one. Her audience was intensely interested, no one could help seeing the same grand truth running through each religion, as she so beautifully brought out the gem of each one, and made a crown, as she finished the lecture, which everyone could see in imagination as she so artistically painted it with her sublime words.

"They were so mighty, all sat as in another world for a moment, lifted for a time out of matter and gross things.

"It was so grand, no pen can possibly describe it, at any rate mine cannot!"

We do not, however, believe in miracles, though such happenings as those above alluded to would have been so accounted in the past and many a gorgeous legend woven out of them. We do not believe in the "interference" of "absolute deity" in human affairs; on the contrary, we believe in the unchangeable laws of that deity. The laws are there, it is for man to learn their nature. Thus we have a sure confidence in the possibility of man's ever-evolving knowledge. Such higher knowledge we believe to be ever possessed by those who truly guide human affairs, and such knowledge we believe is the promised heritage of every child of man who will gladly subordinate himself to the dictates of wisdom. Such knowledge, such gnosis, such wisdom, we further believe to be to-day possessed by the Elder Brothers of our race, and to them is entrusted the guardianship of their younger brethren. On these we rely as Teachers, Watchers and Helpers, and in that firm confidence we go forward, eager to do what little we can, and believing that even our mistakes and weaknesses, if we be but honest and true to ourselves, will be used for the good purposes of a beneficent providence which knows our imperfections far better than we do, and makes allowances for our errors from the standpoint of a wisdom which sees how all is working together for some great end that as yet we cannot even surmise.

But to return to our General Report and the notice of some of its more prominent features. The anniversary meeting held at Adyar, on December 27th and 28th, was a record gathering. Delegates came from the far Punjâb and North West Provinces,

many came from Bombay ; Ceylon in the distant south sent eight representatives. The last meeting at Adyar in 1899 was so overcrowded that it resulted in much inconvenience and even destruction of property. This year efforts were made to limit the crowds by tickets of admission, but though the hall holds 1,500, some six hundred applications had to be refused.

The President-Founder's address began as follows :

"Brothers: At the close of the first year of the second quarter of our corporate history, we may well congratulate ourselves upon the results of the last twelve months and the outlook for the future. In glancing over our world we see that activity has been the rule everywhere, slothfulness the exception. There is no part of the field of our activities where one can say that we have made no advance, unless it be in Germany, where the circumstances are exceptional. . . . The Indian part of the movement has been most active, as well as the Italian, the Swiss, and the North and South American. A strong and vigorous centre of influence has been created at Honolulu, in the mid-Pacific; a wave of energetic activity is sweeping through the United States, and the indications are that we shall soon have a new Section in South America. . . . If we needed any specific proof of the prosperity of the movement we can find it abundantly shown in the increased circulation of our literature, and in the universal interest which prevails among thoughtful minds in the subject of theosophy. The one weak point and danger which threatens us is the tendency in certain quarters to the growth of unreasoning hero-worship and concomitant dogmatism. I reiterate my protest against the attempt to impose upon members or outsiders the idea that there is in our Society such a thing as orthodoxy, or an inspired book or teacher. I call upon my colleagues in all countries to keep in mind the spirit of our Constitution and the letter of our Rules, and to unite together to oppose and put down everything among us which savours of narrowness and sectarianism ; the Society can only flourish on a foundation of absolute liberty of thought and speech, within, of course, the limits of good taste. One may revere a great teacher without turning oneself into a slave."

One of the main reasons why Henry Steel Olcott is the

President of the Theosophical Society is that he has from the very beginning seen clearly that this liberty of conscience and freedom of thought is the all-essential condition of a sane evolution of mystic and theosophic ideas in the modern world. His duty has been jealously to guard the constitution of the Society from the sudden impetuosity of a too strenuous enthusiasm which is ever occurring in some form or another in units and groups of units of our corporate association. On the other hand he has also to guard the Society from the ambition of those who use the name of freedom as a cloak to cover the schemes of their personal ambitions; and it is instructive to notice how those who in the past have raised the cry of freedom in the Society falsely for their own purposes, have departed from our ranks to become the dictators of an absolute tyranny over the minds of their credulous adherents. Our President is not a teacher and has never claimed to be a teacher, but his work is none the less most necessary for our common welfare, and it is to be doubted whether any of those whom we recognise as specially gifted for the exposition of doctrine and the increasing of knowledge, could have held the balance so evenly as he has done and, as we hope, will do for many a long year to come.

That our hope in this, moreover, is based on reasonable expectation, is amply shown by the fact not only that the Colonel himself, although he has passed the allotted span of three-score years and ten, feels that he has a good twenty years of work still in him, but that he has just given a striking proof of his perennial vigour by accomplishing a tour of no less than 47,000 miles. Those who had the pleasure of meeting him at every point of his long journey—and they may be numbered by thousands—can bear witness that they always found him the picture of health and strength, vigorous and cheerful beyond expectation. He was especially delighted with his reception in South America; and since then several new applications for charters of branches have been received from our Spanish-speaking brethren on that continent, and the formation of a properly constituted South American Section is imminent. In Europe, also, we have to record the formation of a new Section, chiefly owing to the

organising energy of Mrs. Cooper-Oakley, who has, however, been careful to allow the movement in Italy to develope on Italian lines. With the formation of the South American we shall thus have ten Sections: the Indian, the American (the name of which may perhaps have to be altered to the United States or North American), the South American, the Australasian, the New Zealand, and in Europe, the European, Scandinavian, Dutch, French and Italian Sections. The time is near when the European Section, now consisting only of Great Britain and the non-sectionalised countries of Europe, may resolve itself. It has done its work, and thrown off four independent Sections on the Continent; we of Great Britain may soon revert to our old title of the British Section, and our colleagues in the various countries whose branches are not as yet sufficiently numerous to be organised as Sections proper, may perhaps be constituted into national groups by the President-Founder. It will make no difference to our real ties of affection and the continuance of our fraternal interest in one another's welfare. It is purely a question of convenience of organisation and no severance of those bonds of amity which are the sole compelling power in our beloved Society.

Referring to India, Colonel Olcott reports most cheeringly of the general activity of the Section, and adds: "The almost superhuman efforts made by Mrs. Besant during the past three years have resulted in the establishment of the Central Hindu College at Benares on a firm foundation, and its moral influence is rapidly spreading throughout the Peninsula. This will be, doubtless, the greatest monument that she will leave behind her." The Central Hindu College, we believe, contains the promise of a great future for theosophical ideas in India, but the precise nature of that future will be visible to us only when the younger generation arrives at manhood. Our devoted colleague has already built for herself by her extraordinary and earnest eloquence and her many writings, and will for long, we hope, continue to build, a monument in the hearts and loving memory of many thousands in many lands; the very sad report of her health, however, owing to repeated attacks of fever, is giving us the keenest anxiety on her behalf.

After the President our colleague C. W. Leadbeater is put

on record as our greatest traveller; in London we have barely seen his face for eighteen months. For half this time he has been busy making new friends in the United States and Canada, and the rest of the time he has spent on the Continent. The nature of the subjects he has made his own by the careful cultivation of his extraordinary faculties, provide ever fresh topics of fascinating interest for the vast majority of his hearers, and our only regret is that he seemingly cannot be quite persuaded that the pen carries further than the voice.

During the last twelve months forty-nine new branch charters have been issued, making a total of 656 charters granted since 1878. If we deduct from this 156 as the probable number of seceded, dead or dormant branches, we have now some 500 active groups of theosophic students scattered throughout the world, and to these must be added a number of centres and a very large number of non-attached members. During the year some 1,750 new members have joined us. What, however, the total number of active members in the whole Society now amounts to is difficult to estimate, but it cannot be far short of 10,000, and that too of actively interested members, for the report of every General Secretary shows how carefully the lists are revised.

It is pleasant to notice that our very valuable Oriental Library is increasing by leaps and bounds. The Managing Committee of the Tiruvâlangâd Library has most generously made a gift to us of their entire Library (worth some Rs. 6,000) with its religious pictures, furniture, and a plot of land. This is a noble gift and deserves the best thanks of all Theosophists the world over. There are now in the Adyar Library 3,563 MSS. and 10,147 printed books. The paṇḍit of the Library, Mr. G. Krishna Sastri, is, we are delighted to hear, projecting a monthly Sanskrit journal similar to the well-known *Paṇḍit*, in which will be printed for circulation throughout the literary world, the rarest and most important works in our possession. He adds: "A circular enumerating the unique MSS. in our hands has been widely circulated and the opinion of Eastern paṇḍits and Western Orientalists asked as to the order in which they should be printed. I am happy to say four-fifths of them have agreed in recommending one of our palm-leaf MSS., of which no other copy is known

to exist." The foundation and up-keep of this splendid collection of MSS. are due entirely to the unflagging energy of our President-Founder, and it already contains material of the greatest value for the student of the comparative science of religion. Some of the students of the Central Hindu College are, we hope, the destined pandits who will soon begin to make the treasures of our Library accessible to the Western world.

The external propaganda of our ideas is of course carried on almost exclusively by means of lectures and literature. The lectures are innumerable and the literary output considerable; it is also a specially remarkable feature of the present phase of the Society that for the most part the original contributions to our literature appear in the English tongue and are then translated into many languages. Such a book, for instance, as Colonel Olcott's *Buddhist Catechism*, has been translated into some forty languages and vernaculars; and even such a vast work as H. P. Blavatsky's *Secret Doctrine* has already appeared in a Swedish, Dutch, French, Spanish and German version. We have translations of smaller volumes not only into the European languages already named, but also into Norwegian, Danish, Finnish, Czech, Russian, and Greek. We also notice a promising activity in translation in India and find that a number of well-known contributions to Theosophical literature, principally the smaller works of Mrs. Besant, has been translated into Canarese, Urdu, Hindi, Marathi, Gujerati, Tamil and Bengali. Of magazines, reviews, etc., we have no less than twenty-seven periodicals; fifteen being in English, three in French, two in Spanish, two in Dutch, and also monthlies in Swedish, Norwegian, German, Italian and Tamil. These are all conducted by our own members; but besides them there is a number of periodicals devoted to Theosophy by those who have seceded from us.

Of the more permanent contributions to the literature of the Society during the past year there is no necessity to remind the readers of our REVIEW. The present main literary activity of the movement is by means of the pens of our own collaborators and their works are immediately reviewed in our pages. It is, however, encouraging to notice the names of many new writers in our journals and to record a growing number of original articles

and books in languages other than English; some of these are of very high merit.

It is well known that under the auspices of our Society, and chiefly owing to Colonel Olcott, for the last twenty years a strong movement has been developed in Ceylon providing Buddhist children with an education which does not aim at making them abandon their ancestral religion. At the end of 1900 there were no less than 142 of such schools registered, with an attendance of 18,700, earning Government grants of Rs. 45,922. Colonel Olcott has also inaugurated an educational movement among the Pariahs of Southern India, the most neglected and despised class, and has already four schools in thorough working order. The children are taught to read and write and are in other respects trained to become useful servants.

The President-Founder reports satisfactorily of the financial condition of the general funds of the Society, and also announces that "The Subba Row Gold Medal"—established to perpetuate the memory of our late most learned colleague, whose comparatively early death deprived the Society of the most brilliant Indian contributor to our literature—has been awarded to Babu Bhagavân Dâs, for his book, *The Science of the Emotions*. This medal is given for the best contribution of the year to Theosophical literature, the previous holders of medals being excluded; the list of medallists contains the names of such distinguished writers as H. P. Blavatsky, Annie Besant, A. P. Sinnett, C. W. Leadbeater, etc.

The many friends in America and Europe of our affectionately remembered colleague, Jagadish C. Chatterji, will be interested to hear that he was the bearer of a most cordial letter of greeting to the Convention from his royal master, the Maharaja Bahadur of Kashmir and Jammu. The letter runs as follows:

"THE PALACE, JAMMU, *Dec.* 4, 1901.

"*To* COL. H. S. OLCOTT, *President, Theosophical Society.*

"MY DEAR SIR AND BROTHER,

"Allow me heartily to congratulate you and the Convention on the auspicious occasion of the twenty-sixth anniversary of the Theosophical Society. I can hardly express

what I feel concerning the good work which the universally admired movement has done all over the world—particularly to the Indian youth whose materialistic tendencies were taking them away from the right path—and within the comparatively short period of twenty-six years. It is most gratifying to see that Theosophy is becoming so popular in all parts of the world. I pray that God and the revered Lords may continue to bless the movement, and give health and strength to its workers to carry on the undertaking with every success. With best wishes, I am yours fraternally,

"(*Sd.*) PROTAB SINGH, *Maharaja*."

On the whole, then, I think we may be fairly satisfied with our last General Report. There is life and there is movement in the Society, there is distinct improvement in many directions. We have set our hand to the plough, and there is no looking back, unless it be at the time of the Presidential Report, when for a moment we glance back to see how far the last furrow may be nearer the straight line than the one before it, for we are determined to plough straight, cost what labour it may; nor are we to be discouraged by the irregular course of some of the twenty-six furrows which we have already driven, for we knew from the start that we had to learn our skill of ploughmanship on the actual field we have been set to till. Our furrows may not be all that we should like "to-day"; but "to-morrow" we each and all shall return to the task with greater skill and understanding, for the wage of our labour is an ever increasing gift of wisdom from the endless store laid up for us by the economy of the Lord of the world.

G. R. S. M.

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[A VALUED German contributor in writing to us takes strong exception to the President's estimate of the state of affairs in Germany. We are sure that no one will be more pleased than Colonel Olcott himself to learn that those on the spot are hopeful of the future.]

# FLOTSAM AND JETSAM

## A Scientific Prophet

THE name of Mr. H. G. Wells is known to us as that of a writer of marvellous imaginative power, whose delight is to forecast the future developments of science and to speculate on the achievements of that coming race which he believes to lie latent in our loins, but which we believe to be no other than our future selves, re-born to realise in fullest achievement the many ideals we have striven to attain but of which we have been disappointed by the check of death, and those still more glorious possibilities which are so beyond our highest flights of imagination that as yet we have not even dreamed of their existence. That Mr. Wells is not only a brilliant writer of fiction but also a serious student of science is patent to those who have read his books; that, however, the wings of his scientific imagination refuse to be clipped by the Royal Society, is manifest to those who have followed his flight beyond the pale of physics into the boundless fields of psychic possibilities. It is, therefore, encouraging to find that such a writer received an invitation to deliver an address on "The Discovery of the Future" from the familiar green table of the Royal Institution, and it is still more encouraging for us to find that in many things he is at one with many of our own writers as to the possibilities which the future has in store for our humanity. Mr. Wells is so interesting throughout the whole of his lecture that we are loath to curtail the long report of *The Morning Post* (January 25th) which is evidently taken direct from his MS. The verbatim lecture we believe is now published and may be obtained for 1s.

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MR. WELLS commenced by contrasting two divergent types of mind, to be distinguished chiefly by their attitude towards time, and more particularly

Types of Thought

by the relative importance they attach and the relative amount of thought they give to the future of things. The first type, and probably the predominant type, was that which scarcely thought of the future at all, regarding it as a sort of black non-existence on which the advancing present would presently write events. The second, the more modern and much less abundant type, thought constantly and by preference of things to come and of present things mainly in relation to the results that must arise from them. The former type one might speak of as the legal or submissive type of mind, because the business, practice, and training of the lawyer disposed him towards it; the latter for the sake of contrast might be termed the legislative, creative, organising, masterful type, seeing the world as one great workshop, and the present as but the material for the future. But, said Mr. Wells, "I do not wish to suggest that the great mass of people belong to either of these two types. Indeed, I speak of them as two distinct and distinguishable types mainly for convenience and in order to accentuate their distinction. There are probably very few people who brood constantly on the past without any thought of the future at all, and there are probably scarcely any who live and think consistently in relation to the future. The great mass of people occupies an intermediate position between these extremes, they pass daily and hourly from the passive mood to the active, they see this thing in relation to its associations and that thing in relation to its consequences, and they do not even suspect that they are using two distinctive methods in their minds. But for all that, they are distinct methods, the method of reference to the past and the method of reference to the future, and their mingling in many of our minds no more abolishes their difference than the existence of piebald horses proves that white is black."

Before dwelling further on the divergence between these two types, Mr. Wells proceeded to consider a possible objection. It might be said that the distinction between a type of mind that thought of the past and one that thought of the future was a sort of hair-splitting. Everybody believed that the present was determined by the past, but then everybody believes also that the present determines the future. "To which one replies," said Mr. Wells, "that we are not discussing what we know and believe about the relations of past, present and future, or of the relation of cause and effect to each other in time. We all know the present depends for its causes on the past, and that the future depends for its causes on the present. But this discussion concerns the way in which we approach things on this common ground of knowledge and belief. We may all know there is an east and a west, but if some of us always approach and look at things from the west, if some of us always approach and look at things from the east, and if others again wander about with a pretty disregard of direction, looking at things as chance determines, some of us will get to a westward conclusion of this journey, and some of us will get to an eastward conclusion, and some of us will get to no definite conclusion at all about all sorts of important matters." The same thing

would happen if we always approached things from the point of view of their causes as if you approached them always with a view to their probable effects.

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Domination of the Past

Passing on to consider the influences of the two methods, the lecturer showed that three hundred years ago people who thought at all about questions of right and wrong deduced their rules of conduct from the past, some dogmatic injunction, some finally settled decree, and the great mass of people did so to-day. In all ages people might have tempered the austerity of a dogmatic moral code by small infractions to secure obviously kindly ends, but he was told that the Jesuits were the first who deliberately sought to qualify the moral interpretation of acts by a consideration of their results. There were to-day people who had more or less clearly discovered the future as an important factor in moral considerations, and some who frankly regarded morality as a means to an end. The legal type of mind would obey the past unhesitatingly; the creative would unhesitatingly sacrifice it to the future. In the sphere of public affairs the two ways of looking at things worked out into equally divergent consequences. The legal mind insisted on treaties, constitutions, legitimacies, and charters; the legislative incessantly assailed these. The difference was particularly accentuated in the disputes arising out of wars, the main dispute being in reference not to the future but to the past. Even the arguments that centred about the present war in South Africa ignored any ideal of a great united South African State almost entirely, and quibbled about who began the fighting and the terms of some treaty made a score of years ago. Yet beneath the legal issues the broad creative idea had been apparent in the present war. Even if foresight did creep into our politics, and a reference to consequence into our morality, it was the past that dominated our lives.

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Uncertainty of the Future

It was obvious why the retrospective habit was so predominant—they followed the fundamental human principle and took what they could get. All people believed in the past as certain, defined and knowable; only a few believed it possible to know anything about the future. Man had acquired the habit of going to the past because it was the line of least resistance to the mind. Many people believed therefore that there could be no sort of certainty about the future. "You can know no more about the future," he was recently assured by a friend, "than you can know which way a kitten will jump next." And to all who hold that view, who regard the future as a perpetual source of convulsive surprises, as an impenetrable, incurable, perpetual blackness, it is right and reasonable to derive such value as it is necessary to attach to things from the events that

have certainly happened with regard to them. It was our ignorance of the future and our persuasion that that ignorance was absolutely incurable that alone gave the past its enormous predominance in our thoughts. But through the ages the long, unbroken succession of fortune tellers—and they flourished still—witnessed to the perpetually smouldering feeling that after all there might be a better sort of knowledge—a more serviceable sort of knowledge than that we now possess. Our personal memory gave us an impression of the superior reality of the past, but the more clearly we mastered the leading conceptions of science the better we should understand that the impression was not an absolute truth. The man of science would believe at last that the events of A.D. 4000 were as fixed, settled, and unchangeable as those of the year 1600. He would venture to suggest that along certain lines and with certain qualifications and limitations a working knowledge of things in the future was a possible and practicable thing. He believed that an inductive knowledge of a great number of things in the future was becoming a human possibility.

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### Science *v.* Prophecy

If I am right, said Mr. Wells, in saying that science aims for prophecy, and if the specialist in each science is, in fact, doing his best now to prophesy within the limits of his field, what is there to stand in the way of our building up this growing body of forecast into an ordered picture of the future that will be just as certain, just as strictly science, and perhaps just as detailed as the picture that has been built up within the last hundred years to make the geological past? Well, so far and until we bring the prophecy down to the affairs of man and his children, it is just as possible to carry induction forward as back. It is just as simple and sure to work out the changing orbit of the earth in the future until the tidal drag hauls one unchanging face at last towards the sun as it is to work back to its blazing and molten past. Until man comes in the inductive future is as real and convincing as the inductive past. But inorganic forces are the smaller part and the minor interest in this concern. Directly man becomes a factor the nature of the problem changes, and our whole present interest centres on the question whether man is, indeed, individually and collectively incalculable, a new element which entirely alters the nature of our inquiry and stamps it at once as vain and hopeless, or whether his presence complicates indeed, but does not alter, the essential nature of the induction. How far may we hope to get trustworthy inductions about the future of man? Well, I think, on the whole, we are inclined to underrate our chance of certainties in the future just as I think we are inclined to be too credulous about the historical past. The vividness of our personal memories, which are the very essence of reality to us, throws a glamour of conviction over tradition and past inductions. But the personal future must in the very nature of things be hidden from us so long as time endures, and this black ignorance at our very feet,

this black shadow that corresponds to the brightness of our memories behind us, throws a glamour of uncertainty and unreality over all the future.

* * *

The Leading Man

Dealing with the influence of individuals on the community, Mr. Wells said: Everybody does not believe in the importance of the leading man. There are those who will say that the whole world is different by reason of Napoleon. But there are also those who will say the whole world of to-day would be very much as it is now if Napoleon had never been born. There are those who believe entirely in the individual man and those who believe entirely in the forces behind the individual man, and for my own part I must confess myself a rather extreme case of the latter kind. I must confess I believe that if, by some juggling with space and time, Julius Cæsar, Napoleon, Edward IV., William the Conqueror, Lord Rosebery, and Robert Burns had all been changed at birth it would not have produced any serious dislocation of the course of destiny. I believe that these great men of ours are no more than images and symbols and instruments taken as it were haphazard by the incessant and consistent forces behind them, they are the pen-nibs Fate has used for her writing, the diamonds on the drill that pierces through the rock. And the more one inclines to this trust in forces, the more one will believe in the possibility of a reasoned inductive view of the future, that will serve us in politics, in morals, in social contrivances, and in a thousand spacious ways. And even those who take the most extreme and personal and melodramatic views of the ways of human destiny, who see life as a tissue of fairy-godmother births and accidental meetings and promises and jealousies, will I suppose admit there comes a limit to these things, that at last personality dies away, and the greater forces come to their own. The great man, however great he be, cannot set back the whole scheme of things. What he does in right and reason will remain, and what he does against the greater creative forces will perish.

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Speculations

How far was it possible at the present time to speculate on the particular outline the future would assume? "The fact that man is not final," said Mr. Wells, "is the great unmanageable disturbing fact that rises upon us in the scientific discovery of the future, and to my mind at any rate the question what is to come after man is the most persistently fascinating and the most insoluble question in the whole world. Of course, we have no answer. Such imaginations as we have refuse to rise to the task. But for the nearer future, while man is still man, there are a few general statements that seem to grow more certain. It seems to be pretty generally believed to-day, it has become a commonplace with Cabinet Ministers now—though it was a mere irresponsible suggestion two years ago—that our dense populations are in the opening phase of a process of diffusion and aeration. It seems pretty inevitable,

also, that the mass of white population of the world at least will be forced some way up the scale of education and personal efficiency in the next two or three decades. It is not difficult to collect reasons for supposing, and such reasons have been collected, that in the near future, in a couple of hundred years as one rash optimist has written, or in a thousand or so, humanity will be definitely and consciously organising itself as a great world state, a great world state that will purge from itself much that is mean, much that is bestial, and much that makes for individual dullness and dreariness, greyness and wretchedness in the world of to-day.

* * *

In conclusion the lecturer said: Why should things cease at man? Why should not this rising curve rise yet more steeply and swiftly? There are many things to suggest that we are now in a phase of rapid and unprecedented development. The conditions under which men live are changing with an ever-increasing rapidity; and so far as our knowledge goes no sort of creatures have ever lived under changing conditions without undergoing the profoundest changes themselves. In the past century there was more change in the conditions of human life than there had been in the previous thousand years. A hundred years ago inventors and investigators were rare scattered men, and now invention and inquiry is the work of an organised army. This century will see changes that will dwarf those of the Nineteenth Century, as those of the Nineteenth dwarf those of the Eighteenth. One can see no sign anywhere that this rush of change will be over presently, that the Positivist dream of a social reconstruction and of a new static culture phase will ever be realised. Human society never has been quite static and will presently cease to attempt to be static. Everything seems pointing to the belief that we are entering on a progress that will go on with an ever-widening and ever more confident stride for ever. The reorganisation of society that is going on now beneath the traditional appearance of things is a kinetic reorganisation. We are getting into marching order. We have struck our camp for ever. We are in the beginning of the greatest change that humanity has ever undergone. There is no shock, no epoch-making incident, but then there is no shock at a cloudy daybreak. At no point can we say, here it commences, now, last minute was night, and this is morning. But incessantly we are in the day. If we care to look we can foresee growing knowledge, growing order, and presently a deliberate improvement of the blood and character of the race. And what we can see and imagine gives us a measure and gives us faith for what surpasses the imagination. It is possible to believe that all the past is but the beginning of a beginning, and that all that is and has been is but the twilight of the dawn. It is possible to believe that all that the human mind has ever accomplished is but the dream before the awakening. We cannot see, there is no need for us to see, what the world will be like when the day has fully come. We

Future Progress

are creatures of the twilight. But it is out of our race and lineage that minds will spring that will reach back to us in our littleness to know us better than we know ourselves, and that will reach forward fearlessly and comprehend this future that defeats our eyes. All this world is heavy with the promise of greater things, and a day will come, one day in the unending succession of days, when beings, beings who are now latent in our thoughts and hidden in our loins, shall stand on this earth as one stands on a footstool, and they shall laugh and reach out their hands among the stars.

* * *

What are Nerves?

We seem to be painfully working towards some saner ideas in the nature of the nervous system, but we are yet very far from a really illuminating "discovery" in this the indubitably most important field of physiology. Professor Loeb, of the University of Chicago, summons the allied phenomena of electricity to his aid (though this is by no means a novelty), and by means of an unknown seeks to explain an unknown. His details, however, are interesting. We take the following paragraph from *The Manchester Guardian* of January 2nd:

Professor Loeb says that the nerves contain, or consist of, colloidal solution, whose particles carry positive electric charges. The solution resembles jelly before it "jells." Nerve action is simply the passage to and from conditions of gelatification and solution through electrical discharges between the colloidal particles. Negative ions, termed anions, may have several negative charges. Chemicals positively charged with sodium potassium maintain the colloidal solution of the nerves. Whenever negative charges are in excess the nerve tends towards gelatification. Hence nervous irritability is lessened by whatever increases the condition of solution, and is increased by whatever promotes gelatification. Heat promotes gelatification and nerve stimulation, while cold makes solution less stable. Nerves are stimulated also mechanically, because when colloidal particles coalesce, as drops melt together, electrical discharges are caused. Nerve colloids are largely fat compounds soluble in ether. Hence anæsthetics lessen nerve irritability by increasing the permanency of colloidal solution and preventing gelatification. The phenomena of drunkenness is similarly explained. From the electro-magnetic theory of light it follows that chemical stimulation is identical with stimulation by light waves, and the stimulating action of any anion increases as its spectrum approaches ultra violet. Long light waves and heat waves act like positively charged ions. The explanation of the beating of the heart is the gelatification of its contained colloids. The function is electric in character, and controlled by chemical action governed by associated bodily functions now reducible to formulæ—*i.e.*, phenomena of life have a mathematic basis analogous to the mathematics of chemistry.

# REVIEWS AND NOTICES

## The Heaven World

Theosophical Manuals, No. 6. The Devachanic Plane or the Heaven World, its Characteristics and Inhabitants. By C. W. Leadbeater. Second Edition, revised and enlarged. (London: The Theosophical Publishing Society; 1902. Price 1s. net.)

It is to be regretted that difficulties connected with the question of copyright prevent Mr. Leadbeater carrying out his good intention of changing the title of his widely read treatise; *The Mental Plane*, which he would have liked to call it, would have been an immense improvement, though we think his alternative title, *The Heaven World*, is still better. It would, indeed, be a blessing if we could, as far as possible, drop the "barbarous" (in the Greek sense) term Devachan; Tibetan is, no doubt, a charming enough language when you have once mastered it, but as the idea of the heaven world is common to all faiths and all lands, it is absurd to choose a Tibetan name for it, as though it represented that idea with greater accuracy than the hundred and one other designations in other tongues and lands. Devachan is not a Tibeto-Sanskrit hybrid meaning the land of the gods, or bright ones (devas) as some have erroneously supposed, but a pure Tibetan adjectival form (deva-chan or dve-chun) based upon the Sanskrit word sukhâ-vatî (bliss-ful), the name given to what Western scholars have called the "Paradise of the West." There is, however, little doubt but that the Tibetans and the Buddhists of China generally, who especially in the Buddhist world believe in Sukhâvatî, have as erroneous notions of this state as the generality of the religionists of other faiths, and have as much to learn from the instructive essay of Mr. Leadbeater as any other religionists who are content with the mere tradition of symbolic representations.

It is entirely unnecessary to recommend the book of our clear-seeing colleague to our readers, as there is probably no one among them who has not already read it; but what we would insist on, as Mr. Leadbeater has so often done himself, is that this treatise is but a pioneer effort, the slightest of sketches (compared to the reality); that it is but a minute peep into a vast world of infinitely

complex phenomena, phenomena of such abundant vitality that the dull, slow, heavy, grey things of our physical state of existence appear to the seer as the veritable realms of the dead. And yet we are ever to remember that "the mind is its own place," and heaven and hell are in our midst in physical life.

G. R. S. M.

## An Essay in Hindu Chronology

The Chronology of Ancient India. First Series: The Beginning of the Kali Yuga; The Date of the Mahâbhârata War; The Four Yugas. By Velandai Gopala Aiyer, B.A. (Madras; Natesan & Co.; 1901. Price Rs. 1-4.)

For a long time we have fervently desired to see some competent contribution towards a provisional solution of the endless puzzles in the chaos of Hindu chronology, and are therefore proportionately delighted to welcome in book form the very able essays recently contributed to the pages of *The Indian Review* by Mr. V. Gopala Aiyer. The small volume of 156 pp. before us is straightforward, compact, direct, discriminating, and objective. It is written on purely scientific lines, and displays an intimate acquaintance with the researches of Western Orientalists; it is also written with a wide knowledge of Indian sources.

The subject which our essayist has set before him is practically the hinge of Indian chronology, the turning-point between the Vaidic and Epic periods, the date of the Great War, the Death of Kṛishṇa and the beginning of the Kali Yuga. As might have been expected, the traditional date, 3102 B.C., will not bear the strain put upon it, and though we do not say that Mr. Gopala Aiyer has absolutely vindicated his position, for such a judgment would argue greater knowledge of this difficult subject than we possess or are ever likely to possess, we say distinctly that he has made out an exceedingly strong case, which traditionalism will have to meet with other weapons than the mere re-assertion of a date which in all probability was calculated backwards to suit the necessities of a later doctrinal development. Mr. V. Gopala Aiyer by means of a series of cumulative evidence arrives at the conclusion that the Kali Yaga began at the winter solstice of 1177 B.C., and that the Mahâbhâratan War took place at the end of 1194 B.C.; he further promises in a following series of papers to show how the vulgar traditional date 3102 B.C. arose, and also, more important still, to determine the date of the Rig Veda with "specific unimpeachable testimony."

We cordially recommend the book to all those who desire to discover whether it is possible to find some firm ground in the shifting sands of Indian chronology.

G. R. S. M.

## Magazines and Pamphlets

*Theosophist* for January. In "Old Diary Leaves" for this month the Colonel continues his chronicle of events in 1892. He speaks of his efforts on behalf of the Buddhist schools in Ceylon; of Dharmapala's mission to present sacred relics to the Lamas of Tibet, giving Miss Müller's account of the ceremony at Darjiling; and the death of his great spiritualist friend, Stainton Moses, fills up most of the remainder. "The Heaven of Theosophy" is a more than usually interesting study by Mr. A. Fullerton of the change resulting from what we call death. S. Stuart concludes his article on the Invisible World; his final result the comfortable assurance that "if we all do our best as we may find ourselves able, we shall all obtain that which is rightly ours, not only on this earth plane, but also in the Invisible World." In his third paper on the Pastorals of Israel, W. A. Mayers would have us apply the promises made to the Patriarchs "as universal, as revelations of the divine care and foresight of those into whose charge and guidance our humanity is committed through the whole course of its weary pilgrimage in matter—and not limit the scope of these divine asseverations, much less confine them to the narrow limits of a petty tribe, or the low and unworthy ideas which have obtained with Christian expositors." This is all very nice; but the essayist exposes himself to the enquiry whether he can venture to say that humanity in general *has* been thus blessed and guided to the present time? I myself have the courage to answer "Yes!" Has he? Mrs. Hooper gives an account of the Algonquin legends of the good and evil powers; ending with the quaint story of how the great Lord of the World undertook as his final task to subdue His Majesty the Baby, and how the Baby sucked his sugar-plum all through the most tremendous manifestations of magic powers, and remains sucking his sugar-plum unconquered and undisturbed to this very day—as we all know! The remaining articles are "Divine Love," by C. K.; "Notes on Remains of Shamanism in Swedish Lapland," by Count von Rosen; "Mental Science and Suggestive Therapeutics," by Dr. J. H. Taylor; and "Makara, Kumbha and Meena," by A. Nilakanti Sastri.

*Theosophic Gleaner*, January, opens with a reply to N. D. K, on

helping the dead, and defends the *Shrâdda* ceremony of the Hindus against the criticism of N. D. K. Some interesting information is given. Reproductions from other journals fill up the remainder of the number.

*The Dawn*, January, contains a very good series of articles on subjects of general interest both to Hindus and others. H. N. Dutt discourses briefly on the "Philosophy of the Gods" with special reference to the *devas* of Hinduism. The revival of Hindu orthodoxy and its influence on the arts and industries of India is rather of social and political than of religious interest. It is a little curious to find in another paper a defence of infant marriage from the pen of "A Bengalee Christian."

We have also to acknowledge from India *The Ârya* and *The Indian Review*, both good numbers, but the other journals which usually arrive have not come in time for notice.

*The Vâhan*, February, again contains a great deal of correspondence, which has lately encroached largely upon the space generally devoted to "Enquirer." Some of it is quite lively, especially the short letter criticising severely the views on Christianity expressed by A. A. W., and advising that writer to read a little Catholic theology, even offering to recommend a good book! This is hard on a former Catholic priest! Another letter also criticises the same views and opposes them by a sympathetic attitude towards Christian belief. Other subjects discussed are the consciousness of the Ego, the morality of sacrificing life, and prayer, leaving room only for a long and valuable answer by G. R. S. M. on "love" in the *Bhagavad Gîtâ* and the New Testament.

*Revue Théosophique*, January, contains as usual a large proportion of well-chosen translations, but also in this case a lengthy original contribution on the "Mechanism of Thought," from the scientific, philosophic and theosophic points of view. It is the substance of two lectures given in the rooms of the French Section by Louis Revel. The paper is very carefully planned and contains a most instructive account of modern theories of psychology in the portion now printed.

*Bulletin Théosophique*, February, translates a few questions from the *Vâhan* and informs us that Dr. Pascal is giving a course of public lectures in the hall of the Geographical Society, Boulevard St. Germain, on Theosophical subjects.

*Theosophia*, February, is composed mainly of translations, all of

interest to those who do not read English, including an old paper by Madame Blavatsky on the Lack of Unity among Spiritualists. Johan van Manen contributes a lengthy chat upon Theosophical publications, more of the nature of an article than a review.

*Theosophie*, February, gives to its Belgian readers some extracts from Mr. Chatterji's lecture on "Woman in India," heading it "*Pour les Feministes*." By the way, we are informed that the lecture is by "*le Brahmachârî* J. C. Chatterji," which is not up to date, to say the least. A translation from Mrs. Besant and short reprints fill up the remaining part.

*Sophia*, January, begins the tenth year of its existence, a fact of which its editor may be proud. It is no small thing in a country where everything is in opposition to keep a periodical of such a nature going for nine consecutive years and at the end of that time to show a progressive improvement in every way. The editor, as usual in entering upon a new year, opens with a brief review of the position. Señor Xifré sends a communication in defence of Madame Blavatsky, publication of which was refused by a journal that had just inserted an attack upon her in the form of a sketch of her life. Señor González-Blanco's paper on "The Great Spanish Theosophists" is brought to a conclusion, as are also two translations.

*Teosofisk Tidskrift*, January, begins its twelfth year and is to be heartily congratulated upon its age. We trust it will see many more birthdays. The editor naturally takes the opportunity of calling attention to the efforts made. The chief contribution in this number is on Theosophy in the teachings of Tolstoï, which is followed by a portion of Mrs. Besant's *Thought-Power, its Control and Culture*.

*Theosophy in Australasia*, December, continues A. M.'s "Scientific Corroborations," which deal with the various recently discovered forms of radiation. M. S. defends himself against a criticism of his position which appeared in the November number, on the subject of patriotism and a reincarnating national entity. It is not at all an unhealthy sign to have differences of opinion freely and sometimes emphatically stated. The remaining article is entitled "An Idea of God."

*New Zealand Theosophical Magazine*, January, is a pleasantly varied production, opening with numerous short notes on miscellaneous matters, and after providing two brief papers on "The Story of the Cross," and "Fear—Its Cause and Cure," proceeding with a poem, a story and some pages devoted to child readers.

*Theosofisch Maandblad*, from October to January, is to hand, and conveys an idea of substance and prosperity by its very respectable and solid appearance. It is indeed remarkable to see coming from the far distant Dutch Indies so promising a publication. Among the translations in these issues we notice "The Memory of Past Births," by Charles Johnston, and several of Mr. Leadbeater's writings. Original contributions also form a substantial portion.

*The Theosophic Messenger*, January, begins with miscellaneous paragraphs on events of general Theosophical interest, contributed by the National Committee. Christian doctrinal matters provide a large and interesting part of the notes. The inauguration of the new Dutch headquarters is described at length, and an outline of the addresses given. The "Enquirer" reproduces a considerable number of *Vâhan* answers as usual.

*Dharma*, the organ of South American Theosophy, completes the first year of its existence, and begins the second in the two numbers before us. Translated work naturally forms a substantial part, but there are several original contributions and editorial notes, an exhortation entitled "Let us work" opening the new year.

*What is Theosophy?* is a small pamphlet issued by the Theosophical Publishing Society and written by the late Christopher Corbett, whose name will be affectionately remembered by many of our readers. As a reasonable, common-sense introduction to Theosophical ideas it may be recommended for the use of enquirers.

We have also to acknowledge the receipt of *The Review of Reviews; The Animals' Guardian; Light; Expression; Coming Events; The Annal's Friend; Modern Astrology; The Psycho-Therapeutic Journal; The Exodus; Filosofía y Letras; The New York Magazine of Mysteries; Dark Deeds; Revue de Socialisme Rationnel; Agreement; The Light of Reason; The Sun Worshipper*, No. 1, devoted to the propagation of the "Mazdaznan Philosophy," and the fame of the Rev. Dr. Otoman Zar-Adusht-Hanish, whose portrait the journal somewhat injudiciously publishes. The following luminous exposition is part of a heading to the journal: "Sun is merely the Focussing Point of Light Vibrations from Centre to Circumference, and the Reflection therefrom in Crystallisation of Light to the Emination of Variation." That's all. *Il Nuovo Risorgimento; A Dream of Realms Beyond Us*, in the form of a dialogue divided up to represent blank verse; *Mind*, and *The Metaphysical Magazine*, both with a goodly array of substantial articles. A.

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# THE THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW

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## ON THE WATCH-TOWER

IN our last issue we noticed the able contribution of Mr. Velandai Gopala Aiyer towards the unravelling of the tangled skein of Hindu chronology. The matter is of intense interest to those of us who are distrustful of round numbers and the "noughts in occultism," and who believe that the immense time periods of Paurânik tradition are as academical in their exaggeration as the 4,000 odd years Biblical date for the creation of the world are absurd in their niggardliness. As we could not find space in our March number to give the summary of Mr. V. Gopala Aiyer's arguments, we will now make good the omission by quoting them from pp. 85-87 of his *Chronology of Ancient India*. The conclusion reached is that the Kali Yuga began in 1177 B.C., and it is based on the following lines of evidence.

The Kali Yuga Date

We were first enabled by the Vedanga Jyotisha to place the beginning of the Kali era approximately at about 1173 B.C.

Secondly: After enquiring into the date of Garga and of the Yavana invasion he spoke of, we noticed that he fixed "the end of the Yuga" for the retirement of the Greeks from Hindustan. From this statement we inferred

that the Yuga, which ended some time before 165 B.C., must have begun a few years before 1165 B.C.

Thirdly: In explaining the figures given by classical historians, we come to the conclusion that the Kali Yuga must have begun in 1177-76 B.C.

Fourthly: The Malabar era furnished us with another authority for fixing the commencement of the Kali era in 1176 B.C.

Fifthly: We found that if the Kali commenced at the winter solstice immediately preceding the year 1176 B.C., the details of the Mahâbhârata would lead us to place the war at the end of the year 1194 B.C.

Sixthly: The traditions recorded in the Rajatarangini enabled us to fix the date of the war at about 1190 B.C.

Seventhly: From a statement made by Aryabhata that the Rishis were in Magha in the year 1192 B.C., we inferred that the war might have taken place about 1193 B.C.

Eighthly: The average duration of the reigns of the monarchs of the five foremost Powers of our hemisphere served to assist us in fixing the date of the war at about the year 1193 B.C.

Ninthly: From a sloka of Garga quoted in the Brihat Samhita, we inferred that the war occurred in the year 1194-93 B.C.

Tenthly: We also found that the first year of the Brihaspati cycle of sixty years actually corresponds, as may naturally be expected, to the date of the war as given by Garga, *i.e.*, 1194-93 B.C.

Eleventhly and lastly: We applied the elements of the Vedanga Jyotisha to a sloka contained in the Mahábhârata, which fixes the day of the winter solstice occurring soon after the war, and concluded that the war should have taken place in the latter part of the year 1194 B.C.

* * *

IT should be remembered that the beginning of the Kali Yuga and the "death" of Kṛishṇa are supposed, according to Indian tradition, to be coincident; hence our learned and laborious author concludes:

1177 B.C.

Thus we find all this cumulative evidence derived from different sources converging to the result that the Kali era began at the winter solstice occurring at the end of 1177 B.C., and that the Mahâbhârata war took place at about the end of 1194 B.C. In arriving at these conclusions we had the testimony of the only historian that India can boast of, who lived in the twelfth century A.D., of the greatest of the astronomers of India who flourished at the end of the fifth century A.D., of another brilliant astronomer who shone in the second century B.C., and of a versatile Greek historian who was also an ambassador at the court of the first great historic Emperor of India, who reigned in the fourth century B.C. We had also the authority of the oldest astronomical work of India which claims to be a supplement to the Vedas,

of the Kollam era which forms such a "splendid bridge from the old world to the new," and of the famous sixty-year cycle. We tested these conclusions by what we may call the common-sense process based on the lists of kings contained in the Puranas. During this long and tedious discussion we have also met and disposed of the arguments of those that give an earlier date.

* * *

WE have dealt somewhat at length with this subject and have insisted on its importance because there is a distinct tendency among many of our members to dispense with their critical faculties "east of Suez." It is remarkable that the same mind which will eagerly take the enormous jump of accepting the 100 B.C. date of Jesus on the authority of occult research, in spite of the apparently overwhelming weight of the traditional Christian chronology, finds no difficulty in instantly accepting the traditional Hindu chronology as a statement of scientific fact, and that too though scarcely any one in the West, in spite of the utmost scepticism of many critics, has ventured to adopt the 100 B.C. date of the birth of Jesus, whereas scarcely a single Western Orientalist has accepted the 3102 B.C. date for the "death" of Kṛishṇa and the beginning of the Kali Yuga. The traditional dates in both cases are plainly artificial and calculated for dogmatic purposes; not, however, that this is without interest from several points of view, or that even the Hindu and Jewish-Christian chronology is unrelated, for the 4004 B.C. of Ussher's chronology for the "creation of the world" if changed from solar into lunar years works out precisely at 4,320 years, the basic figures of the Indian system. What, however, we do insist on is that neither the actual date of the birth of the historical Jesus nor that of the death of the historical Kṛishṇa is coincident with either traditional era. Even from the traditional Christian data the birth of Jesus must be placed about 8-9 B.C., and Mr. V. Gopala Aiyer has clearly shown that the converging lines of tradition of East and West work out at about 1177 B.C. for the beginning of the Kali Yuga.

A Plea for Consistency of of Judgment

* * *

WE have not the faintest desire to limit the spread of the knowledge of the Bible, but we would gladly see the enormous energy

Bible Propaganda

devoted to the exclusive propaganda of one of the world-bibles at least equalled by a similar volume of effort for the making known of the other great scriptures of our humanity. On March 8th there took place in the Guildhall, London, the ninety-eighth anniversary of the British and Foreign Bible Society, when it was reported that during its existence no less than £13,500,000 had been spent in translating and distributing the Jewish and Christian Scriptures, the total number of copies issued reaching the stupendous total of 170,000,000 copies. The legend in the entrance hall of this famous Society stands inscribed in the words of the familiar text: "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away"; and as far as the British and Foreign Bible Society is concerned, it is determined to make that prophecy at any rate come true. That the Master, if He really uttered the above words, desired them to be taken in a so grossly material sense, may be doubted; but our quarrel with this busy propagandist body is that it takes no trouble to circulate the "words" in the purest form reachable by critical industry, but prefers, for instance, to print exclusively an utterly corrupt text of the New Covenant documents—acknowledged to be corrupt by every scholar—and to reproduce by millions translations based upon this very imperfect original. That the "words" of Wisdom as they were originally spoken will not pass away is sure enough, but that the way adopted by the British and Foreign Bible Society for preserving these "words" is nothing but a solemn farce must be evident to everyone who possesses even an elementary knowledge of the history of the tradition of the text, and of the nature of the existing popular versions.

* * *

THAT humour and wit are gifts of Wisdom, and that an appreciation of the former may save the pious mind from many a heartache, is well known to every student of human nature. We have hesitated for some two months whether we should publish the following two stories from fear of hurting the susceptibilities of the "weaker brethren"; as, however, we have little fear of any of our regular readers suspecting us of impiety

The Unconscious "Higher Criticism" of the Rising Generation

in the true sense of the word, we will share with them the pleasure of two of the most amusing theological stories we have chanced of late to meet with. They are taken from the *Daily Express* of January 27th, and run as follows:

Every undergraduate at Oxford has to pass an examination in Holy Scripture before he can proceed to his degree. Somehow Oxonians seem to regard this particular examination as an opportunity for displaying humour rather than knowledge, as the following stories may tend to show:

A brilliant scholar who had done very well in his written papers came up for the *vivâ voce* test. The examiner asked him to translate the passage from St. Matthew's Gospel which refers to St. Peter's attempt to walk on the water.

This passage the candidate proceeded to put into fluent and beautiful English; he had just reached the words which describe Peter's determination to walk on the sea when he was interrupted by the examiner: "That will do, thank you, that will do." "Excuse me," replied the undergraduate, "one moment! Pray let me continue; I wish to know if the gentleman was drowned."

Another undergraduate was asked in his papers to give an account of Stephen's speech in the Acts. This he did with great accuracy and at considerable length. He concluded, however, in this way: "At this point they stoned Stephen; it has been matter of unfailing astonishment to me why they did not do so before." That undergraduate was "ploughed."

* * *

An Electrical "Divining Rod"

Of all the vast range of psychic phenomena perhaps the fact which has more compelled the recognition of the purely "scientific" mind than any other is the art of the "dowser." Some of the members of the Society for Psychical Research have devoted much time and patience to the investigation of this curious art, and Professor Barrett has written a learned memoir on the subject. But the ambition of our modern Science has ever been to dispense with the personal equation and to place more reliance on mechanical instruments of its own fabrication than on the creature of the Great Artificer. Hence we have to chronicle another discovery in the shape of an electrical "divining-rod," for we read in "The Echoes of Science" of the *Globe* of January 30th that:

An electrical "divining rod" for localising ores of gold, silver, copper and lead underground has been tried with success in Idaho and Oregon

U.S.A., where it has discovered five gold-beds. As described in the *Western Electrician*, of Chicago, it consists of a portable "Wheatstone bridge," with steel rods or electrodes inserted into the ground at a considerable distance apart, and the electric resistance of the "earth" between the rods is measured. By moving over the country and measuring the resistance, the deposits of ore can be localised, even at a depth of several hundred feet.

Our hope is that a study of the phenomena connected with this new mechanical invention will aid in solving the problem of the nature of the factors at work in the "dowsing" art. But why have they not invented some new technical term for it, so that a new-born "Mesopotamia" may comfort the many believers in scientific biblical language?

* * *

Dr. Oliver Lodge's Presidential Address

We have been waiting for the full report of Dr. Oliver Lodge's presidential address to the Society for Psychical Research, but as it has not yet appeared in the Proceedings of the Society we append a summary of its salient points as published in the *Morning Post* of February 1st. In many things the learned Professor is at one with our own standpoint, and it is remarkable what comparatively rapid strides are being made towards a frank admission of the undeniable evidence for many classes of psychic phenomena by the leading members of a Society whose scepticism has in the past been so pronounced.

In the course of his address Dr. Lodge, who was well received, made some general observations about certain aspects of the Society's work, dealing with the current explanation of trance lucidity and clairvoyance, the strange physical phenomena sometimes accompanying trance, and the views concerning those ultra-normal human faculties that most appealed to him. Until it was possible, he said, to determine whether telepathy was a physical or psychological medium it was barely possible to regard telepathy as an explanation of clairvoyance. The hypothesis which sought to explain the control of a medium's body in trance by the agency of discarnate spirits presumed that an elaborate machine like our bodies was capable of being occasionally used, not only by the mind or intelligence which manufactured it, so to speak, but temporarily and with difficulty by other minds or intelligences permitted to make use of it. The main assumption was that such other intelligences existed, and he found it impossible to deny the probability that there might be in space an immense range of life and intelligence of which at present we knew nothing. Granting the possibility of a far greater and more widespread prevalence of life or mind than we had been accustomed

to contemplate—a prevalence as extensive, perhaps as great, as that of matter—what was the probability that the different classes of life and mind interfered or inter-operated with each other? There was no *a priori* probability either way; it was purely a question for experience and observation. He regarded the case of matter through matter as unproved and impossible, but he found movements of untouched objects or materialisations easier of belief. Telepathy was a sufficient and satisfying explanation of these, and of this nature probably were the so-called visions of relatives at moments of their death or danger. But he did not think that this telepathic theory could be stretched to explain all apparent materialisations. At many séances the investigators were imposed on. There was no evidence that he was aware of for the hypnotic delusion of a crowd. After twenty years' familiarity with questions which concerned the Society he was convinced of the persistence of human existence beyond bodily death, and though he was unable to justify that belief in a full and complete manner yet it was a belief which had been produced by scientific evidence. He confessed that he did not see how the hypothesis of the continued existence of human personalities was any real help in explaining physical movements so long as they were disconnected with bodies and muscles; except that since the movements showed traces of what we ordinarily spoke of as free will and intelligence, they did suggest the agency of live things of some kind. But if it were necessary to go further in order to explain abnormal physical movements and to invoke other animated existences to account for them, he saw no reason for limiting the possibilities of existence—of inter-planetary or extra-spacial existence—to those friends who had recently inhabited this planet. Meanwhile, what had the members of the Society to do? To inquire, to criticise, to discover, but also to live—to live this life here and now, and not to spoil their few years here with constant grasping after something which in due time the future would reveal. Those who felt assured of a future existence might be thankful; but those who could not feel so assured, with them also it was well if they applied their energies to service on this earthly plane, and reaped the wholesome and natural joys accessible in their present state.

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A Word of Criticism

WITH most of the above we are in complete agreement; we are, however, surprised that a man of Dr. Lodge's great ability and open-mindedness, and one so familiar with the infinite variety of the as yet fathomless ocean of psychic phenomena, should venture to assert in categorical fashion that "matter through matter" was "impossible." "Impossible" is a word which should be tabooed in a philosopher's vocabulary when dealing with only a very partially-surveyed field of human activity. From one point

of view the whole of nature (*physis*) is the passing of matter through matter. It is simply a question of degrees of a single stuff. Can, as Zöllner and a number of other competent observers have asserted, two continuous rings of different woods, for instance, be linked together by some process which sets at defiance the limitations of three-dimensional matter? Setting aside the possibilities of disintegration and reintegration, is it unscientific to believe that there may be methods of a so-called "four-dimensional" nature by which apparent "miracles" of interpenetration on this plane can be effected? We, for our part, hesitate to say: "No." Indeed, the evidence seems to require an emphatic "Yes," no matter how upsetting the affirmative may be to our normal experience. Again, we should have thought that, so far from there being no evidence for the "hypnotic delusion of a crowd," on the contrary it is one of the most general phenomena observable by a careful student of human nature. Indeed, if we may be permitted to say so, the general negative attitude of mind, nay, the heated denial of generations of so-called scientists, with regard to psychic phenomena, may very well be classed as the "hypnotic delusion of a crowd." But we have no wish to be over-critical with so sturdy a champion of the science of subtle nature as Professor Oliver Lodge, and most earnestly wish him strength and long life to carry on his invaluable work. It may be, however, that the above report somewhat misrepresents the Professor, and if so we withdraw our remarks unreservedly.

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*The editorial address of this* REVIEW *and of Mr. and Mrs. G. R. S. Mead will in future be* 59, *Cheyne Court, Chelsea, S.W.*

# THE MOTHER OF ALL TALES

On a certain barren island of the North, where dwelt but a few simple fisher folk and herdsmen, there lived a man of much learning and great wisdom, to whom came a band of those who had ears to hear his teaching. After a while each man returned to his home, when he had, as he thought, learned all his teacher could tell him. Now none of these men had learned more than a scanty measure of the wise man's wisdom, but each had learned all he had the power to perceive—which is a different matter altogether—so that for the most part they did not agree as to their doctrines.

The last to leave was a young man very near and dear to the heart of his teacher; he had, it was believed, learned more of the wise man than all the rest of the scholars. When this young man returned to his country he found one of the least learned of the wise man's pupils zealously preaching the doctrine he had learned, which he proclaimed with great power and authority.

Many followed him, but some, and these the most judicious of the land, mocked at and condemned him. When the latest comer from the northern isle heard his words, he declared that the doctrine preached was by no means that of the wise man; whereat the judicious mocked him also, and the followers of the zealous preacher were very wrath. "For," said they, "though you deny the doctrine we have received, yet you do not assert with authority that you know the whole truth. Now, this, our teacher, does so, proclaiming his knowledge with no uncertain voice; wherefore we shall follow him."

Then the young man went to his fellow pupil and told him he was to blame in his methods of dealing with the people. "Desist," he cried, "from your preaching and teaching; for I, who was nearest of all to our wise teacher, know that he taught me not thus. Truth is one and indivisible, and all besides is falsehood."

"True!" said the other. "Truth is one, and thus I teach the people."

Then the young man tried patiently to explain the truth in such measure as he had received it; but his speech failed him, and the more fluent of the twain mocked him.

"You speak a mere shifting maze of words," he cried. "The teaching I have received is clear and plain, simple, precise, and susceptible of no change. My poor friend, you are lost in a tangle of vague mysticism, small wonder is it that none will follow you, or very few."

"The wisest mock at your doctrine."

"And at yours also."

"That is because of your folly. Our great teacher is dishonoured in you."

"There you are wrong," cried the other. "For he sent me of late his blessing, and bade me work as heretofore for his sake."

"It cannot be. Either your brain is turned by your extravagant conduct, or you are wilfully deceiving me."

"Put my words to the proof," cried his opponent. "Ask of the wise man whether I shall cease to preach to the people."

This was done. After a few days a letter came from the wise man, sending loving greetings to both his pupils; and he bade the man who preached so zealously a simple doctrine persevere in the way wherein he trod.

The young man, his favourite pupil, was stunned with amazement; and a doubt of the wise man shot into his breast, and stung him like a serpent; for he was sure the doctrine he had learned from him was unlike that which his fellow pupil preached, and he did not perceive how both could be true. He went forth from the city in anguish, and roved alone through the darkening country. When the full moon was high in the sky, he was wandering through meadows gilt with buttercups and perfumed with meadow-sweet. He broke through a hedge, and standing on a high green bank he saw that he was on the summit of tall white cliffs where the gulls and jackdaws slept. Below the cliffs a quarter of a mile of jagged broken ground ran to the sea verge. Here in ancient times had been a great landslip; for two miles

east and two miles west of the spot where he stood stretched rent and rock-strewn land. Of a tempest's wreck the gods had made a garden of spicery, a sheltered lotus-land of delights. Far below the sheltering cliffs the winds were lulled, and all the torn ground was tree-planted, flower-strewn, bird and bee-haunted; every jagged rock was bound with climbing greenery, and the whole was bordered by a dream-sea of silver, the waves whereof were too drowsy to murmur upon the shore.

The bitter-sweet smell of the sea came towards the man; he beheld the range of cliffs, and the broken silent land below his feet, bleached "in a great moonlight, light as any day." He saw a night hawk, like a stone from the sling of a slinger, fling itself from the cliff into the silver-shining purple-blue of midnight space. It winged a silent way towards the sea, then it fell landwards through the perfumed air, and he heard the shriek of some small creature seized and rent by it. The shriek died; the little tragedy ended, idly noted by the cliff watcher, who was absorbed in his own tragedy, which was to him a matter so great that he marvelled the silent gods did not stoop from their unmoved course to witness it. Unnoted! Were they unnoted,—the swift death by the shore; the living agony on the cliff summit? From the depths below there floated to him a thin rill of sound, the eery shrilling of a pipe. He marvelled who played there by the moonlit shore. It was an old, old air that was played, a simple tune sung by the peasant folk; he had not heard it since it sounded long ago from his mother's lips. He remembered the simple silly words to which she strung the air:

O hidden in the dusky wood
  The little owls are hooting, hooting,
And in the sleepy silent fields
The pipes of elf-land fluting, fluting.

It was a twilight song; and the tune had a patient wail in it, like the ghost of an unstilled cry of sorrow that would never be at peace. He was a child again, cradled in a hard narrow bed, in a poorly furnished room; he heard through the open door his mother's voice and foot-fall as she went to and fro. On the ceiling shone the round circle of the rush-light. He was

a child of many terrors, fearing the strange Things of the Dark that haunt the bed-time hour of nervous children. His mother, made wise by love in her dealings with her child, sang, so that he might hear her voice through the half-open door, and be thereby comforted and defended in strange perils of the shadow-world. But who piped the tune of his childhood below there by the shore?

He found a little steep path, and went to see; down the rough winding way he went, past ivy-girdled crags. Then he came to a tiny wood near the sea-verge; the path ran through it. He heard the leaves rustling over his head, stirred by a drowsy land-wind. He came out from the wood to a broken stretch of turfy rock-strewn ground, where wild thyme grew thickly, and fat sheep were feeding sleepily. By a winding sheep-path he went to the shore; there the tide lapped lazily at the grey rocks, and ran landwards over smooth white sand. And lo! who sat on the tallest moon-kissed rock at the water's verge, but the Mother of all Tales, herself.

Knowledge and learning sometimes bow the shoulders with their priceless, hardly-gathered burden, they mark the face with lines and furrows of thought; but Wisdom may be borne lightly, as a bunch of harebells on the breast of a young child. Thus it was that the wise Mother of all Tales was perceived by the young man as a slender maid with solemn eyes like the night sky, and a mouth that broke readily into laughter. Her bare feet were gilt with dust from the buttercup meadows he had crossed; her dark hair was wet with sea spray, and bound with meadow-sweet; in her hand was a rod of hazel, and in her lap a slender wheaten pipe.

"Was it you," he asked, "who played just now?"

"It was," she made answer. "I played—I—the Mother of all Tales, and of all Tunes."

"I have often heard of you," said he; "and that I meet you now is surely the mercy of the gods; for I am in great turmoil of soul. Never was any man till now placed in such straits as I."

"Hear the voice of the leaves, child," said she. "In yonder wood none are fashioned alike. In the autumn the land winds will sweep some of them seawards; and the sea winds drive

others landwards. Now, if the sea-blown leaf should say: 'None ever sank waterwards save I' he is deceived; for millions have thus sunk, and millions more shall do the like in time to come. But if he say: 'No leaf save I ever met the water's kiss as I meet it now,' it may be, child, he speaks truth, that each leaf greets wind and water after his own fashion, and no other. Herein, I think, lies the power of the leaf, but the water is alike to all. Nor in any perishing of a leaf can it be but that many another has perished by like means."

The young man, full of his woe, scarcely heeded her words; he threw himself on the wet sand, by that rock whereon the Mother of all Tales sat in the moonlight, and earnestly he poured forth to her all that was in his heart; and she listened with patience. When he ceased she said:

"Son, you have the power of speech; and I suppose, though of this I have no proof, that you have also the power to be silent."

At this he was troubled, fearing that she mocked him as a babbler; but this was not so, for the Mother of all Tales never mocks, because the babbler and the silent alike have their place in the tales she weaves and mothers.

"I can be silent when I like," he said hotly. Then, with dignity, he added: "I can be silent when it is not needful to speak."

"You have then a secret of much price, child," she answered. "It may also be that you can speak other tongues than that of your native land?"

"It is so, Mother," he replied wonderingly.

"So also can Truth, my son," said she. "Likewise hath she speech and silence. Look in my eyes, child."

He looked into her eyes, until his brain reeled, and he veiled his own.

"No more!" he cried, "O Mother, who garnerest all things, I can bear no more!"

"Tell me now, child," said she, "what thou hast read in my eyes."

"I cannot," he groaned, "O Mother of all Tales! That which thou knowest can never be told."

"Nay! not so, son," she answered, "for I know simple matters, and much of my speech is easy to be understood. It is my silence whereof no man can tell. Thy fellow-pupil, child, learned of his teacher of my speech; and thou hast learned of him of my silence. He who taught thee, son, knew both silence and speech, and also that which is neither the one nor the other; and he knows what now I tell thee, that neither could be, if the other were not also. Many follow thy fellow-pupil, and their hearts are cheered by his speech. As for you, child, to none can you tell that which you know, save when you meet one who, like yourself, has looked into my eyes; then thou and he shall link hand with hand for a space, and be at peace in a common knowledge."

"But—but—" said the young man, falteringly, "his words are untrue—surely they are untrue?"

"It may be so, child," replied the Mother of all Tales. "But truly I think it more likely that they are not so. In the ages that are gone I have met in many lands a certain goddess, veiled, sometimes wearing shining royal robes, and sometimes beggars' weeds; always her lips were singing through her veil, and men were following her. When I asked her name, she said: 'Untruth'; but it is in my mind that she was Truth herself, singing through Untruth's veil; for I caught the flashing of her veiled eyes, which none save I may see, and live."

The young man sighed, and the Mother of all Tales raised to her lips her wheaten pipe, and played that ancient tune dear to the people. Then she laid the pipe in her lap once more, and leaned upon the wet rock, while the incoming tide leaped around her.

"Three miles eastward of this place, my child," said she, "there is a sandy space by the shore. There a stream, seeking the sea, is lost in sand; and by this loss of a stream is fashioned a marsh where reeds rustle, and are by day a-chatter with the little warblers' voices. Hard by there is a small farm, and therein lies a woman, very old as you count age, son, bed-ridden and blind. As she lies wakeful she hears the tune I play singing through her tired old brain, for pain will not suffer her to sleep. She thinks of the day she heard that tune first, when she

was a young, rosy lass and met the man she wedded at a hay-making over yonder hill; and in the dusk among the hay-ricks he piped to her that tune. Her grandson, a shepherd lad, played it without her door at sunset, and that is why, she thinks, it haunts her now. But he played it, child, and she hears it, because I, the Mother of all Tales, play it, here by this moonlit sea."

"I know the farm," said the man. "I know the marsh."

"Once there stood a city in that place," said she. "It is gone. Ages ago it vanished, and the sand has hidden it. I alone remember where it stood; I know all that is past, and all that is present, for I am the Record Keeper, Mother of all Tales."

"And the future, O Mother?" said the young man, half fearfully.

"In my native country, my child," said she, "I know the Past in the Future, and the Future in the Past, for there are they linked in an Eternal Present. In that country I am known by another name. Here, my son, I am but the Mother of all Tales, and I shall tell you of that city which was on the sandy plain, where the reeds are now a-rustle in the moonlight."

"Many things indeed have you witnessed, O Mother!"

"Pay attention, child," said she, "for this is the tale. The city was the chief town of a little peaceable kingdom, ruled by a good and kindly king. The people were contented and not unlearned. They knew little of other lands besides their own; their women were wise and gentle, delicate, fair, and pure. Kindly and contented were they all; they grieved at evil and violence, and they desired to learn nothing save those things their learned men could teach them. Over the sea, son, not far away, was a restless warring tribe of savage fighting men; ignorant and uncouth were they. Their women were fierce and rough, fit mates for savages. Of beauty, of wisdom, of grace, of tenderness and purity, they knew naught. Their leader, with a few of his greatest fighters, was besieged in a little rudely-built town, and hard pressed. Help was coming to him, but it could not reach him for seven days, and there was scant supply of food and water. What, in your judgment, my son, could this man do?"

"He could but wait till food and drink were gone, O Mother, and then, perchance, die fighting."

"Child, the man did otherwise, for he slew all the women, all the aged men and children within the town, and such as were sick and feeble. Thus, with so few to feed, there was enough for him and for his warriors, till their comrades came to them, and together they fought and conquered."

"The man had neither heart nor conscience," cried her hearer.

"It is so, my child," replied she. "I, the Witness, I, whose work it is to record all things without adding aught, or taking aught away, beheld both grow through the ages. I saw the heart wrung with pain, and wild with joy; I saw the conscience tortured and puzzled in helpless pain; I heard the man cry aloud in his anguish, and with none, as he thought, to hear, or to help; until the heart waxed tender as the first tremble of dawn-wind on a field of flowering grass, and wider than the seas. And the conscience grew calm and wise as the eyes of Truth herself, and the man found his help and succour in the depths of his own soul, and therein the help and succour of all nations and peoples and tongues. But in the day whereof I speak, he had, as you say, neither heart nor conscience; but he had a strong arm, and an all-consuming greed and restlessness, and having neither remorse nor image-weaving fancy to torment him, he acted freely and boldly. He and his warriors extended their power; they crossed the sea and reached this land; they slew the gentle king who desired but to rule his people mercifully within the delicate city; all the gentle folks they slew, save a few young lads whom they took to train as slaves, the young and fair women whom they compelled to wed with them, and a few old men who had skill in the use of herbs and in architecture. Now was not this, son, a foul and evil thing in your eyes?"

"Most horrible and merciless," said the young man, shuddering.

"And yet, son," said the Mother of all Tales, "it came to pass that these savage fighters, mated with a gentler race, living in a fair country, heirs to the gentleness and delicacy they reft by the sword, built up at last a noble nation, as much nobler

than the race they so grievously maltreated, as that race was nobler than its conquerors. And of that noble race sprang the wise teacher whom you honour to-day."

The young man bent his head upon his knee, and his soul battled fiercely within him.

"Behold this wonder, child," said the Mother of all Tales. "The wise act by reason of their wisdom, beholding the needs of the hour. But it sometimes befalls that when a man hath no wisdom, nor even virtuous purpose, the gods make of him a weapon by which to slay where they will, or a tool by which to build where they list."

"Is it well then to be unwise, O Mother?"

"Not so," said she. "Therefore seek wisdom diligently, my son; thus it may be thou shalt reach it. And having reached it, thou shalt be born in the Hour of Wisdom that cometh. But it is in my mind, that when wisdom is not forthcoming, folly will serve the need of the hour; for verily, child, the need of the hour will be served. The man who serves it best is the Man of the Hour. Sometimes he is wise, if the hour be an hour of wisdom; and sometimes he is a fool, if, child, the hour be the hour of folly. Wisdom and folly I record alike; nor is the one, to me, before or after the other."

Then the gloom that is the human birthright, waxed in the young man's soul, and he sighed with dawning knowledge.

"O thou Mother of all Tales," he said, "is then this man the Man of the Hour?"

"Does he fit the needs of the Hour, my child?" she answered.

"It seems so," he replied, gloomily, "for they follow him."

"Let him therefore make straight the path of the Man of the Coming Hour, my son," she said. "Take comfort, O child, for thou also art minister to some unseen need hidden within the limits of the Hour. Of you both I shall take note, adding naught, nor taking aught away, and in silence shall I garner you among the tales that are told."

The moon set, the sky grew pale, a shiver of wind shook the surface of the sea. The young man perceived only the wet rock whereon the Mother of all Tales had sat and talked with him

beneath the midnight sky. He turned his face citywards, and at sunrise he passed the little farm on the sand-dune, where the blind old woman lay. By the side of the marsh the shepherd boy, her grandson, stood piping shrilly; the man knew that somewhere, unseen, the Mother of all Tales was piping the same tune.

MICHAEL WOOD.

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# THE DOMINION OF ADONAI

## THE ASTROLOGY AND MORAL CODE OF THE GENZÂ*

And therefore I was weary of my life when I saw that all things under the sun are evil.—ECCLES. ii. 17.

THERE is only one false religion that has more adherents than all the ecclesiastical hierarchies. There is only one great association that draws its millions of votaries unceasingly without visible nuncios or Messiahs, and that is the religion of the world, the cult of the things that are done under the sun, under the burning orb of Time, past-master of illusion, and lord of visible space. He gives to his adorers riches, honours and delights, and he tempts them to satiate every longing of their hearts, to seek whatsoever their eyes desire, and to withhold not their hearts from enjoying every pleasure.

In somewhat this manner does the unknown hierophant strike the keynote of his moral teaching in the Genzâ or Treasure of the Mandæan Gnosis (Codex Nazaræus). The instruction of Adam regarding his purification begins with his perception that all things under the sun are evil, that all is vanity and vexation of spirit, and he is weary of his life.

Then the teaching of the true Light-world and the imperishable Light-king is given. It is explained to him that the stars are but imitation lights, lurid fires under whose murky glow

* See the article "Fragments of the Mandæan Mass for the Souls of the Dead" in the February number.

the mad dance of men in the pursuit of the delights of the flesh is ceaselessly enacted.

The whole drift and purpose of the astrology is the teaching of the necessity of liberation from the powerful enchantments that make physical life appear so desirable to men.

The moral code and the astrological lore of the Genzâ are as one. The second has no meaning apart from the first, and the first derives its support and authority from the (to them) indubitable truths of this ancient science. It is further taught to Adam that the reign of Adonai himself will cease. The sun and the moon will be rolled up and thrown away as old rags, and the true Sun will gather all things to itself. Man must see himself as the Mana (soul) of the Sovereign Sun and understand his ultimate and glorious destiny.

The Smâlâ, thus, with its suggestions of surpassing glories beyond death, is the key to the astrological moral code, as death is the key to the meaning of life.

The origin of the world, as will be seen in the extracts given below, was the seeing of Himself in the mirror of the dark waters by Abatur, and all the world-life is thus as a *camera obscura* full of inverted images from a fairer world, as trees and mountains appear standing upside down in a still pool. (It seems as if this theory of the Mandæan Genesis might be the reason for the curious and unique way in which the two parts are written, one always being upside down, however the book is held.)

"How difficult," therefore, as Julian the Philosopher wrote in his oration *On the Sovereign Sun*, "to imagine *that Sun* who is not visible to the senses, if our notion of Him is to be derived from that which is visible."

Men are moving to and fro in the world "through the looking glass"—a shadowy world, indefinite and imperfect and fleeting. This is "the mystery and the secret and the doctrine." This is the foundation of all the ethics of renunciation; renounce illusions, cease your shadow-acting, wake up like Alice from her dream that she had gone through the Looking-glass, and reassert the undying light-soul within that knows itself one with the Sovereign Life.

The body of man is a web of delusion and darkness, having been formed by these reflected lights, and this star-made body must be utterly abandoned by the purified soul, before it can escape from the dominion of Adonai.

Adonai is the Devil, the *Deus inversus*, the image by reflection of the living Logos.

The invisible Lord is Mandâ d'Hajjê, which literally translated means Gnosis of Life. And when He comes all shadows will flee away and all things under the sun, and all created beauty will appear as filthy rags. Thus the message of the Mandæan Genzâ is the message of the mediæval monk. The appeal is the same. Turn thee to Me, says the great Light-king, forsake all and find Me. Will you never cease from gazing like children into the mirror where you see but My image in a glass darkly. Soon it will pass suddenly away as if it had never been there and "the true Light will be all in all."

This is the wisdom of Solomon and the wisdom of the Indian Yogin. It is the Gnosis of life everlasting, and it is still a vision and a dream as it was ages back in the history of man, and the spirit of the Genzâ wisdom is as alien and unacceptable to our modern culture, as is the spirit of the Cross.

But to the solitary and unknown dreamer who could not forget the glories of the living Light whence he came, the sight of the earth weltering under the glowing embrace of Adonai and of men glutted with the works of the flesh seemed like a blazing festival of hell. Therefore he wrote down these teachings of the Light in order that he "that hath his spirit may find therein a hidden manna."

## EXTRACTS

### From the Light-king's Teaching as to Morals

(Right-hand Genzâ) (First Tractate)

He delights himself with a joy that knows not sorrow, and all who are with Him rejoice with the same rejoicing throughout His whole Kingdom.

A Glory that changes not and a Light that shall not set.

A Beauty and a Glory and a Splendour that cannot be marred.

Life that is over all life!

Glory above all glory, Light above all light in which is neither lack nor blemish!

Light in which is no darkness!

Living One with whom is no death!

Good in which is no evil!

Mercy that knows no anger!

And the King rejoices in the Sons of Light.

They hunger not, nor do they thirst.

There are no beasts of prey upon their earth and no poisonous fruits in their dwelling-places.

Their flowers never wither and the leaves do not fall from their trees.

Moth and rust are not in their cities and their dwelling-places pass not away.

And these Light-kings consist of many Rays.

And their forms shine and glitter, and the manner of their appearance is pure and sparkling as a clear beryl-stone. And every day there is given unto them power and speech and word and purity from the King of all the Light-beings.

* * * *

I say it to you my chosen and I teach it to you my faithful.

Dress yourselves in white and cover yourselves in white, after the manner of the robes of glory and the vestments of light, and wrap ye your heads in white after the image of the glistening crowns, and gird yourselves with white girdles after the image of the River of Life.

* * * *

Give bread and water and shelter to the miserable and to the persecuted to whom has come persecution.

And walk in honourable ways and let not the hire of the day-labourer remain over-night in your hands.

Rob not your companions and make no evil designs against friends.

He who robs his neighbour and his companions, his eyes shall not see the Light.

Give another his due and break not the plighted troth.

O ye chosen and ye perfect, be modest and humble and be called the well tried, the true and the faithful.

Love one another truly and let your love find a perfect sequel.

Be gentle and humble towards the real teachers who teach you the wisdom.

Rise not up against them, so that there shall be no stain upon your souls.

And go not to the soothsayers and to the astrologers who live in the darkness.

* * * *

I, the pure Messenger, unto me hath my Lord called and given me commandments and said:

To you my chosen I say it, to you my faithful I teach it. Fast ye the great fast! Fast not as the fasting from the meats of this earth, but fast ye with your eyes that they look not to lust. Fast ye with your ears that they do not listen at strange doors. Fast ye with your mouths that they do not speak malice and lying things. Fast with your hearts, that ye meditate not upon corruption nor yearn after perishing things.

Fast ye with this great fasting and maintain ye yourselves in it until ye have laid aside the body.

* * * *

## The Miserere

(Right-hand Genzâ) (Third Tractate)

In the Name of the Great Life!
Praise be to the Glory and the great first Light.
Lord of Glory, look upon us and condemn us not.
High Light-king, hear our voices and condemn us not.

Glorious One, whose glory is great, send down of Thy Glory upon us!

Great Light, that passeth not away, send down of Thy Light upon us!

Thou who givest Thine hand to the perfect, give us Thy hand that we may not fall.

* * * *

[In the rules for a devout life meditation is enjoined "three

times in the day and twice in the night." This is also a practice of devout Mohammedans. "And watch thou part of the night as a voluntary service; it may be that thy Lord will raise thee to a place of praise" (Spéeches of Muhammad). We have many parallels in Europe. The Carthusians, Cistercians and other Christian orders, rise every night to pray. "He that goeth on a pilgrimage will do well to do so when others do not, though it be *at an unusual season*" (St. John of the Cross). "For the night-fowl flieth by night and it seeks its food in the darkness. The heart is more sincere in the still night" (Ancren Riwle—Camden Society, 1853).

We now come to the accounts of the creation of the world and the genesis of life. There is some confusion between Gabriel and Ptahil (or Fetahil), so that the name will here be given as Gabriel throughout.]

### From the Light-king's Teaching as to Genesis

(Right-hand Genzâ) (Second Tractate)

In the name of the Great Life! Of the Stranger from the Light-world, of the rich one who is over all works.

---

I am the pure Messenger. He said (to me): Go thou and overthrow the darkness and the inhabitants which are made of it.

Span thou the firmament and set the stars therein. And call up the Spirits of the Fire and give to the sun, for it is one of them, his brilliancy, and to the moon her purity, and their shimmering light to the stars. Thou shalt raise them up to be spheres in heaven.

* * * *

But give no worship to the seven and the twelve chiefs of this world who preside day and night. For their splendour does not belong to them, but it has been given them to light up their sombre domain.

Neither adore the sun, whose name is Adonai. For he is the author of all impurity. . . .

There will be those who will give a divine cult to the angels of fire—the stars—who, however, being stupid creatures and with-

out reason have only their light for days and nights and to lead men to another cult and another adoration.

* * * *

(Right-hand Genzâ) (Fourth Tractate)

In the Name of the Great Life!

When I came, I the Messenger of Light, the King, for I came out of the Light, thus I came with wisdom and glory in my hands; light and adoration were with me.

Splendour was round me.

Teaching and voice and speech were with me, the sign with me and the baptism.

And I bring light to the darkened hearts with my voice and with my speech.

* * * *

(Right-hand Genzâ) (Sixth Tractate)

. . . And the Gnosis that the Spirit had mused upon and wished to establish upon earth shall remain as a vision and as a dream.

But there shall be the gnosis of the seven planets and the gnosis of the twelve stars (which are the signs of the Zodiac) and the gnosis of the five stars.

I indeed have received from my fathers the interpretation of each of these and I say it from them.

Nevertheless, these teachings will never rule upon earth, but there shall come a last Gnosis which shall interpret them.

There shall come a Logos, which shall be the fulfilment of every logos.

A well-beloved Son adorned with resplendent wings and in a form of imperishable beauty.

A Gnosis shall come which is the sacred Gnosis of Life, given by this well-beloved Son by command of His Father.

I see Him approaching the earth as a living Fire with a religion of the Great Life and teaching the sacred Gnosis.

* * * *

. . . And now I shall speak to you of the twelve stars.

The Ram shall rule for 12,000 years, the Bull for 11,000 years, the Twins for 10,000, and the Crab for 9,000, and the

Lion for 8,000, and the Virgin for 7,000, and the Scales for 6,000, and the Scorpion for 5,000, and the Archer for 4,000, and the Goat for 3,000, and the Water-bearer 2,000, and the Fish 1,000.

And they shall produce and reign over the animals of their own kind.

And the Ram shall speak and behold there shall appear all the animals with rough voices which are like him.

[And so on through all the departments of nature. Then in Part lxii. we are told that the days of the seven planets are also fixed, for the twelve enchanters influence these as these in their turn influence the twelve.]

(Right-hand Genzâ) (Eighth Tractate)

And Abatur had seen His own face in the dark water. And His image and His Son were formed for Him out of the dark water.

[The Spirit moves on the face of the waters and the whole world of illusion results from the reflection of the World Spirit's face in the watery mirror,]

And Abatur arose and opened the Door and gazed into the dark water, and in that same hour was fashioned His image. And Gabriel was formed and arose to the place of the boundaries.

And Abatur became conscious of Gabriel (literally: Abatur distinguished his consciousness from Gabriel's).

And Abatur said to His son Gabriel: Come, come unto me, Gabriel, thou whom I have seen in the dark water.

And when He saw him in his own form that he was dressed in seven raiments of every kind and colour, He drew them off from him and took them away from him.

And He clothed him in Glory and enveloped him with Light.

[Then follows a description of Gabriel's attempt to make the world by steeping his many-coloured coats in the black water to "thicken" it. And Abatur rebukes him as a fool for the uselessness of the operation, and explains to him that if he wants "to make a thickening" he must plunge in one of the "radiant vestures" which Abatur himself gave him. He did so, and lo! the whole world appeared and stood there at once. Compare with

this "[that] wonderful and glorious vitality which developes the various planes when electrified with it," described by Mr. Leadbeater in *The Christian Creed*, p. 29.]

And the black water surrounded the world on all sides. Then I (the Light-king) sent my voice to Gabriel.

And he was afraid and my discourse frightened him and he laid himself down on the thickening that he had made and said: Woe is me that this Hibil [Genius] is sending his voice to me!

But when I perceived that he was so grievously afraid, I sent him help and was friendly to him and said: Finish making and set up your works and let them rise up before your Father and before the Life that is so far from you.

And when I had said this to him, I surrounded the thickening which he had put there, with seven walls. And there is no one living who has power to break down these walls.

* * * *

[This most interesting Eighth Tractate opens with the following mystical invocation.]

In the Name of the great Life, of the strange one from the Light-world of the rich one above all works.

Salvation and purity and power and stedfastness and discourse and hearing and a redeemer of sinners shall be with me. . . . . And may His name be exalted in the house of the Life!

In the Name of the strange Life from the Light-world of the rich one over all works!

This is the Mystery and the Book and the Secret Law which the Life had hidden for (the sake of) the discourse of Mandâ d'Hajjê when he made the revelation before the Mana and his image and before the Life. . .

* * * *

[The heading (in Migne) is "The Word worthy of Me." It contains one of the many descriptions of Gabriel's creation of the sun.]

And I called Sames (the Sun) by its name and Sin (the Moon) and Kewan (Saturn), etc.

And I said to them: I will give you carriages and put you in them.

And I will dress you with a wonderful robe, and I give you a glory that you may light this world.

[According to Mandæan cosmogony the stars travel in vehicles of some sort, or ships, and are dark and evil in themselves. Each star is preceded by a guiding angel, who carries a little diamond cross to show the way.

It is these crosses we see in the sky, and the size depends upon the distance of the angel from us.

And I set the Seven (planets) in their carriages and they lighted the world for 360,000 years in the wilderness.

And I called to the Seven and said to them: Make the bodily form (of man). And they made it.

* * * *

This star-made body, however, when finished could not stand upright and no one was able to make it do so.

"For their light was not the living light." And Gabriel is forced to appeal to Mandâ d'Hajjê, who brings the soul "from the Treasure of the Great Life which is hidden in the House of Nitufta"—and throws it into the star-made body, so that even Gabriel does not know the secret of the soul's origin.

The continual reference to the star-made body suggests that there is a connection between the beings of the stars and the moral nature of man, that is, his astral body. It suggests that the seven layers of the astral self are like seven walls imprisoning the soul within its passional nature and tying it down to the various works of the flesh. These seven departments of a man's life are guarded by Seven Watchers, from which the soul escapes in succession if its works have been pure on earth.

Without going into the root of the matter, *i.e.*, whether there is any connection between the passional nature and the various magnetic influences pouring down upon the earth from the celestial bodies, we may consider the following facts as possible connections between the Genzâ and our modern ideas.

The sun is the source of what is called the zodiacal light, in which the earth and the other planets are steeped day and night, and in which they each and all shine with a borrowed light, which light varies in each according to its constitution. But we know little or nothing as to the reciprocal relations existing

between the solar system and the zodiacal constellations. We only know that the latter are fixed stars and self-luminous.

Yet we are not in a position to deny that the sun is sensitive to those huge powers and centres of magnetic influence, light and heat, which we call fixed stars, and of which we know little more than that they differ each from the other and so may be said to have distinguishing characteristics.

The source of all life and therefore of the human race on this earth is the sun; but why this *one* cause should produce such almost infinite varieties is not known. The Mandæan genesis, quaint and grotesque as it seems to us, simply asserts that there is a constant interplay between all the celestial bodies, and that the planets (of our solar system) though dark in themselves are so many receivers or store-houses or batteries of the modifying influences of the twelve signs, and that these latter in combination with the sun and the planets produce twelve great departments of natural life—twelve types of men (thus twelve tribes, twelve disciples, twelve hours, etc.).

If we imagine a system of lights stationed in definite positions on orbits and a system of reflectors of varying powers which are continually moving in relation to the lights and to each other, as well as to the earth, we shall see how varied the quality of the light would be that would be brought to bear on the development of some particular germ of life exposed to it at different moments.

Thus though every man is born under the sun each is slightly different from the other. Further than this it is hard to unravel Mandæan ideas, though much more is suggested.

A complete translation of the Genzâ does not at present exist, and even if it did, we probably should not obtain from it a clear view of the mighty science of astrology, which was *the* science of the soul and is still hidden from us, perhaps because of its value.

A. L. B. HARDCASTLE.

# A VISION OF BEGINNINGS

In one of the Hindu scriptures the outbreathing of Life from its Eternal Source is spoken of as the *awakening* of Îshvara (the Logos): "To-day Thou hast awakened, and art most joyfully desirous of again throwing out the universe in mighty gradations."

Trying one day to picture to myself this joyful "throwing out," the following scene unrolled itself before my inner vision.

I seem to be standing in the midst of an immense tract of land just before daybreak. It is a region strange and unfamiliar, without form and void, and darkness is over the face of the waters of space. A solemn, awful hush is upon everything: everything is asleep in a sleep deep and impenetrable. Faint echoes of an ancient saying sound voicelessly within my ears: "The Eternal Parent, wrapped in her ever-invisible Robes, had slumbered once again for Seven Eternities. Time was not, for it lay asleep in the infinite Bosom of Duration. . . . Darkness alone filled the boundless All. . . . Alone the One Form of Existence stretched boundless, infinite, causeless, in Dreamless Sleep."

As I stand awed, in the darkness and the silence, the utter silence, suddenly a sort of faint vibrating thrill runs through all the seemingly inert undifferentiated matter around, the first faint premonition of the glorious awakening. Thrill after thrill is repeated, and then in the eastern sky a faint, golden, rosy glow is visible, herald of the day that is dawning. An inexpressible feeling of freshness, of newness of life, pervades the air, the freshness of morning, and such a morning!

Brighter and brighter grows the golden glow, and then onward in glorious majesty, in awful splendour, come the great waves of light, the force, the energy, of the Light.

As I seek to gaze, awestruck, into that from which the light proceeds, for one brief instant my dazzled eyes seem to catch a glimpse of the perfection of the world which is to be, existing archetypically, as a world of ideas, in the creative Mind. The

reflection of this, I perceive, is carried outward, or downward, or around, by the waves of light, and impressed on the strange matter around me.

In seven great successive waves, the light floods the sleeping space; the first two call into activity matter far and away beyond my view. I can only vaguely sense it. The third wave (the first which is manifest to my consciousness) sweeps along in a wondrous volume of mystical musical sound, the result of the vibrations playing on the âkâshic realms of nature, the keynote of that Song of Life which has been ringing ever since, ringing on as an undertone of mystical melody, bringing to the hearing ear all the discords of life into harmony. For sound underlies all manifested forms, sound is the producer of form, sound the preserver of form, sound the destroyer of form. "God *said*, Let there be light"—first the spoken word, then the manifestation.

As in my vision I stand watching in awestruck silence this mighty re-awakening, another wave from the Great Light Breath rolls grandly on, this time producing fire, light, that fire of life which burns in every atom of the world. "God *said*, Let there be *light*, and there was light."

Then in unhastening majesty, following on, wave after wave pours forth, each successive wave enveloping and interpenetrating the one previous; the atoms in air, water, earth, are thus quickened into glorious vitality, until every atom of every plane of our world is a whirling vortex of energy, a centre of force, the playground, or shall we rather say the workshop, of this sevenfold life from the first great outpouring of the Divine.

And so, in my vision, the morning dawns, the day breaks, the "great day" of manifestation, and the hidden yet absolutely essential work of the Light has once again begun, to be carried on with the infinite patience of eternity—the patience which moulds and unfolds, and perfects with wisest skill those building bricks of the world which we call the atoms—right through the "great day" of the Lord, until such time, unthinkable to us, as the "night" shall once more close in, and all, perfected, enriched, shall be drawn inwards to rest in the Bosom of the Eternal.

ELIZABETH W. BELL,

# ST. COLUMBA

"A SAINT, a warrior, a soldier of Christ, a great abbot, a dauntless explorer and militant prince of the Church. A student, a man of great learning, a poet, an artist, a visionary, an architect, administrator, law-maker, judge, arbiter. A prince of royal blood; in his youth beautiful as an angel. In mature manhood unequalled in stature, strength and beauty, with a voice deep and powerful as a bell," such is the picture of Columba drawn for us by Fiona Macleod.

It is strange how clearly we can see the figure of the great Culdee, though centuries of time divide him from us; though the days in which he lived and founded the great monastery on the lonely northern island were, in many respects, so different from our own. We know the colouring of his hair, we hear of the clear grey of his eyes, of his comeliness and strength, of the colouring, white and ruddy, of his complexion. We learn of the unfailing vigour of his physique, so that he, living on the scanty fare of an ascetic Culdee, nay, living on a diet of "nettle broth," had the aspect of one "nice and delicate" in his fare. We know his dislike of ostentatious austerities, of his simplicity, of his geniality, of his willingness to set aside his dignity and grind corn like the latest joined of his novices. We hear of his learning, of his fluent pen, his poetry, his powerful voice, his love of music, his "unique art of clericalism." Nay! we even catch glimpses of his playfulness, his quaint and kindly humour, his fondness for animals; his broad-minded tolerance towards all men, whether pagans, heretics, troublesome subordinates, or marauders who took the goods of the monastery. We may view him as the great abbot, the peacemaker, the counsellor of princes, the protector of learning, the fellow servant of angels, the great seer, the climber of heavenly heights, the viewer of "things unspeakable." A many-sided nature, surely, was that of the great

founder of Iona. His very names also indicate the almost fierce strength and valour which were wedded with tenderness in him, —for Crimthan means the Wolf; and Colum, the Dove.

Columba was descended on his mother's side from the kings of Leinster; on his father's from the kings of Donegal. Through his paternal grandfather he was linked with Scotland, connected with the kings of Argyle. Miracles are said to have preceded the birth of the Saint of Iona; Aithne, his mother, had a vision concerning her unborn child. He was born in A.D. 521. It is said that Maveth, a disciple of Patrick, predicted his birth and greatness, while some legends say the prediction fell from the lips of Patrick himself.

Legend reports Columba to have been "holy from birth," instructing his tutors; when but a child the brilliancy of his aura as he slept was perceived by the priest Cruithnechan. His mental gifts were great, but never, even in youth, did he employ them for selfish ends, nor for his own advantage. Being of royal birth he was carefully tended and educated; he was sent for instruction to the monastery at Moville, and also to that at Clanard; his education was confided to several tutors—two bishops, a presbyter, and also to Gemman, a bard. He was instructed in theology, letters, agriculture, and penmanship, in poetry, music, medicine, polished manners and heraldry. It is said that he knew four languages besides Greek; his passion for knowledge and study was intense. Although of a royal house, and conspicuously possessed of the qualities which make a successful ruler, Columba adopted the religious life, a life which certainly afforded great scope for one with a governing capacity and a power of influencing and leading men. He entered the monastery of Glasnevin as a monk; but at the age of twenty-three he issued from the cloister to undertake public work as a religious teacher. He travelled a great deal, and founded many religious houses; it is said that he established one in Italy. It was not till middle life, when he was over forty years of age, that he founded Iona in the year 562.

It is very unfortunate, and somewhat remarkable, that so few of the writings of Columba have been preserved. Magnus Odenellus, prince of Tirconnell, says that the founder of Iona was

a most prolific writer. This prince of Tirconnell, Odonellus, quotes five or six *Lives* of Columba which are lost to us; only two of them are extant, those of Cumin and Adamnàn. I confess I have speculated as to whether these lost *Lives* may not have been of a more pronouncedly Culdee and unorthodox character than those left to us; and I base this speculation upon the nature of the statements concerning Columba in the *Amra Choluimb Chille*. It is said by St. Evin that Columba wrote a *Life* of St. Patrick, which is lost. He wrote a monastic *Rule*, and also hymns to be committed to memory after the Bardic custom; he wrote in the rhythm of Irish poetry, presumably taught him by Gemman, and this fact, combined with others, disposes me to differ somewhat from Mr. Standish O'Grady, when he asserts that Columba despised the Bards. In one of Columba's hymns he speaks of the earth as though he knew it to be a globe hanging in space. Hymns and measured rhythms seem to be a conspicuous feature among the writings of the early British Church, and this is interesting because the same feature is so conspicuous in Gnostic and allied writings. Take, for example, the hymns sung by the Therapeuts*, the tradition of hymns written by Basilides and Valentinus, the *Hymn of the Robe of Glory*, and the fragments attributed to Bardesanes and quoted by Mr. Mead on p. 396 of his recently published work. The reference to the "young maiden" in the last of these fragments may be compared with the mystical hymn addressed by Columba to "the blossoming tree," the "Mother of Christ," St. Bride. That Patrick also in his hymns preached a mystic Christ is witnessed by the lines:

Christ in every eye that sees me,
Christ in every ear that hears me.

Let us, however, leave this fascinating speculation as to the connection of the mystics of the Gnosis with the Culdee communities, and return to the learned works of Columba. He was a great copyist of MSS., and Odonellus says that his zeal for acquiring documents led to his banishment and excommunication. This excommunication, however, was subsequently revoked; nor was Columba in truth banished, for he returned to

* See *Fragments of a Faith Forgotten*, p. 81.

Ireland, as is narrated in the *Amra*, to be judge and arbiter between kings; nor was he during his absence held in other than high esteem, for Bishop Maelán and Fedammair Cainche, two dignitaries of the Church, sent the sons of the king Lugaid Red-hands to Iona in order that they might have certain disputes settled by the "prophet judge" Columba; and, moreover, we see these princes obeying and abiding by the decision of the "banished" Abbot of Iona. Nevertheless, however soon the sentence may have been revoked, it is a fact that Columba was once excommunicated, and the cause was a MS. It may perhaps be of interest to tell the story, and first of all to place before the reader some account of this famous MS. which indirectly led to the founding of Iona. St. Finnian of Moville (500-588), who studied at the Culdee monastery of Candida Casa in Scotland, was one of Columba's teachers. St. Finnian brought back from Italy a wonderful copy of the Gospels (St. Jerome's translation, *it is claimed*) of such innate virtue, in other words of such magical power, that all who swore falsely by it died or went mad within the year. Finnian guarded it carefully, and when Fintan, pupil of St. Comgall of Bangor, asked to have the loan of it, Finnian refused. It was evidently a secret and precious document. Fintan complained to Comgall, who told him he should probably have the MS. he desired. Now it happened that Moville, Finnian's monastery, was plundered by pirates, who took the precious MS. Fintan, praying on the shore, heard the men propose to plunder Comgall's abbey too. Thereupon a storm arose; it is not directly stated that it was owing to Comgall, but it looks as though it were implied, and if so it imputes to the Christian Saint a Druidic power over the elements. The storm destroyed the ships, drowned the pirates, and left the book on the shore. It was this MS. which Finnian permitted Columba to see; Columba copied it, and wished to keep the copy. Finnian refused; so that it could not have been the unique power of that MS., but the power of the rhythm, and the knowledge contained in it, which he wished to preserve exclusively for his own community. A dispute arose between the saints; Finnian appealed to King Dermit as arbitrator. Dermit decided against Columba, saying: "To every cow its calf, and to every MS. its copy."

Shortly afterwards (in 561) Dermit went to war with Connaught, and was worsted; thereupon he complained that his defeat was due to Columba's prayers against him. Columba was therefore excommunicated, presumably as a suspected practiser of "black magic," for it would be strange if he were cast out of the Church because the Supreme granted his prayers. It is perhaps instructive to note, that apparently the early Church regarded prayers for the defeat of an enemy as an offence requiring that the supplicant should be excluded from the Christian communion.

Columba's sentence, however, was revoked, because Abbot Brendan, whose mystic voyage I hope one day to compare with the voyages of the pre-Christian Irish heroes, had a vision in which he saw Columba with a fire going before him, and an angel on either side. When Brendan proclaimed his vision, Columba was bidden to go forth from Ireland, not excommunicate, but a son of the Church, "to win as many souls to eternal life as he had destroyed men in battle." On this the author of *Peculiarities of Culdeeism* accuses Columba of being a stirrer up of strife and a heretic; but it is not stated that he provoked the war, only that he used his power to gratify a personal animosity. In any case, there was evidently some friction between Columba and his brethren of the Church.

He was now of middle age, and had already founded many monasteries; some accounts say that he founded no less than a hundred. He now set forth with twelve followers and went to Iona. This circle of twelve and their leader was a peculiarity of the Culdees; it was also, as we know, a symbolic grouping in frequent use among the Gnostics, see, for example, the mystic dance and hymn in the *Acts of John*, an additional point of interest when it is remembered that it was John to whom the Culdees of Iona referred the origin of their doctrine. In all the Culdee communities, then, there appears to have been this inner organisation of the twelve and their founder; it was so with the original community of Iona, with the community of Columban in Burgundy, and, I believe, with the community of Ninian at Candida Casa.

Columba and his twelve founded the monastery in Iona,

A.D. 562; and there Columba died on the 9th of June, 597, in the seventy-seventh year of his age.

We now pass to the contemplation of the traditional Columba; to the legends of him which permeate the mental atmosphere of his adopted home, to the innumerable touches that seem to set the long dead Culdee before us, "in his habit as he lived." The Abbot's cell at Iona faced the rising sun, and in that cell, where he was reputed to be visited and instructed by mighty Presences, Columba studied and prayed. He slept on the bare ground, a stone for his pillow; his food was of the scantiest, nevertheless he was ever, as we have said before, "comely in dress, florid and cheerful like one who lived in a nice and delicate manner."

Very charming is the picture drawn of his relations with his followers; he "greeted all, hoping to help them," he was gentle to children, and to his monks, "easy of access, affable, humble, willing to do humble duties," no stickler for his personal consideration and consequence. Great, learned, a ruler and organiser both by right of birth and right of inward power, he would yet do simple tasks among his monks.

There are, of course, many legends of his psychic powers and celestial visions. It was reported that when he prayed a light shone round him; several instances are recorded of the brilliancy of his aura having been observed, especially when he was celebrating the Holy Feast of the Eucharist. "Even in sleep," it is said, "his mind, all awake, continued its prayers" —an interesting statement to theosophists who are prepared to accept the truth of the activity of the real man during the sleep of the body; interesting also, perhaps, to those who take an interest in the comparatively recent experiments in "suggestion" in sleep, especially those of moral suggestions addressed to young children with a view of eradicating faults shown in waking consciousness.

Colomba had also the gift of prescience, and he seems to have been clairvoyant at all times, a fact which surely indicates that he was a trained psychic with full command of his subtle senses. He spoke frequently of the visible presence of angels, to whom he referred as his "fellow servants"; nay! he seems to

have had authority over certain orders of these visitants, for he is said to have issued a command to an angelic being to succour a distant brother who was falling from a height. His order being obeyed, the saint, reassured as to the monk's safety, remarked: "Very admirable . . . is the quickness of the angelical motion." It seems by this speech that Columba was not only aware of other states of matter than physical, but of other than physical laws which governed them.

On one occasion the great Abbot secluded himself for three days, during which time the Holy Ghost descended upon him; two beams of great brightness shone from his cell, and he was heard to sing "sweet and ineffable verses"; also "many secrets that were hidden from men since the beginning of the world were manifested to him." Virgnous, one of his monks, perceiving the splendour issuing from the cell of the saint, cast down his eyes that he might not pry into mysteries and behold a glory for which he was unfit. Thereat Columba, calling to him affectionately and addressing him as "little child,"* commended his conduct, for otherwise he would have lost his sight, unable to support the force flowing from the cell of the illuminated one. Virgnous was bound to secrecy as to what he had beheld so long as Columba remained in the body.

On another occasion Brochanus, one of the brethren, was forbidden on a certain night to approach the cell of Columba, who was apparently aware that he was about to receive an illumination, or a visit from some divine Presence. Brochanus disobeyed, but as he approached the cell he was unable to endure the light that shone from it, and therefore fled. Columba sent for him the next day; he told him his action had been perceived, and he had been saved from death.† Columba prophesied that in Ireland Brochanus should incur shame for evil life. This shame, said the Abbot, should endure, but he, for love of his disciple, had obtained grace from the Lord that Brochanus

* The technical use of the phrase must be remembered; signifying an "initiate," or one who desired to be "new born" and as a "little child." Compare with these stories of Columba the extracts from the *Acts of John* in *Fragments of a Faith Forgotten*.

† Apparently it is implied that had not the celestial power been mercifully moderated, the death of the body of Brochanus would have ensued. Compare this also with the *Acts of John*.

should do bitter penance in this life, and thus not be pursued in the distant future by the evil result of his disobedience and dishonourable behaviour. And all this, says the chronicler, befell even as the saint had foretold.

Columba was apparently very gentle to his followers, though the element of needful sternness was not lacking in him. His beloved disciple was Diarmitius; but indeed Columba seems to have been mostly Columcille (the Dove of the Church) rather than Crimtham (the Wolf) in his dealings with all men. His last words to his monks were: "Have peace and true charity among yourselves. The Lord, the Comforter of the good, will be your Keeper; and I, abiding with Him, will pray for you, that He may provide for you all good things, both temporal and eternal."

Columba is said to have disliked women, but he permitted nuns to dwell on the island, and is reported to have greatly loved St. Bride, whom he is said to have educated, though how this could be if Bride was a contemporary of St. Patrick's I do not see. Columba is represented by Herbert in the character of a fierce, sour-natured fanatic; but I, for my part, cannot see the saint in this light. Indeed, though he was an ascetic and a celibate, there is a tale in the *Amra* which does not exhibit him as one entirely unconversant with the emotions which sway the bulk of humanity.

In the *Book of Lismore* Columba is represented as offering himself to the "Lord of the Elements" and praying of Him chastity, wisdom, and pilgrimage. Now in Adamnàn's *Vision*, the "Lord of the Elements" is the First Person of the Trinity, God the Father, corresponding to Shiva, the First Person of the Trimûrti, the Patron of Yogins. Hence we find Columba represented as a wonder-worker, as are indeed all the Saints of the Church; he is said to have reconciled a husband and wife by what we should now call "hypnotic suggestion"; he healed diseases, destroyed pain, vanquished magicians by his superior power, and raised the dead. Some of the stories touching his clairvoyance sound like actual occurrences rather than monkish legends to enhance the glory of their dead Abbot.

Some of them are half humorous; they are stories of a man to whom the possession of "the sight" was perfectly normal,

and in no way astonishing. One can almost perceive the gleam of humour in the Abbot's eyes as he gravely tells his astonished followers that the man now approaching the monastery will upset the inkhorn, in his zeal to prostrate himself at the feet of the saint; or as he solemnly warns his young novice that he is about to drop a MS. into a pail of water, which the unfortunate novice did ten minutes later in his anxiety to rise quickly to obey an order of the Abbot. But other of the tales of his clairvoyance show his charity, consideration, mercy and patience.

Joscelinus tells how on a certain occasion Columba was seen to weep; when his monks asked for an explanation of his grief, he said: "I weep seeing how Lanfranus toyleth my monks, already weary in the building of a great house, which disgusteth me much." Lanfranus was at the Oaken Field in Ireland, but as Columba spoke thus in Iona, he felt mentally urged to give the monks food and rest while the cold weather lasted. Columba, seeing this, ceased to weep and blessed him. On another occasion he warned his monks that "the thief Ertus" was stealing their goods; and his kindliness is shown by his generous and gentle dealing with another marauder who stole from the monastery under pressure of want. He was once warned in a vision of the approaching death of an old Pict, who had "lived well according to the light of nature" (*i.e.*, was not a Christian); Columba hastened to him, and told his monks that he perceived angels round the death-bed of the old man. This tale does more than illustrate Columba's clairvoyance, it shows that he did not think orthodox belief necessary to salvation.

His tenderness to animals is illustrated by two charming legends, one of which also shows his powers of pre-vision. He one day bade certain of his monks go shorewards and wait till they saw the arrival of a crane, distressed by the gales and driven from Ireland towards Iona; they were to succour the bird and care for it till it was strong again; and "do this," said he, "out of love and courtesy, because it cometh from our fatherland." There is a very human ring about this story of the great Churchman, his thoughts clinging still lovingly about the country of his birth; it strikes the note, too, of that true catholicity of sentiment, that clear-eyed and most loving wisdom which

sees the same life in all beings, is not blind to the pains and needs of the humblest form in which that life is hidden. Indeed, the great Culdee seems to have clearly seen that which has been voiced by one of the most "modern" of our latter-day poets:

> It is enough that by Thy grace
> I saw naught common on Thy earth.

But I, for my part, think Columba saw wider vistas than can be glimpsed on earth alone, and this makes his care and pitifulness in the little things, the "common things," the better worth noting.

The second tale is the story of an old white pony, and links the great saint and mystic to all gentle-hearted lovers of our younger brethren. When Columba was aged and the time of his death drew near, he sat without the monastery which he had founded and sustained by the power of his life. There came to him the old white pony that carried grain from the mill; it put its nose into the Abbot's lap, lamenting because he was so soon to depart. Those who stood by would have driven the beast away, but Columba rebuked them, saying: "Let him alone! As he loves me so, let him alone; that into this my bosom he may pour out the tears of his most bitter lamentation. Behold, thou, a man that hast a soul, yet in no way hast thou knowledge of my end save what I have myself shown thee—but to this brute animal the Master Himself hath revealed that his master is about to go away from him." And so saying, he blessed his sorrowing servant the horse.

There are numberless stories of his powers of clear-seeing; they differ by innumerable small touches from the usual pious legends of the "supernormal" gifts of saints. "What the saint could not see with his corporeal eye," says Joscelinus, "he saw with his interior and mental eyes." After one of his more important visions one of his monks entreated him to explain the means whereby he saw; the reply of the saint is of great import and interest to students of Theosophy. After causing the monk to swear "never to speak of this obscure sacrament all the dayes of my life," Columba told him: "There are some, albeit they are few in number, that by God's special grace clearly contemplate with one single aspect and in one moment the compass of the

whole world, the heavens, the sea and land, by reason of the marvellous dilation of their mind."

It seems to me that we have here an indication of something far beyond ordinary untrained clairvoyance; compare, for instance, much of the instruction of Lîlâ by the Goddess Sarasvatî* with the statements concerning consciousness made by Columba to his monk.

It is said that Columba foretold the day of his death, and when the hour of midnight drew nigh upon that day he rose and went to the chapel. A monk who followed him saw that the place was filled with light, but as he entered the light faded, and he beheld the Abbot lying before the altar alone. There his mourning disciples surrounded him; one of their number, some say the beloved Diarmitius, supported the dying saint, who raised his hand, and, blessing them, departed. There is a further legend, however, to the effect that in response to the needs of the monks and their prayers, the physical body of Columba was preserved for his use three years longer than the hour at which it would naturally have failed him.

Many were the signs and wonders which marked the death hour of Columba of Iona. The denizens of other planes of being gathered to the spot where the great soul of Columba was drawing itself free from the prison house of the physical body; his "fellow servants" came to minister to him, as did the "blessed Shee" to the hero Cuchulain. A monk in Ireland heard voices chanting in the air, and "saw in the spirit the whole of the Iona island, to which I have never come in the body, irradiated by the brightness of angels." Other brethren in Ireland, that land of the invisible, the home of the hosts of faery, were fishing by night, and saw a pillar of fire rise from the water on the night of Columba's death. The name of this "Dove of the Church" is honoured still in the sacred isles of the north; his protection upon man and beast is invoked in the Uist Herding Chant:

"The protection of God and Columba encompass your going and coming; and about you be the milkmaid of the smooth white palms, Bridget of the clustering hair, golden brown."

I. HOOPER.

* "The Story of Lîlâ," THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW, May, June, July, 1900.

# SOME EXPERIENCES OF A SOUL

A WOMAN knelt by her bedside, not praying, though in the attitude of prayer, but struggling with despair. Her face was pale and drawn and stained with tears, her shoulders occasionally shook with a subdued sob, carefully restrained lest any should hear. It was a hot summer night in London, the jingle of passing hansoms, the noise of rushing trains, were very audible in the dark room, but she took no heed of noise or time. Hour after hour slipped away, and she knelt, her head pillowed on her arms, agonised, communing with herself, looking back on her past life, forecasting with shrinking the future, conscious of no help or guidance, not seeking, not expecting help, human or divine.

Discontented with herself, and with the circumstances surrounding her, conscious always of a secret rebellion at bearing the burden of existence at all, yet devout by temperament, she had sought in religion an anodyne for her discontent, and had flung herself with fervour into all the observances and exercises her Church laid stress upon as affording help and nourishment for the soul. Seeking instinctively to crush out thought, to give herself no time for reflection on the problems which life on every side afforded her, she steeped herself in Church services, took part in practical good works for others, and for a time succeeded partially in lulling her discontent, in suppressing her natural tendency to inquire into the "why" of things, physical and spiritual alike. After a time, however, the anodyne lost its effect; difficulties in the matter of faith, doubts, questions, presented themselves, at first occasionally and then persistently, to her mind. From these she had at first turned with horror, regarding them as direct promptings of Evil, and endeavouring to crush them by the sledge hammer of the "divine authority" of her Church. She recalled the many learned, devout and faithful men who through the ages had believed implicitly in the creeds and dogmas she was now conscious of doubting, and asked

what she was doing in disbelieving where they believed; she shuddered to think she was even guilty of questioning the existence of a God of love and justice. She did not deny the existence of some Being who originated the system under which she lived, nor His power, but those attributes commonly assigned to Him she could not but doubt. For months she had been growing more and more uneasy, more dissatisfied; she had been compelled to abandon many of her religious observances, feeling them a mockery in her present state of mind, and those services she still attended had lost all soothing power; in fact, they were special opportunities, it appeared to her, for the spirit of unrest and criticism which possessed her to cause increased mental torture.

It was significant, however, of her state of mind that she made no effort to obtain counsel and comfort of anyone in authority in her Church. Once she had wondered if she should find help in the Sacrament of Confession; a friend to whom she had mentioned some of her difficulties having strongly recommended that course, speaking much of the comfort she had herself obtained from that source. She had even borrowed a manual from her and studied it carefully with a view to preparing herself for the ordeal. The book, however, revolted her naturally strong sense of reserve; she felt she could never feel her soul completely her own again if she unveiled it as thoroughly to another as she was directed to do, and she doubted the efficiency of the practices suggested in it to bring about the desired results of renewed faith and of increased love of God. Some of these practices she had followed in her private devotions, but had now abandoned as useless for her, striking her as insufficient, as paltry and petty. "It is cowardly to seek comfort by throwing the responsibility of your soul on another," she reflected. "After all I had better fight out the matter for myself." The book, however, brought strongly to her mind the fact that for all practical purposes she had lost all faith in her religion, and she felt lonely, desolate, conscious of a void in life.

Her health, too, never strong, suffered under the strain; life in itself had no attractions for her, nothing to offer. Dark suggestions of suicide began to haunt her; at first turned from in

horror, then dwelt upon and welcomed as a possible refuge from suffering. This night the crisis had come and she realised it, knew that she must face the demons she herself had raised, that she was in their grip. She wished, too, to come to some decision for the future, to see clearly her position—what, if anything, she retained, what she had lost ; but on attempting it she had been seized with such an excess of despair, wrapped round in such a feeling of desolation, of dark loneliness, that intellectual thought of any kind was an impossibility. She abandoned herself to the forces rioting within her, giving herself up to despair, to defiance, to planning the means for suicide, welcoming any escape from life and suffering. The life that lay ahead of her looked hideous in its loneliness. Faith in man had long ago, in childhood even, deserted her; marriage and motherhood, seen in the light of that distrust, were impossibilities. Faith in God, too, had vanished. Why live on, cumbering the ground ? Rebellion at the terrible sufferings endured by man and animal alike possessed her ; her imagination was haunted by the horrors she knew existed all round her ; these, too, helped to drive her on towards self-destruction. Death in itself she could never remember fearing ; it held no terrors for her, and the idea of herself lying stiff and cold, free at last from the burden of the flesh, allured her imagination.

For her soul, if she had one, she scarcely in this moment of upheaval thought herself responsible. If there should be a God who required an account of her acts, she had not asked for life at His hands ; it had been thrust unasked upon her, and she would throw the detested gift back to Him, holding Him as Creator responsible for her misery. She reasoned out the method of her contemplated suicide, aware she could not carry it out that night, as the necessary means were wanting ; planning how it might appear accidental, as she could easily manage, so as to avoid any scandal and as much unpleasantness as possible for her family. Even in this extremity her pride, which was intense, rose in revolt from an act which was in itself a confession of failure, of cowardice ; she hated to confess even to herself, if no one else knew, that she was a failure. Feeling rather soothed at the prospect of escape, she lay still and thought of her life in the world she was contemplating leaving, of her childhood as a plain, reserved, shy girl,

remarkably unattractive, a fact of which she was early aware and bitterly grieved over. She thought of the tortures of fear she endured at night in those early days, fear of unseen presences, unseen but heard, she fancied, softly sweeping about her room; of her terror that she should awake suddenly, and see some ghastly face grinning at her over the rail of her bed, or worse still, squatting beside her,—terrors only alleviated by frenzied repeatings of prayers and hymns until, exhausted, she fell asleep. Then, when her education began—though the nightly terrors haunted her till she was nearly grown up—tears and pains over her lessons, gusts of passion sweeping over her and round her. Then, later, came memories of happier school-days. Under wiser management she developed into a thoughtful, intellectual girl, distinguishing herself among her companions, though never popular on account of her reserve and stillness. But, unhappily, the knowledge of the hidden side of life—hidden at least from most young girls of her class—was, by force of circumstances, early pressed upon her, and weighed heavily upon her, perverting and twisting her views of human life, filling her with distrust of her fellow-men, making her turn in horror from all men as men. So by reason of her surroundings and circumstances, so far as she could see, she grew up reserved, pessimistic, and above all, distrustful. Reading was one of her chief pleasures, lifting her out of herself and from the fret of daily life, uncongenial as she found it. Her imagination, too, which was vivid, now served her well. Sometimes she would dwell for weeks in an ideal land of her own construction, looking forward to bed-time, when she could revel undisturbed in her fairy realm, knowing that there alone rest and peace and joy awaited her.

Over all these things she thought this night; scenes, speeches, facts of the past coming vividly before her, until she was utterly exhausted, and creeping into bed fell into a deep dreamless slumber. Her last conscious thoughts were of thankfulness that one way of escape was open to her, one weapon lay ready to her hand, God Himself not having been so cruel as to make man immortal, on this earth at least; and in the craving for rest she fell asleep, wrapped in that temporary oblivion from all care, which is the greatest boon God has given His world.

Next morning she felt very weary, shattered by the storm of emotion she had passed through on the previous night; the reaction had set in and she felt inert, indifferent to all, nothing seemed to matter much, to be of any consequence. She dragged herself wearily through the routine of the day, until in a paper she accidently happened to pick up and glance at, she noticed an announcement that a celebrated speaker and lecturer, of whose eloquence she had often heard, while her views were much condemned, was to speak that Sunday evening at a hall easily accessible to her. The advertisement stirred the first spark of interest in anything she had felt that day, for she had long wished to hear this particular speaker, attracted by an article she had once read about her, and by what she had heard of her courage in asserting her own freedom of belief and in defying public opinion fearlessly when she thought she had right on her side. The subject she was lecturing on that evening sounded interesting to her—"Esoteric Christianity"—though what it meant exactly, seemed difficult to define. The woman was glad of something to occupy some hours of what appeared to her an endless day, deprived as she was of the services and occupations that had formerly made Sunday the busiest day in the week to her. So, with a decided feeling of expectancy, shortly before seven o'clock she found herself in a well-known hall, somewhat revelling, too, in a sense of defiance as she reflected how shocked many of her former friends and co-workers would have felt to see her there, waiting to hear this particular speaker. The hall was exceedingly full, and she looked about her with some interest, noticing that many of the people round her were exchanging greetings and evidently knew each other well, and she wondered if they were friends and followers of the lecturer.

Punctually as the clock struck seven from a neighbouring steeple, a door opened at the back of the platform and a tall figure dressed in white, hanging in classic folds, walked swiftly forward, and facing her audience began at once to speak. She gazed at her intently, surprised at her appearance, which was a vivid contrast to the rather unkempt new woman style she had vaguely expected to see. This woman—with her gray hair springing crisply from her brow, her face marked by deep lines

telling of thought and suffering, eyes that gazed straight at her audience, and yet looked as if they saw beyond, eyes that held unknown depths in them—astonished, fascinated, finally charmed her. This white-clad figure appealed vividly to her imagination, reminding her of classic priestesses of old, performing weird acts of worship to the half-forgotten gods of the ancient religions. Soon, too, she became aware of a wonderful atmosphere of peace, calm and strength that pervaded the speaker, and spread from her to her hearers, who speedily, she noticed, felt the spell of her presence, settling down into concentrated attention as the orator began to explain the object of her lectures and the title she had given them, and soon hanging openly on her words, moved as she chose to move them. One member of her audience felt attracted and fascinated to a degree that surprised herself; soon, however, she forgot herself in her interest in the ideas put before her. The lecturer spoke in a rather deep, musical voice, her words flowing forth with no pauses or hesitations into well-arranged sentences, beautifully expressed in well-chosen English, setting forth deep spiritual truths. She put her arguments tersely and forcibly, substantiating her statements with a wealth of quotations. "No wonder," thought her fascinated hearer, "she is famous, world wide, for her eloquence." As the orator proceeded with her arguments the listener began to feel bewildered by a curious sense of familiarity, as if she were picking up an old thread, as if she had found something she had been vainly looking for all her life, and that this something lacking had been largely the cause of her morbid discontent, of her wild unhappiness. She felt as if something heavy and oppressive were lifted straight off her and replaced by a feeling of peace and security. The ideas the lecturer was engaged in putting forward were perfectly strange to her—such a wide view of religion and of life, embracing all faiths in its catholicity, she had never encountered before, and the religious element so strong in her answered at once to this wider view and was strongly attracted. She felt bewildered to account for both the unfamiliarity and the familiarity of the arguments; at least, she felt so afterwards, when she was trying to sort into coherence the impressions received on that memorable evening, an evening she never forgot,

for it marked a new era in her life, introducing her to an entirely new mental attitude, which completely changed all her views of herself, the life that encompassed her, and the life that lay ahead of her. At the time she sat transfixed, entranced, with her eyes fixed on the speaker, fearing to lose a word. The breadth with which the subject was treated struck her more and more, all details of dogmas and creed being disregarded as unessential, all religions being looked upon as coming from one source with the common object of aiding the spiritual life of humanity, of hastening the evolution of man into the Divine, the Ideal Man. The lecturer explained that, speaking to an audience in a Christian country, she clothed the truths she taught in the form most familiar to her hearers; so she took one doctrine after another of Christianity, explaining the mystical and spiritual truths enshrouded by these doctrines, truths too often forgotten by their present teachers, but truths definitely taught by the Christ Himself, the same truths couched in different forms and symbols being the fundamental background of all religions. The lecturer finished by asserting that the inner teaching, which she had shown existed at one time in the Church, by many quotations from the Scriptures and the early Christian Fathers, had vanished, and that only by regaining it would Christianity regain its former strength. Again and again, she pointed out, through the ages had attempts been made to reassert the ancient teaching, attempts frustrated by a Church wedded to forms and dogmas, martyring all mystics and teachers who attempted to pour fresh life into their doctrines; but now another attempt for the same purpose and from the same source was being made—whether successful or not only time would show.

Her listener's very soul leapt forward in recognition of the truth of her arguments, instantly aware that this view of religion would do away with many of her difficulties, freeing the Divinity from the injustice and partiality ascribed to Him in the books generally looked upon as inspired, a partiality and injustice seen to be the reflection of man himself and of his own limitations, materialising and misunderstanding the original teachings of the Great Founders of religions. She left the hall excited, fascinated, her intellect stimulated, but most stirred by the

intense feeling of attraction with which the lecturer had inspired her. That night no thought of misery and despair haunted her, but phrases heard an hour or two previously rang through her brain, and an intense desire to know more of these welcome ideas took possession of her. She felt comforted by the very presence in the same world of such an extraordinary, stimulating, fascinating personality. "How strange life is," she pondered. "A woman I have never seen before, whom certainly I did not expect to help me in the least, whom I went to hear and see as I might go to the theatre to see a well-known actress; yet she has helped, comforted, stimulated me more than anyone I have ever met. It makes me think of the old stories of conversion, of awakening; it must be on the same lines, only she appealed more to the reason than to the emotions. Anyway I am grateful to the Fate or the Chance that took me to hear her to-night." After her excitement had calmed down she slept peacefully, for her the burden of life had that night been lifted, and in the dark vistas of the life seen before her the light of a dimly-seen hope had appeared.

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Next Sunday she again occupied a seat in the hall to hear again the woman who had so impressed her. She had been much happier during the past week, more peaceful and contented; the wild revolt at Fate had ceased temporarily, at least, and she had put on one side all present thought of suicide, though still feeling the consolation of having a means of escape in her power. The horrors that usually haunted her, the vivid impression of the ceaseless pain that possesses all mankind and even includes the harmless lower creatures, had vanished; other impressions had filled her mind. The wide strange view of religion and of life, with the spiritual heights to which man may attain, had appealed so strongly to her naturally religious temperament, that it had completely engrossed her to the exclusion of all other thought. During the week she had spoken occasionally of the impression the lecturer's eloquence and views had made on her; but meeting with but scant sympathy had let the subject drop, rather relieved at keeping her cherished ideal to herself. She had long ago learnt and accepted the lesson of the loneliness of the human soul, of the utter isolation in which each mortal lives, those nearest and

dearest to him perhaps incapable of sympathising or entering into the difficulties and struggles which are to him so real, until each in self-defence learns to live two lives, one the outer, which he tries to conform more or less successfully to the mode of life in which his circumstances place him; and the real, the inner, which for weal or woe he hugs jealously to himself, sometimes living joyously in a world of his own imagining, welcoming solitude for the treasures the hours bring him, and at other times descending into the valley of the shadow of death for the soul, hardly able to endure himself—both states of mind utterly unknown and unsuspected by those about him.

Now she was waiting, feeling happily expectant, longing to see again that strong serene face, to be enveloped in an atmosphere of peace and truth, to hear again the beautiful voice which appealed to and affected the best, the highest within her. She quaked slightly as she sat, fearing lest during the week her imagination had played her false, embellishing, building up an impossible ideal instead of presenting her with an accurate portrait. She strained her eyes to see the door opening to admit the white figure, and her heart bounded within her with a throb of pleasure so intense as to melt into pain as again she watched her advance; and then, surrendering her misgivings, pushing them for ever from her, she gave herself up to eager attention, to fascinated study.

The lecture proceeded on the same lines as on the Sunday before, different Christian doctrines being taken, the universal and occult truths concealed by them being disinterred, and the resemblance between them and other religions being emphasised. The sense of familiarity increased, the fascination of the woman addressing the audience again worked its former spell, and she went away conscious anew of invigoration, of stimulated mental power, grateful tenfold to the one who united a sensible, practical view of the value of all religions as revealing some aspect of the Divine, with a mysticism of the widest range, covering man's entire spiritual life from the ages that lay behind to the ages to come.

Week after week she attended these lectures, until they were finished and she was left, wondering what to do next. Too shy

and reserved to attempt to make the personal acquaintance of the woman who had so attracted her, she resolved to make a careful study of the philosophy she taught. For that purpose she procured the books the lecturer had written, understanding that in what she had heard of the views, it had been carefully stated they were adapted to the Christian form. Now she resolved to study them at first hand; she found the books difficult and puzzling, but the pursuit attracted her, and she persevered with it. It was the first time she had encountered the study of re-incarnation—a corner-stone, she found, of the philosophy—seriously considered as a factor in human life; and the reasonableness of the idea, and the explanation it afforded of the many injustices and inequalities of man's fate, appealed strongly to her love of justice and fair-play, though at first filling her with rebellion at the notion of repeated numerous physical lives when she had found one too much and too long for her. However, realising that if it were the plan on which human evolution was carried out, her liking or disliking the arrangement would not alter it, and that at any rate the physical brain and body she lived in at present would never reincarnate, but that her thoughts and desires would build themselves bodies suitable to work through and express themselves in for the future, she resolved to give up fighting the inevitable. She gathered, too, from her reading, that in all probability, her former mad discontent and rebellion against her lot, nearly driving her to despair and suicide, as she was certain it would have if this new philosophy had not come her way, was the result of ill-spent former existences. She left off blaming God for her existence, for her sorrows and limitations, realising she had made them for herself; she became much more contented, seeing that justice and law did, spite of all appearances to the contrary, govern the world, and would in time bring order from disorder, love and unity from hatred and competition, long though the process may be. She saw dimly the happiness that is found in living the spiritual life, and in throwing aside as indifferent all that is against the Divine Will guiding the world towards the Life that is Divine, with the hope of becoming one day united to that Life. The creeds and dogmas of all religions, of all Churches, lost all significance for her. She saw them as

trivialities, separating men from one another, obscuring the noble figures of their Founders, obstructing and darkening the teachings they came to deliver to humanity. She left behind, escaped from, with a joyous feeling of freedom, the forms of one religion to hold fast the Spirit that giveth Life to all religions.

She had found the Path, "sharp as a razor's edge," after looking for it unconsciously for years; now what remained, the task that lies before all mankind, was to fit herself to walk in it. She knew the qualities she had to possess before she could make any progress on that Path, what she had to free herself from, what she had painfully and with many falls by the way to gain, qualities valuable in the everyday life of the world, making for the happiness of others as well as for her own progress in the spiritual life. Though her heart often sank within her at the magnitude of the task, she was yet resolved to attempt it, was fixed in her determination to put it before her as her object in life, to let nothing interfere between herself and this quest. She would not now feel lonely and deserted; others, she by this time knew personally, had the same experiences as herself, were attempting to reach the goal in the same way. Many others, too, in every country, in every religion, nay men outside all religions who yet devoted themselves to following the highest they saw, were consciously or unconsciously doing the same. What she longed to do, however, was to join a select band of men and women who devote themselves body and soul to this one object, to treading the Path for the advancement not merely of themselves but for the lifting of all humanity with them; who conquer their lower nature, and develope the higher with all its wonderful possibilities for the sake of service to all. They live, these men and women, in the world, working for the world, not recognised by it as its future saviours and present helpers, but scoffed at often and mocked as fanatics, self-deluded impostors, as is indeed the case with all would-be saviours; but calm and unruffled they pursue with untiring feet their self-appointed road. She had found the knowledge of the Path, fortunate woman that she was and that she felt herself to be! She looked back at her previous discontent and wild rebellion now with gratitude for what it had

brought her, conscious that only through the pain then endured, had she reached the point at which she now stood, and that by no other road could the goal have been found. She had found herself; she had found helpers, sympathisers, teachers; she had found the entrance to the Path; some day in this life or another she would tread that Path herself. To that end would she devote herself, all her energies, all her aspirations, to reaching the Goal where Life, Love and Light, supreme beyond our present powers of comprehension, await us; with which Life one day far off in the distant ages she would be one, as in truth some day all mankind shall be one.

S. E. J.

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# AFTER-DEATH STATES IN DANTE'S "DIVINE COMEDY"

One of the first subjects that awaken interest in those attracted by theosophical ideas, is the instruction given on after-death states. As this question does not only affect leisured and cultured people, but concerns the whole of humanity, it is natural that interest in it should be widely felt. It is a well-known fact that information about death and what comes afterwards is grasped with avidity by enquirers.

In the Middle Ages little doubt was felt as to the condition of souls after death, and their fate was pretty clearly marked out by the current beliefs of the time. This certainty was somewhat lessened by the great changes in life and thought produced by the Renaissance, and still more affected by the Reformation, which shook the religious belief of Europe to its foundations, casting doubt on much that had till then been accepted as a matter of course, and in some cases destroying all faith of any sort. The weaker order of minds can seldom bear any upset in their accredited creeds, and if one point goes, all will go too. Browning's Bishop Blougram points out how hard it is to stop

half way. Defending certain Romish doctrines especially inexplicable to the Protestant mind, he cites the famous miracle at Naples, when the blood of St. Januarius liquefies on the feast-day of the saint, and emphasises the danger of the slightest doubt, in these words:

First cut the Liquefaction, what comes last
But Fichte's clever cut at God himself?

In the general *bouleversement* of thought and faith at the end of the fifteenth century, it would seem that one thing only remained an undoubted fact, namely, that all must die. Death at all events could not be explained away by the new learning or the new doctrines. In Germany, where the influence of the Reformation was most directly felt, a morbid interest in death in all its phases pervades the art of such men as Dürer, Burckmair, and Holbein. Death is here indeed the King of Terrors. He is pictured as a wild man of fearful aspect, a ghastly corpse in a shroud carrying off a beautiful young girl, or in the more orthodox guise of a skeleton who lies in wait for every rank and age. Holbein's famous "Dance of Death," for instance, shows vivid contrasts: the little child torn from its mother, the hardy soldier, or the luxurious queen, all alike seized by Death's ruthless grasp. The paraphernalia of the grave was constantly dwelt upon, and skeletons, tombs and corruption seem to have been favourite subjects for contemplation. This consideration of death from the purely physical point of view may be accounted for by the great prominence given to physical life in its various forms in those days, probably owing to the revival of classical views. Mediæval art, on the other hand, had chiefly depicted the condition of the soul *after* death, little interest being taken in the life that soul had left behind it.

Something analogous to this change of attitude may be noticed in the works of the deepest thinkers of the subsequent age. Shakespeare speaks of death as "the undiscovered country," or in such words as "to die, to sleep—no more; perchance to dream." All is vague and uncertain, and no definite information about a future state, or even whether there is one at all, can possibly be gathered from these lines. In Spenser's *Faerie Queene* death is thus described:

Sleepe after toyle, port after stormie seas,
Ease after warre, death after life doth greatly please.

No reference is made here to anything after death, nor to any other emotion but the relief of escaping from the sorrows of life.

This vagueness of thought has since increased rather than lessened, and the mental condition of many in these days might well be expressed in the desperate uncertainty of such words as Omar Khayyam's:

I sent my Soul through the Invisible,
Some letter of that After-life to spell,
And by and by my Soul return'd to me,
And answer'd, "I myself am Heaven and Hell"—

though they were written at a remote period, on another continent, and by one holding an alien creed. The increased respect paid to physical science in modern Europe has produced a decided reserve in making statements that cannot be demonstrated by the five senses, and one of the chief apostles of science, Huxley, stated that in his opinion the most sacred act of a man's life is to say and feel "I believe such and such to be true." He held that the universe was one and the same throughout, and if the condition of success in unravelling some little difficulty of anatomy or physiology is rigorously to refuse to put faith in that which does not rest on sufficient evidence, he could not believe that the great mysteries of existence could be laid open on other terms. Measured by such a standard as his conviction concerning the law of the inverse square, anything less conclusive than which he found himself unable to accept, what becomes of the doctrine of immortality? Can any equally satisfying evidence be found for that and similar theses?

In sharp contrast to this phase of thought is a considerable amount of teaching chiefly emanating from Eastern sources, recently given to the world respecting after-death states. The information received under these new auspices is expressed in quite as authoritative a manner as religious statements on the same subject. It is also very circumstantial, and contains a surprisingly complete account of the condition of the man whose body has been taken from him by death. We learn that his real existence is quite independent of his body and that when he leaves it he will

be drawn to the condition most appropriate to him; for the character and spiritual condition which are the result of the man's past life or lives must find the necessary environment that they need. Each one makes his own fate and all receive exactly what they have worked for, though they may not always realise that this is the case. No one can escape the results of the causes they have set in motion, and they find themselves obliged to work them out to the very end and to pay every debt they have incurred, whether the process be a pleasant one or the reverse. The very different conditions of the inhabitants of the various planes of being are the result of this universal law; for there are a great many states and places in the unseen worlds, some of which at least must be experienced by the pilgrim who is fulfilling his appointed destiny. The denser and less agreeable planes or states are naturally the abode of those whose gross and material lives have made them unfit for any other habitation; while the lighter and happier regions receive those who are in harmony with them. Another great law appears in this teaching —that of progressive evolution. All travel on their long journey and are to rise to higher states as they become fit for them. There is no standing still; each must be continually moving on and adapting himself to new surroundings.

Now it is very remarkable that the conceptions of after-death states in Dante's great masterpiece resemble this teaching in many particulars, and one is led to think that Dante had some definite information on these subjects. If this knowledge has always been possessed by an inner circle of humanity, and has filtered thence into the religions of the world in more or less correct forms, there may be nothing so very special about his knowledge. Still it is curious how much he seems to know and how his genius has fixed the traditional representation of these after-death states for hundreds of years after his own time.

Information, though probably of an unreliable character, might also have been obtained by him from those possessing untrained psychic powers; and persons who had seen and remembered something of the other worlds would be more likely to bring back a correct account, if the received belief of the day corresponded to a certain extent with the real facts of the case.

The believing attitude of mind that facilitates the transmission of such memories would naturally not be uncommon at a time when the sea of faith was at its full, and had not withdrawn from the dreary shingles of the world.

There were records in Dante's time of many who had such powers, and who claimed to have brought back some memory of what they had seen in vision. Frate Alberico of Monte Cassino, St. Brandan, the Monk of Evesham and others had told the tales of their experiences in the unseen; and Dante must have been familiar with some at least of these stories, as well as with the classical accounts of the descent to the lower world in the *Æneid*, even if he had not the opportunity of reading the *Odyssey*.

*The Divine Comedy* is not merely an account of the state of the dead, seen in vision, like the contemporary chronicles. In these we find simply a series of terrible or delightful events related without any apparent sequence or meaning, if the obvious advisability of living such a life in this world as may ensure a happy hereafter is excepted. They appear very childish to modern readers and often take the most grossly material forms. Though Dante's imagery may also appear somewhat material at first sight, a closer examination will show that this materiality is deliberately put into the poem for special purposes. For instance, the *Inferno* is characterised by a great density, which typifies the moral condition of its inhabitants. This diminishes as higher states are attained in the *Purgatorio*, and eventually the intensely light and bright realm of the *Paradiso* well expresses the life of the Blessed. The localities seem to reflect the nature of the actors in this great drama.

A clue to the philosophy of *The Divine Comedy* is found in Dante's letter of explanation to his friend and patron, Can Grande della Scala. Here he says that though "the subject of the whole work, taken *literally*, is the fate of souls after death, regarded as a matter of fact, for the action of the whole work deals with this and is about this," yet taken *allegorically*, it represents "man in so far as, by merit or demerit in the exercise of free-will, he is exposed to the rewards or punishments of justice." This is the interpretation of the book, given by the

author himself. There is the outer or exoteric description of the after-death states, in which Hell, Purgatory and Heaven are described, united with the inner or esoteric delineation of the action of justice on the soul of man.

This complicated purpose is seen through the wonderful symbols in which the life out of the body is described. Here we see vice in its true horror, as it would always look had we eyes to see; for sin and its necessary results have taken visible form. In fact, Dante's hell shows people as they really are, and with the states they have made for themselves. Every possible illustration of this terrible working out of fate is put in the concrete form that best appeals to the imagination.

In his description of what follows after death, Dante's penetrative genius realises and shows forth the great truth, that as a man sows so must he reap. Corresponding effects must follow whatever causes have been started in the past, and retribution cannot be avoided. The details through which the great scheme of Divine Justice is worked out seem at times almost grotesque. Especially is this so in the *Inferno* and the *Purgatorio*, where the consequences of sin are shown and the penalties often literally follow the nature of the act, such as starvation to the greedy,* or exertion to the lazy.† The whole working out of this great law is placed in visible forms, and an eye of flesh is allowed to get a glimpse of things as they really are, ghastly though the sight may be.

But the poem is not only confined to descriptions of horrors; for as we slowly climb up the Mountain of Purgatory, all that is painful and distressing gradually lessens, and in Browning's words ("Sordello"): it melts

Into a darkness quieted by Hope.

For though the inhabitants of Purgatory must also suffer, they bear their troubles in a spirit of peace and hope.‡ They will not have them diminished or relieved in any way, and the souls who are expiating past sins in the flames of the uppermost round, are careful not to step out of the fire for one moment for fear of lengthening their time of waiting.‖ They know that as soon

* *Purg.*, xxii. 23.
† *Purg.*, xviii.
‡ *Inf.*, i. 115.
‖ *Purg.*, xxvi. 15.

as they are fit they must rise to Paradise.* The liberated souls cannot even remain at the top of the mountain, when at last they arrive there; but each must go to its own place† in Heaven, whether higher or lower. For the consequences of virtue work out as surely and as inevitably as those of sin; and the higher the soul rises, the less can chance or accident affect it. Thus explains St. Bernard in the *Paradiso*:‡

> From this realm excluded, chance no entrance here may find
> No more than hunger, thirst or sorrow can.
> A law immutable hath established all,
> Nor is there aught thou seest, that does not fit
> Exactly as the finger to the ring.
> It is not, therefore, without cause that these
> Are different in their shares of excellence.

The universe appears throughout *The Divine Comedy* as a vast machine, where each part finds its own place and its own work,§ death or life as we understand them being apparently quite unimportant. All this complicated machinery is under one unchanging law‖ which exacts the payment of every debt to the full,¶ and which Dante saw as the law of God, visibly expressed in the Catholic Church on earth—** that earth which looked so mean and pitiful to him, when seen from higher spheres.†† It is curious how little difference death makes in Dante's scheme; indeed, it is explained in the *Purgatorio* that all the individualities concerned are completely alive, whether in a fleshly body or not.‡‡ The "Primal Mover" breathes new spirit into the infant, which gathers substance round it as it develops until the day

> When Lachesis hath spun the thread, the soul
> Takes with her both the human and divine,
> Memory, intelligence and will, in act
> Far keener than before; the other powers
> Inactive all and mute. No pause allow'd,
> In wondrous sort self-moving, to one strand
> Of those, where the departed roam, she falls:
> Here learns her destined path.

* *Purg.*, xxi. 72. † *Par.*, iii. 70. ‡ *Par.*, xxxii. 53 (Cary's Translation).
§ *Par.*, iii. 82. ‖ *Inf.*, iii. 4, xix. 119, xxix. 56. ¶ *Purg.* xi. 125, xviii. 15.
** *Purg.*, xx. 97. †† *Par.*, xxii. 134. ‡‡ *Purg.*, xxv. 79.

It is interesting to see from this that the mental faculties become more powerful when delivered from the chains of the body. The soul then draws sufficient materials out of the surrounding atmosphere, which it imprints with its own influence, to obtain a material existence through which it can express itself.

> The obedient shadow fails not to present,
> Whatever varying passion moves within us.

In this manner the inhabitants of Purgatory have distinct, though limited powers, which greatly increase as Paradise is neared. The poet finds himself rising thither through the spheres of air and fire without any apparent difficulty, and his guide to the higher life, Beatrice, discusses these new conditions at some length. She tells him that this is not really more surprising than that a stream should run down hill on earth, as there is nothing now to resist the strong impulse that draws him upwards. He must expect to find many differences, for "Much is allowed us there, that here exceeds our power."* She further elucidates the matter by explaining that all things have order among themselves, and this order is the form that shows that the universe is made in the likeness of God. Those on high are able to see the traces of the Divine pattern,† and how the fate of each one impels him to divers ports in the great sea of being. This is the same force that bears fire upwards to the moon, it is the motive power in the hearts of men and binds the earth together, making it one. It draws those who have intelligence and love to that central heaven, which is for ever at rest. Only vain desires or false pleasures can turn aside this strong impulse, as a hopelessly dense material cannot respond to the form in which it should be shaped. The marvel would, therefore, be if those who are freed from impediment did *not* rise, but remained below, for each is drawn to the Source of all, to whom all, when unhindered, must turn.‡

One special feature in Dante's treatment of the after-death states is his power of discerning inner meanings in popular beliefs and traditions. With this he was able to combine a conception of a universal law, of which the scope extended far

* *Par.*, i. 92, 140. † *Par.*, ii. 130 and vii. 109. ‡ *Purg.*, xviii. 32.

beyond the most exact definitions of modern science, comprehending, as it did, worlds visible and invisible. It must be remembered that our poet had the advantage of looking on the unseen worlds as natural facts, whose existence he never doubted, thereby gaining a strength and power that he could not have possessed if his energies had been exhausted in an endless considering of whether there were any or not. Many old traditions, afterwards forgotten or ignored by the educated, played an important part in the mental equipment of the men of his time, and we find some of these revived in a very remarkable manner in recent Theosophical expositions. It may, therefore, be of service to students to obtain some notions of these mediæval traditions and beliefs, and this can be done very effectively by means of the interpretation given by Dante's genius in his longest and incomparably greatest work, *The Divine Comedy*.

CAROLINE CUST.

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# BLACK MAGIC IN CEYLON

## V.

ONE of the greatest demons is Maha Cola Sauri Yakseya, the demon of diseases. His origin was this. A certain king of Sanka Pala Nuwera made a journey in order to find some *dolladuk** for his queen. On his return he was told that his wife had been unfaithful. He gave orders that she should be put to death. Her body was to be cut in two, the one half to be hung up on a *ukberiya* tree, the other to be thrown to the pariah dogs. In bitter wrath at such indignity, she had fiercely protested her innocence of the charge, and at the last moment of her life had invoked the demons to avenge her, by making wholesale destruction of the city and its unjust king. The executioner's sword did its work. Instantly the two halves of her body rejoined, and a terrifying demon sprang forth from the corpse, first sucking his mother's breast, then her

* *Dolladuk* is the something for which women have a strong desire during certain months of their pregnancy. It usually takes the form of a piece of newly-baked clay to nibble.

blood, then devouring both flesh and bones. After his ghastly meal, the demon withdrew to the *sohona* (graveyard). Shortly after, with a company of *confrères*, he repaired to the city, and the king was forthwith laid low with a fell disease. *Balli* offerings were made, but availed not; the whole city was nigh to be consumed by the pestilence. The gods (*dewo*) Iswarra and Sekkra thereupon came down from Kâma Loca to intervene. Disguised as mendicants, they came and tried to oust the demon, but had to be content with a compromise which granted him *wurran*, that is, permission to inflict disease on mankind, but not of a mortal character, for the sake of the offerings (*dolla*) which could thus be obtained from human beings. So he exists and thrives, Maha Cola Sauri Yakseya, and many an important *rôle* I have witnessed him or his *distria* play at devil-dances. At one I remember him as a satyr mounted on a ferocious lion with eighteen personal attendants.

Another very evil demon is Calu Yakseya. He is said to have been born of the ashes of the burnt corpse of Basma, one of the Asuras, and is represented as black as ebony. Calu Yakseya had lived before, that is, he had had a previous incarnation, but the karma he accumulated was so evil that he had perforce to work it out in another demon-existence.* In the pre-existence he was known as Neela Maha Yodaya, a giant in the bodyguard of King Gaja Bahu. With the king he journeyed into Istree-Pura, a country inhabited by Amazons, all of whom fell in love with him. One and all laid siege and claim to the Calu Yakseya, and amongst them all he was torn to pieces and killed. As a demon he gave himself up to wreaking vengeance on the whole fair sex, and the misery he caused built up for him his awful karma.

Outbreaks of disasters too abominable to relate occurred at intervals in all the villages in that particular *korale*. Women, old and young, the most virtuous, the best beloved, fell victims to his machinations. His influence for evil was insuperable. All the *kattadiyas* (devil priests and charmers) knew the symptoms of his malign influence only too well. Most of them had had a hard fight with him, that fascinating giant-demon,

* In time evil demons will be raised to dewo (lower gods).

gigantic in ill-doing as in stature. I was present at a *doladina* to rid a woman—young, healthy, virtuous up to a certain sudden time—of his obsessing influence. It may be superstition only, but it accords with what is related in the New Testament concerning spiritual possession. Some living creature must always be supplied into which the demon when exorcised can enter; after which sacrifice of the beast or bird, or whatever it may be, is made. "Hypnotism" and "suggestion" enter largely into these rites. The greatest sceptic must at least be impressed by the totally different personalities a simple native woman will manifest on such occasions. Everyone has a dread of becoming the victim of *taincama*, and the demons I have particularised are those specially employed in its practices. No village girl or woman goes about her occupation without an areca-nut cutter in her waistband. Though hidden, it serves as an amulet for demons, and those I have mentioned especially have a strong antipathy to iron. When passing a *sohona* the Sinhalese woman by instinct grasps this tool, for mere propinquity is sufficient in some instances for becoming obsessed. One or other of the demons lurking about may, for his own pleasure and gratification, attach himself to one, who, by natural susceptibility, or it may be predisposition to evil, latent though it be, may prove vulnerable and become his victim, his prey. Women are, in consequence of their greater impressionability, more frequently victims of *taincama;* but I have seen and known men, steady, reliable—for the oriental very exceptionally so—and watched their career, once under *pisaca* possession, undoubted victims of evil "suggestions" under "hypnotic" control, or, in other words, *taincama*.

CAROLINE CORNER-OHLMÜS.

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CORRUPTED freemen are the worst of slaves.—DAVID GARRICK, *Prologue to the Gamesters.*

# ÂDI-SHEṢHA—THE GREAT SERPENT OF COSMOS

Of all the cosmic pictures presented for contemplation in the Purâṇas, that of Nârâyana sleeping on Sheṣha, the cosmic serpent, in the Kshîrâbdhi, the Ocean of Milk, is the grandest. Many Paurâṇik pictures are seen to be literally true if only a little thought is expended in understanding them; and it is proposed to explain in this article one point of view from which the picture of Sheṣhanârâyana can be seen. To begin with, it must be remembered that Sheṣhanârâyana floating in the Kshîrâbdhi is a complete picture of the Macrocosmos. The Ocean of Milk is the ocean of space, space being conceived as a plenum and not a vacuum. Milk is the favourite oriental symbol of matter in Pralaya, *i.e.*, matter as it exists before manifestation in —before it becomes visible to sense-organs fitted for—any particular plane of perception. In his Bhâshya on *Kshîravaddhi*, "just as milk (transforms itself into curds)" (*Ved. Sûtras* II., i. 24), Shaṅkara explains milk to symbolise "the peculiar constitution of the Causal Substance." As milk contains in itself butter, butter-milk, etc., so the substance that fills our space contains matter that can develop into substances which are capable of affecting our organs of perception and thus becoming *our* matter. The use of milk as a symbol of substance in the earlier stages of its evolution or differentiation towards the matter of our earth, is warranted by the fact that it does look actually milky or curdled. Thus as the photosphere, or luminous envelope of the sun, is of relatively high temperature, its constituent matter must be nearer the primary state than matter on our cold earth; and the photosphere is noted for its "peculiar curdy appearance." Robert Hunt (quoted in *Secret Doctrine*, i. 578), says: "By the elder Herschel, the surface of this photosphere is compared to mother-of-pearl. . . . It re-

sembles the ocean on a tranquil summer day when its surface is slightly crisped by a gentle breeze." In the Milky Way, or Galaxy, still higher temperature conditions and matter still more removed from matter on our earth and nearer the "causal" state, can be observed. It has been recently proved by means of spectroscopical investigations that the milkiness of the Milky Way, "the curdled appearance which is visible in different regions of it," either to the naked eye or in photographs, is actually due to the great predominance in this part of the heavens of planetary and other nebulæ, "which are undoubtedly masses of gas," and of the so-called "bright line stars," which are no stars but "stars involved in nebulæ," or better, nebulæ with "central condensations, not perhaps very far advanced beyond the stage of the planetary nebulæ themselves." The substance of these bodies is but the next remove to the "causal" matter that fills all space, the hypothetical ether of science. Hence this latter substance can best be described as milky in appearance; milkiness also suggests the homogeneity of structure of ether, which has already been arrived at from theoretical considerations, and which is implied in the ordinary description of ether as jelly-like.

Floating in this ocean of space lies the grand Cosmic Serpent. He is the Âdi-Sheṣha as Nârâyana is the Âdi-Puruṣha, and uses him as his Bhoga-Paryaṇka, the bed on which the Lord lies during manifestation, when the Bhokta and Bhogya are differentiated, the Lord himself being the Bhokta (the Experiencer), the subject, and Prakṛiti (which is one with him), appearing as the Bhogya—the object of experience. He is the Âdi-Puruṣha, the Eternal Spirit, invisible if viewed as an object of perception, but visible as Pratyagâtman, the Self that shines in each one of us when he is Âvṛittachakshuḥ, of in-directed vision. Âdi-Sheṣha, literally the Eternal Remainder (from Macrocosmos when the Purusha is deducted from it), is the whole of the cosmos objectively viewed, the universe of suns and stars, that we can see all round us floating in space. This universe, it is taught in the Purâṇas, is of the shape of a grand serpent of three and a half folds. Can we trace the outlines of this serpent in the sky? Ever since Sir William Herschel began his "star-gaugings" in the depths of space in order to construct the shape of the total universe of suns and stars,

it has been recognised that the Milky Way represents the main bulk of our system of globes. The Milky Way is a great circle (of innumerable stars and nebulæ) inclined at an angle of about sixty-two degrees to the earth's equator or the equatorial plane, extending to the stars. When we come to look at the Milky Way a little more closely, we find that *from two points in it branches are thrown out*, so that over some parts of its orbit, so to speak, it is *double*. The great rift that separates these two parts of it begins near a star in the Southern Hemisphere called *α Centauri* (believed to be the star nearest to us, being only three and a half light years distant from us), and it continues for more than six hours in right ascension until the two branches meet again in the constellation *Cygnus* (Lockyer's *Inorganic Evolution*, chap. xv.). This appearance of the Milky Way led Herschel to imagine at first that the whole mass of stars was of the shape of a millstone split along one edge; he later on revised this notion, and thought that the stellar system was of the form of an exaggerated star-fish with numerous deep openings. Proctor also expended all his wonderful ingenuity in solving the riddle of the Milky Way, and his final opinion on the subject was that it was a *spiral* stream, thus explaining one of the most perplexing features of the Milky Way "to be the gap between the loops of the galactic spiral." Lockyer is of opinion that "there are sundry indications that the whole phenomena of the Milky Way may become simplified by treating it as the result of two super-imposed galaxies." The simplest conception, the one that explains all the difficulties, is that the Milky Way is two of the spiral folds of Âdi-Sheṣha, the serpent in whose body all the worlds already formed and in process of formation, *i.e.*, all stars and all nebulæ, are situated; as our sun is *in* and not *outside* this system, we see the two spirals in perspective, and hence the appearance of the Milky Way aboye described. If we could go outside the system, or see it with a vision that is correlated to other states of matter, we could see the two spiral folds fully. Where then is the third fold of Âdi-Sheṣha? Recent astronomical investigation indicates where and how it must be sought for in the heavens.

"Although the Milky Way dominates the distribution of stars, and especially of the fainter stars, it does not appear to be

the only ring of stars with which we have to do. Sir John Herschel traced a zone of bright stars in the Southern Hemisphere, which he thought to be the projection of a subordinate shoot or stratum. That was the first glimpse of a new discovery, which was subsequently established by Dr. Gould in his work in the Southern Hemisphere at Cordova. He found that there was a stream of bright stars to be traced through the entire circuit of the heavens, forming a great circle as well defined as that of the galaxy itself, which it crossed at an angle of about 25°. Gould while in the Southern Hemisphere had no difficulty in observing that along this circle, which we may call the Star Way, in opposition to the Milky Way, most of the brighter stars in the southern heavens lie.

"When he subsequently came home he made it a point of study to see whether he could continue this line of bright stars completely through the Northern Hemisphere, and he found no difficulty. So that we may now say that the existence of this supplementary Star Way, indicated by the line of extremely bright stars, is beyond all question. I quote the following from what Gould has written on this subject:

"'Few celestial phenomena are more palpable there than the existence of a stream or belt of bright stars, including *Canopus*, *Sirius*, and *Aldebaran*, together with the most brilliant ones in *Carina*, *Puppis*, *Columba*, *Canis Major*, *Orion*, etc., and skirting the Milky Way on its *preceding* side. When the opposite half of the galaxy came into view, it was almost equally manifest that the same is true there also, the bright stars likewise fringing it on the preceding side and forming a stream which, diverging from the Milky Way at the stars α and β *Centauri*, comprises the constellation *Lupus*, and a great part of *Scorpio*, and extends onwards through *Ophiuchus*, towards *Lyra*. Thus a great circle or zone of bright stars seems to gird the sky, intersecting with the Milky Way at the Southern Cross, and manifest at all seasons, although more conspicuous upon the *Orion* side than on the other. Upon my return to the north, I sought immediately for the northern place of intersection; and although the phenomenon is by far less clearly perceptible in this hemisphere, I found no difficulty in recognising the node in the constellation *Cassiopeia*,

which is diametrically opposite to *Crux*. Indeed it is easy to fix the right ascension of the northern node at about ohr. 50mins., the declination in each case about 60°; so that these nodes are very close to the points at which the Milky Way approaches most nearly to the poles. The inclination of this stream to the Milky Way is about 25°; the *Pleiades* occupying a position midway between the nodes.'" (Lockyer's *Inorganic Evolution*, chap. xv.)

It is not difficult to recognise in this line of stars, which Lockyer proposes to call the Star Way, the two remaining (southern and northern) half folds of Âdi-Sheṣha. It only remains to add that the few out-standing stars that do not form a part of the two systems we have considered above, form the head and the tail of the Cosmic Serpent, according as they are near the north or south celestial pole. And we are thus startled to find that the Shesha is not a mere allegory as we once imagined it was, but a literal fact, and we have only to open our eyes to see him in all his beauty. And Nârâyana, the unmanifested Logos, sleeps ever invisible in this Bhoga Paryaṇka, this wonderful pleasure-bed of His, extending Himself in all His majesty all through it for all this Mahâ Kalpa.

P. T. SRINIVASA IYENGAR.

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THOSE obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings;
Blank misgivings of a Creature
Moving about in worlds not realised,
High instincts before which our mortal Nature,
Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised.

WORDSWORTH, *Intimations of Immortality*.

# FRIENDS OF GOD*

JOHANNES TAULER (1300-1361), Heinrich Suso (1295-1365) and Johannes Ruysbrœck (1293-1381) were men whose life and work exhibit in a very striking manner those "motions of the soul"—to use a quaint phrase often found in old-fashioned English writers—to which such a spiritual path as that of Meister Eckhart is calculated to give rise in natures of depth and power. While Eckhart seems like a man who, in the blissful experiencing of spiritual rebirth, speaks of the nature of Knowledge as of a picture which he has succeeded in painting; these others, followers of his, appear rather like pilgrims, to whom their inner rebirth has shown a new road which they fain would tread, but whose goal seems to vanish before them into the illimitable distance. Eckhart dwells more upon the glories of his picture; they upon the difficulties of the new path.

To understand the difference between personalities like Eckhart and Tauler, one must see quite clearly how a man stands towards his higher consciousness. Man is interwoven with the sense-world and the laws of nature by which that sense-world is ruled. He is himself a product of that world. He lives, because its forces and its matter are at work in him; nay, he perceives this sense-world and judges of it by laws, according to which both he himself and that world are alike built up. If he looks at an object, not only does the object present itself to his mind as a complex of interacting forces, ruled by nature's laws, but the eye, with which he sees the object, is itself a body built up according to just such laws and of just such forces; and the seeing too takes place by similar laws and forces. If we had reached the goal of natural science, we should be able to follow out this interplay of the forces of nature and of natural laws right up into

* Freely rendered on the lines of one of Dr. Rudolf Steiner's addresses to the Berlin Theosophical Society. See THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW, March, "Meister Eckhart"; and the review in the February number.

the highest regions of thought-formation. But in the very act of doing this, we raise ourselves *above* this play of forces. For do we not stand above and beyond all the "uniformities which make up the laws of nature," when we over-see the whole and recognise how we ourselves fit into nature? We *see* with our eyes according to laws of nature. But we know also the laws, according to which we see. We can take our stand upon a higher summit and overlook at once both ourselves and the outer world in their mutual interplay. Is there not here a something working in us, which is higher than the sensuous-organic personality working with nature's forces and according to nature's laws? In such activity does there still remain any wall of division between our inner selves and the outer world? That which here judges and gains for itself insight is no longer our separated personality; it is rather the general world-being, which has torn down the barrier between the inner and outer worlds and now embraces both alike. As true as it is that, judged by the outer appearance, I still remain the same separated individual, when I have thus torn down this barrier, so true is it also that, judged according to essential being, I am no longer this separated unit. Henceforth there lives in me the feeling that there speaks in my soul the All-being, which embraces both myself and the world.

This is what Tauler felt, when he says: Man is just as if he were three men—his animal man as he is according to the senses; then his understanding man; lastly, his highest, godlike man. . . The one is the outer, animal, sensuous man; the other is the inner, understanding man, with his understanding and reasoning powers; the third man is spirit (*Gemüth*=lit. emotional, feeling nature, the very highest part of the soul). How far this third man is above the first and second, Eckhart has expressed in the words: "The eye through which I see God, that is the like eye with which God sees me. My eye and God's eye, that is one eye and one knowing and one feeling."

But in Tauler another feeling is also active as well as this. He sees with exceeding clearness and intensity that man is only a natural being—that the whole man, *i.e.*, both the first and second of the above trinity, like all else in nature, must be explained purely according to nature, that is, as we should now

say, according to science. And as he was not a scientist but a priest, having charge of souls and care of their moral life, he felt most keenly the contrast which reveals itself between this "natural" being of man and the God-seeing, which arises naturally and within nature, but as spirituality; and in that contrast or opposition the meaning of life presented itself to his gaze.

Tauler knows that he who will think God, in his sense, no longer thinks thought-content, as does one who has grasped nature in thought. Therefore, Tauler seeks not to think God but to think divinely, to think as God thinks. The knowledge of nature is not enriched by the knowledge of God, but *transformed*. The knower of God does not know a *different thing* from the knower of nature, but he *knows in a different way*. Not a single letter can the knower of God add to the knowledge of nature; but through his whole knowing of nature there shines a new light.

What root feelings will take possession of a man's soul who contemplates the world from this point of view, will depend upon how he regards the experience which has brought about his spiritual rebirth. Within the limits of this experience, man is wholly a natural being, when he considers himself in his interaction with the rest of nature; and he is wholly a spiritual being when he considers the condition into which this rebirth has brought him. Thus we can say with equal truth: the inmost depth of the soul is still natural; as also, it is already divine. Now Tauler was most keenly conscious of the former, and said to himself: However far we penetrate into our souls, we are still separated individual human beings; and we cannot altogether free ourselves from separateness or purify ourselves entirely from it. And so, because his attention was chiefly turned to the natural man, he was much less anxious to describe and dwell upon what happens, when the higher self of man enters into the natural man, than to find the way which the lower energies of the personality must follow if they are to be transmuted into the higher life. He has an absolute faith and trust that the All-being shines forth in man, if man will so order his life that there shall be in him a shrine for the Divine. But this cannot

happen so long as the man shuts himself up within his mere, natural, separated personality. Hence he says: "If man is in reality to become one with God, then all the energies and powers even of the inner (mental and emotional) man must die and become silent; and the Will must turn away even from the Good and from all willing whatever and become as it were void of will."

Thus in Tauler's mind the central problem of his mental life came to be this: How can man conquer and kill out in himself the separateness of his existence, so that he can live with the All-life in perfect unison? And so while the direction in which he had to turn his steps was perfectly clear and definite to his consciousness, it was to him equally clear that he could never speak of a goal; for a new goal is only the beginning of a new path. Through such a goal man reaches a certain *level of evolution*, but evolution itself continues illimitably.* For him there is no possibility of *knowing* the final goal; there can be only a *trusting* in the Path, in the evolution.

Tauler's mind seems to have been filled with these ideas, and he seems to have looked at life and religion from this standpoint, without however in a certain sense having *realised* in actual consciousness their inmost significance and meaning *in practice*. At this point, there stepped into his life one who is known to us only from Tauler's own record and who is called the "Friend of God from the Mountains" (der Gottes freund vom Oberland), an illuminated layman—Tauler being a priest. He wrought in Tauler a wonderful transformation. While hitherto these truths had been for Tauler matters only of the understanding, they were for the Friend of God the actual living power and essence of his life. And under his influence they were similarly transformed for Tauler from matters which he could and did study and preach about into living realities, actual powers and forces within him, so that he came to *live* them, instead of talking *about* them. They became to him Life as well as Knowledge, and thus Tauler

* The student of Indian thought will note the relation between these ideas of Tauler and the Hindu doctrine that Liberation (Mukti) can *never* be attained by "Action" (Karma); which amounts to saying in other words that evolution being endless and infinite, it is unthinkable that the soul can ever attain to Liberation, which implies Freedom from the wheel of evolution, by any process of evolution, however long or exalted.

became transformed from one who merely contemplated the being of God into one who was truly "alive in the spirit," and not merely contemplated and looked at things, but actually lived and moved and had his being in this higher sense.

Of Heinrich Suso and Johannes Ruysbrœck it will not be necessary to speak at any length. They seem to have lived the life of feeling rather than that of thought, and to have been drawn by something of the nature of instinctive feeling in the same direction into which Eckhart and Tauler's feelings had been guided by their higher life of thought and intellect. And naturally from the standpoint from which we are now considering mysticism—that of the intellect—the records they have left behind them are less instructive and interesting in this special connection than those of the mystics we have been studying. So that we need not dwell upon them, but can devote a few words in conclusion to speaking of a book, whose authorship is absolutely unknown, but which forms a very remarkable commentary upon this whole movement, and embodies in a very striking form almost a systematic guide to that higher life which Eckhart and Tauler expressed. Curiously enough it was first printed by Luther—no very earnest friend of mysticism as one generally supposes—and it is dominated throughout by the same thought which we should now express in the phrase "the elimination and dissolution of the personality is the key to the higher life." Some of its phrases are very striking; for instance: "When the 'I' knows itself aright, it is already no longer 'I' at all"; and a sentence that must be quoted in the original, since no rendering can do it justice: "Denn Gottes Eigenschaff ist ohne 'dies' und ohne 'das' und ohne Selbstheit und Ichheit: aber der Kreatur Natur und Eigen ist, dass sie sich selber und das Ihre, und das 'dies' und 'das' sucht und will; und in all dem, was sie thut oder lässt, will sie ihren Frommen und Nutzen empfangen. Wo nun die Kreatur oder der Mensch sein Eigen und seine Selbstheit und sich selbst verliert, und von sich selbst ausgeht, da geht Gott ein mit seinem Eigen, das ist mit seiner Selbstheit."

The striking analogies between the above and some of the teachings in *Light on the Path* cannot fail to strike the student, and perhaps it might be of interest to compare them in more

detail. But that would take us too far from our present lines, and must be left to some one else who, knowing German well, can give the time needed to make a really good rendering and comparison. A good edition with a rendering into modern German has been published by Franz Pfeiffer from a manuscript dated 1497, but I do not know the publisher's name or the place and date of publication.

BERTRAM KEIGHTLEY.

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# THE TWO SIDES OF THE SHIELD

IF there is anything on which we are all agreed—anything which might be represented as that Theosophical Creed which we so energetically repudiate—it must be that we thank God that we are not as other men are, even as this Materialist. Perhaps we are not all quite clear as to what this means; perhaps (on the other hand) some of us may have already put to ourselves the question which Balzac long ago raised—whether, in truth, Idealism and Realism are anything more than the two faces of the one Truth. At all events we are clear which side of the shield we prefer; and we count our success in its study by the degree in which we can raise ourselves above the circumstances of the world around us, and look upon everything with that wide and gracious toleration which is only possible to those who believe that good and evil alike will ultimately work out the great purposes for which the world exists. But we are not Masters; and this attempt to take the point of view which they must of necessity hold, knowing as they do precisely what those purposes are and how they are actually being worked out at the present moment, is one not without peril for us, who are so far below. The danger is that we may thus fritter away all the small power we possess to *help* the world's movement into a merely negative appreciation of it; may find our sole pleasure

> To sit as gods, holding no form of creed
> But contemplating all;

and (lost in this premature Nirvâṇa) miss the whole purpose of our life on earth. I have thought that it might prove of interest to set side by side a few passages from Emerson's glorification of the ideal life with F. Nietzsche's trenchant denunciations of the seamy side of the same life; *both* true, and *both* much needed.

If there be any of my readers to whom the essay of Emerson entitled "The Transcendentalist," his very finest work, is yet unknown, I must recommend them to study it carefully; for here I can only give a few passages, to recall it to those who know it. His general statement of his case is as follows (I omit, here and there, for shortness, but in doing so I do no injustice to his peculiar style, in which the separate thoughts come out one after the other, round, hard, and disconnected, like peas from a pea-shooter, and not unfrequently with almost as disturbing an effect on the recipient). He says:

"In the order of thought, the materialist takes his departure from the external world, and esteems a man as one product of that. The idealist takes his departure from his consciousness, and reckons the world an appearance. Mind is the only reality, of which men and all other natures are better or worse reflectors. Although in his action overpowered by the laws of action, and so, warmly co-operating with men, even preferring them to himself, yet when he speaks scientifically, he is constrained to degrade persons into the representatives of truths. He does not respect labour, or the products of labour, namely, property, otherwise than as a manifold symbol, illustrating the laws of being; he does not respect government, except as far as it reiterates the law of his mind; nor the church; nor charities; nor arts, for themselves; but hears as at a vast distance, what they say, as if his consciousness would speak to him through a pantomimic scene. His thought—that is the Universe.

"From this transfer of the world into the consciousness, this beholding of all things in the mind, follow easily his whole ethics. All that you call the world is the shadow of that substance which you are, the perpetual creation of the powers of thought, of those that are dependent and of those that are independent of your will. Do not cumber yourself with fruit-

less pains to mend and remedy remote effects; let the soul be erect, and all things will go well. You think me the child of my circumstances; I make my circumstances. I—this thought which is called I—is the mould into which the world is poured like melted wax. The mould is invisible, but the world betrays the shape of the mould. You call it the power of circumstance, but it is the power of Me!"

Having thus laid down the principle of Idealism, Emerson proceeds to draw out its workings on the practical life with a very evident, though unacknowledged, intention of self-defence. Here, then, is the golden side of the shield. He says: "It is a sign of our times that many intelligent and religious persons withdraw themselves from the common labours of the market and the caucus, and betake themselves to a certain solitary and critical way of living, from which no solid fruit has yet appeared to justify their separation. They hold themselves aloof; they feel the disproportion between their faculties and the work offered them; and they prefer to ramble in the country and perish of *ennui*, to the degradation of such charities and such ambitions as the city can propose to them. . . . . They are lonely; the spirit of their writing and conversation is lonely; they repel influences; they shun general society; they incline to shut themselves in their chamber in the house, to live in the country rather than in the town, and to find their tasks and amusements in solitude. If anyone will take pains to talk with them, he will find that this part is chosen with some unwillingness, and as a choice of the less of two evils; for these persons are not by nature melancholy, sour and unsocial—but joyous, susceptible, affectionate; they have even more than others a great wish to be loved. Nay, if they tell you their whole thought they will own that love seems to them the last and highest gift of nature; that there are persons whom in their hearts they daily thank for existing—persons whose faces are perhaps unknown to them, but whose fame and spirit have penetrated their solitude—and for whose sake they wish to exist. To behold the beauty of another character, which inspires a new interest in our own; to behold the beauty lodged in a human being, with such vivacity of apprehension, that I am instantly forced home to inquire if I am not

deformity itself; to behold in another the expression of a love so high that it assures itself—assures itself also to me against every possible casualty except my unworthiness:—these are degrees on the scale of human happiness to which they have ascended; and it is a fidelity to this sentiment which has made common association distasteful to them. . . . And yet it seems as if this loneliness, and not this love, would prevail in their circumstances, because of the extravagant demand they make on human nature. That indeed constitutes a new feature in their portrait, that they are the most exacting and extortionate critics. Their quarrel with every man they meet is not with his *kind;* but with his *degree. There is not enough of him*—that is the only fault. These exacting children advertise us of our wants. There is no compliment, no smooth speech with them; they pay you only this one compliment, of insatiable expectation; they aspire, they severely exact, and if they only stand fast in this watch-tower, and persist in demanding unto the end, and without end, then are they terrible friends, whereof poet and priest cannot choose but stand in awe; and what if they eat clouds and drink wind, they have not been without service to the race of man."

Well—somewhere I must stop my extracts from this magnificent "*Apologia pro Familia Sua*" and it may as well be here, so that I may impress the point of the words I have set in italics. The most delicate test of a man's belonging to the Idealist family—of its life being his life—is just this point of criticism. As long as a man, in judging of another's life or writings, takes up ever so little of the attitude of the Grand Inquisitor, carping at errors, looking for heresies, instead of appreciating the good and noble truths they contain, so long is he "yet in the gall of bitterness and the bond of iniquity." To the Idealist the one question is, "What manner of *man* is this? Is he looking the right way—aspiring to that which is above—trying to help the world higher?" And if he is found to stand this test, his mistakes, his faults, are nothing—they will fall away of themselves as he rises. But the one thing which *does* try our patience, the weakness which needs all our philosophy to excuse, is just, in Emerson's words, that there is not enough of him! It is not his fault; but, oh the pity, that there was not

just a little more power in him, and how different would have been the result! It is no injustice, no irreverence, to think thus even of our best and wisest; for they know it better and feel it more sensitively than we do. It is just as the Scripture says: it is "when we have done all" that we are most ready to cry, with profoundest conviction, that "we are unprofitable servants." We have to be comforted that our work is so poor simply because there *was* no more in us—that, poor as it seems, it *is* our best—being such as we are, or we should despair utterly.

I have already said that the Idealist view of life is the Master's view. And in saying this I have also implicitly expressed its danger, as well as its value. For a Master is one who is full of Power, power which overflows from him on everybody and everything around; a Being (as in *Zanoni*) with whom to associate is, of itself, to know more, or to live better, or rather to do both. Such an one, were his power not guided by the Wisdom—were he sensitive to the attractions of the sense-world of the materialist—would be a power of evil instead of good. But in the most of us the Fire is not kindled; *our* danger is, not that we should do mischief, but that we should do nothing at all; and (except in comparatively rare cases) we need, and shall need for lives to come, the stimulus of the desires of the outer world to spur us forwards to the far-distant height where something nobler shall take their place. We have to live in the world, to work upon the world; and the world has its own opinion of those who profess to stand aloof and apart from it, not to dance to its piping, to be careless of its pleasures and rewards. I am not thinking of the vulgar herd, who can only picture to themselves an Idealist as either hypocrite or fool; they are not worth notice. But when a bold and independent thinker like F. Nietzsche draws out for us the impression which the Idealist of common life makes upon *him*, we may be sure that there will be something worth our study. Being a German, he must needs call him the "objective" man; and of him he speaks thus:

"However thankful we may feel to these objective spirits—and who would not, considering how utterly tired we are of everything subjective and the accursed egotism which attends it—we must learn to set bounds to our gratitude, and to check the ex-

aggeration with which at the present time absolute unselfishness and Altruism are lauded as our final end, at once as redemption and glorification. The Objective Man, whom nothing excites to interest or indignation, is indeed one of the most precious tools possible, but he is only a tool for the hand of a stronger man; a mirror, we may say, not a separate and independent existence. He is, in truth, a mirror only; accustomed to bow down before everything which is to be observed, knowing no pleasure but that which observation—the literal 'reflection'—gives, he waits until something appears and then spreads himself carefully before it, that not even the lightest footstep or the gliding by of ghostly presences may pass without leaving their mark upon his surface. What individuality yet remains to him he feels as something incidental, often merely fanciful, often as actually disturbing; so completely has he accustomed himself to be simply the thoroughfare and reflection of external figures and events. He studies his own nature, but his conclusions are attained with difficulty and are frequently wrong; he often mistakes himself and his own needs and defects, and here alone shows himself clumsy and unsympathetic. Perhaps his health troubles him, or the petty details of his house and family, or he can 'find no one who understands him' and the like; he does his best to make out the rights of it, but in vain! Instantly his attention wanders away into generalities; and next day he knows no more how to set things straight than he did the day before. *He has lost the power to take himself seriously;* he is cheerful, not for want of troubles, but for want of power to grasp what his troubles are. His habitual quickness of response to everything and everyone, the sunny and unrestrained hospitality with which he receives everything that comes across him, his inconsiderate good nature, his dangerous carelessness as to Yes and No; these are his virtues, of which, alas, he must often pay the penalty! And at last he becomes too often simply their *caput mortuum*. Would one have Love or Hate from him (I mean Love and Hate as God, woman and beast understand them!), he will do what he can, and give what he can. But you must not be astonished if that is not much. His love is calculated, his hate artificial, a kind of *tour de force*, a small vanity and exaggeration. He is only true so

far as he can be 'objective.' His soul, ever smoothing itself out to reflect the external, has lost the power for a vigorous Yes or No; he cannot command, he cannot even destroy. He says with Leibnitz '*I despise almost nothing*'—do not pass by or undervalue that *almost!* He is no Model; he leads no one forwards—nor backwards; he sets himself too far away to care to take part, either with the good or the evil. It has been too long the habit to confuse him with the Philosopher, with the Cæsarian Ruler and Leader of culture; this is to do him too much honour; to overlook the most essential point—he is but a tool, a slave, though of the sublimest kind—in himself he is nothing—'*almost nothing*'; in one word, a Selfless man!"

"These be bitter words"; but I doubt much if any of us will feel that we are *quite* beyond the possibility of their having some application to ourselves; they express in German fashion, bluntly and rudely, the danger of those who, like Adam and nearly all his children, have eaten of the Tree of Knowledge of good and evil without first making sure of the Tree of Life. Nietzsche is right, as far as he sees. To him the "Cæsarian Ruler" and the "Objective Man" are two fixed classes, standing before his tribunal as the sheep on his right hand and the goats on his left. *Our* answer to him is not to try to prove (as do the Philistines) that his Ruler is in fact a highly immoral personage, and his Objective Man, on the contrary, a most estimable member of society. *That*, in our view, has nothing to do with the matter. Reincarnation is, as usual, the key to the difficulty; in time we shall all come, sooner or later, to the possession of the Power so reverenced by Nietzsche and his school; unless indeed (which may the gods avert!) we are before then swept away as total failures, with the other rubbish. The question for us is the one so familiar to Christians as the difference of the Active and Contemplative Life—whether the exceptional natures so finely described by Emerson may hope to find in the contemplative life their own way to the heights to which all alike aspire. And on this point Emerson's position is unassailable. His Idealist is born so, and no other life is *possible* to him. The Catholic ascetic writers have fully discussed the situation. On the one side you have the majority of mankind, whose road to

holiness is through unselfish devotion to good works, and whose means of advance is by Meditation—the provision by the mind of ever nobler motives for more energetic work for others. Through this they may rise to the higher Contemplation—beyond works. But the other and smaller class begin where these leave off; the essential point with them is not what they *do*, but what they *are*. Like the angels, "ever beholding the face of their Father in Heaven," when work comes before them they do it, because the power is in them and must flow out wherever needed —not for any result of holiness or merit to be gained for themselves, nor even (strange to say) for any "success" of the work itself, for that also is of the lower world. If we add to this a full measure of the Divine Wisdom, Power and Love, we have the true Adept. But for us, who are not yet Adepts, there is warning in the harsh words of our German friend; we must watch ourselves carefully and constantly, lest in our isolation we leave the world to perish. The Contemplative can, and does, work for the world, on a higher plane and with greater, though unseen, results than those of any outward teaching or preaching on the physical plane; but to have the right thus to release ourselves from the obvious work of the world, means that we have a control over mind and heart, and a steady devotion and concentration of all our powers upon that higher work, unbroken and undisturbed in sleeping or waking, in life and in death, which is as yet beyond the range of most members of our Society.

ARTHUR A. WELLS.

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EVERYONE is the son of his own works.—MIGUEL DE CERVANTES.

# REVIEWS AND NOTICES

## The Religion of the Future

Chez nos Ancêtres. Par Jean Revel. (Paris: G. Charpentier et Cie.; 1888. Price 3*fr.* 50.)

It would appear that Jean Revel's works are now attracting a good deal of attention in France, and he is said to have his seat in the Academy securely in reserve if he can be persuaded to leave the "scented orchards" of Normandy and to reveal his identity. Jean Revel is a *nom de plume;* it is said that not thirty people in his own town know anything at all about him.

The book here noticed is one of the earliest of his works; it was recommended to me lately by a Frenchman with the warning that it was likely to shake any faith in the Roman Church or in Christianity which was not deliberately fortified in advance. It is of course, *à l'Index*, for it is not only an attack upon all forms of religions, or rather on forms *in* religions in general, but upon the Roman religion and its priestcraft in particular. It is the result of a serious, if not very profound, comparative study of religions, from which study Revel emerges convinced, among other things:

(1) That one single truth incarnated in every past century; that if there is one truth or one characteristic feature of our time it is the dissolution and general re-arrangement of all ancient groupings, the setting at liberty of elements.

(2) That Christianity, which as a system is only a synthesis of all former ideas, is dying, as Paganism was dying at the time of the Baptist; and that in dying it denies that which will succeed it just as Paganism denied Christianity. He contends further that Protestantism and Judaism appear to be the nearest approach to any religious formulæ possible to the modern enlightened man.

(3) That the antagonism between past and present is only apparent, succession would be a better word; that Jesus in reality only followed Moses.

The evolution of religions is an undeniable fact, and as our vision enlarges so do the boundaries withdraw—withdraw to what? What will be the formula of the new religion?

There will be none, if we are to arrive at an ideal in religion and philosophy which will bring about the fusion of peoples through love. We must abolish all cults, which with their eternal dissensions and arguments are nothing but hot-beds of hatred and intolerance.

The new religion, according to Revel, will be shorn of all idolatry, miracle, tradition, and form. It is already in being, though it is recognised by few; it has no marvellous legends to back it, nor will it be received for a long time to come by a superficial world which will find in it none of the characteristics for which it is accustomed to look. It will take from Christianity only its belief in God and a love of humanity; it will be a pure and noble socialism. It will demand obedience to the imperious call from man's centre, "*son ego*," which is "his maximum point of consciousness," that "*état solide*" of the soul, separated from which no salvation is possible.

"De cette nouvelle religion qui remettra dans la paix les âmes présentement bouleversées, ce sera *le culte de l'espèce* . . . Ce sera un culte vraiment grandiose et supérieur. L'espèce, n'est-elle pas inaltérable, en état de perpétuelle résurrection? On a fait remarquer que le dogme de la résurrection et celui de l'incarnation de la divinité s'appliquent excellemment à l'espèce—pure de souillures, des défaillances individuelles, et vraiment immortelle."

For himself he sums it up thus: "Quant à nous personnellement, nous tenons pour les belles surexcitations de l'espérance, et nous formulons ici notre pensée avec la dernière énergie: Si notre vie n'est qu'apparance, nos croyances que decéptions; eh bien, illusion pour illusion, erreur pour erreur, folie pour folie, nous aimons mieux les cîmes que les marécages, mille fois mieux l'exaltation vers le pur éther de l'idealité que l'affaissement vers l'inconscience . . . . Meilleur est le vertige d'en haut que l'étouffement d'en bas. C'est dans le sens de sursum qu'il nous plaît d'orienter la tension de notre esprit. Car, toute notre philosophie tient dans ces mots '*Chaque être va là où il tend.*'"

So far this is an imperfect summary of Revel's own conclusions. His remarks and criticisms on many subjects are always interesting, painfully so at times to Englishmen, who will regret to find that his philosophy has as yet no room for them. He has not a single good word for us. Let us hope that the generous toleration and apprecia-

tion of Buddhist, Brâhman, Mahommedan, Japanese, Chinese, Jew, and, last not least, Theosophist, may one day be found to include the race he at present so dislikes and distrusts.

Students of Theosophy and Buddhism will read with interest the section which our author devotes to a presentment of the philosophy put into the mouths of two men with whom he professes to be travelling, and with whom he eventually goes to Adyar to attend his first Convention of our Society in 1888, "Dr. T., vieux philosophe St. Simonaien" and his friend Djaïpour, a Hindu colleague from the Theosophical Society at Adyar. Of the Society Revel says: "It has growing resources, and an immense library at Adyar, it is spread over the universe, and if the evangelisation continues and succeeds it will be the greatest movement of souls that has ever existed." As far as he understands he tries to be fair and serious, and to our philosophy he is moderately sympathetic. It is of course a judgment given entirely from outside by a man who is quick to mark a weakness. The lash of the French writer's wit falls with a sting on what he deems extravagance, for he is neither mystic nor ascetic, nor does he believe in the existence or legitimacy of any knowledge which may not be immediately given to the whole world or be understood by it. The importance of this part of the book lies in the fact that Revel tries to describe Theosophy as he understands it, and that he thinks it worth while to try.

From the general impression that he is in earnest comes also the particular one that he has assimilated more of ancient philosophy than he perhaps knows or would admit. At any rate the man who writes as he does must affect his public, and his own thought is often very fine, as for instance when he writes:

"Notre contemplation élargie embrassera l'univers. Notre amour sera aussi puissant que notre intelligence sera lumineux.

"Alors on verra comment l'idéal des premiers âges avait lui-même sa part de divinité. Tout sera compris dans cet auguste reliement, tout s'y trouvera justifié depuis l'humble pensée du fétichiste, depuis la vie obscure et souffrante de l'animal, jusqu'à l'étincelante vision de la fin. . . .

"L'humanité aura tout accompli—tout consommé. Elle sera près de Dieu."

C. M.

## India's Poverty and British Rule

Poverty and Un-British Rule in India. By Dadabhai Naoroji. (London: Swan Sonnenschein and Co.; 1901. Price 10*s.* 6*d.*)

No one who is acquainted with India and the men she brings forth will for a moment question the sincerity of Mr. Naoroji, or doubt his earnestness and devoted patriotism; nor will any well-informed critic be disposed to deny that very many changes for the better are possible in the system, magnificent as it is, of British rule in India. But it may be doubted whether Mr. Naoroji's views as to the *causes* which are at work in the growing impoverishment of India, or the *means* which he suggests for their removal, are even substantially true or adequate.

To take the last first. His main remedy, I gather from a perusal of the bulky volume in which he has collected together a mass of undeniably useful and striking information, would appear to be—an increase in the amount of Government employment given to natives of India! And he seems to consider that the *main* cause of India's growing poverty is the undoubtedly large sum drawn from its revenues and spent outside the country in various ways. Now while not for a moment overlooking this factor or minimising the importance of reducing it as much as possible, it certainly appears to me to be one of the most minor causes at work, while the remedy he suggests is as inadequate as it is possible to be, even if it be not positively harmful.

For what are the facts? Any such changes as Mr. Naoroji advocates, even granting to the full all that he asserts, would amount merely to a saving, and would result only in the spending *in* India of money now spent elsewhere; *but they would not add one single rupee to the wealth of the country*. And this is the *real* problem, the true root of the difficulty. How shall India grow in wealth so as to be able to support in even tolerable comfort her ever-growing population? By a process of saving and hoarding? All experience goes to prove the uselessness and ridiculous inadequacy of such a method. Indeed, to-day there are enormous, almost incredible, amounts of wealth stored up and hoarded all over India. But they *are* hoarded, not allowed to circulate, not applied to *productive* purposes, and hence remain unfertile and barren, practically useless, like huge reservoirs of water which is *not* used to irrigate and fertilise the soil.

Moreover, simply to open wider the door of Government service and State employment would, it seems to me, tend if anything to en-

courage and strengthen the already most regrettably dominant tendency of the best intelligence, capacity and culture of India to seek its outlet in those already overcrowded professions which are essentially non-productive, nay in a sense parasitic, in that those who live by them add little or nothing to the wealth of the nation, but draw their sustenance from the wealth produced by others—the Law, Government service, Medicine, and so on. Not that these professions are not most honourable and useful, vitally necessary for the welfare of the nation, but they are essentially unproductive, and it is only by increased *production* of wealth that India's poverty can be remedied.

At the present moment, there is much the same feeling permeating the upper and more intelligent classes in India as prevailed in England about the beginning of last century. The idea is dominant that only certain professions, the Law, Medicine, Government service, the Army, the Navy, and the like, are fitting careers for a "gentleman," and hence a very, very large proportion of the brains and life of India tends to seek entry into them. But in England that notion has long been exploded in practice, and every year demonstrates more and more its utter futility and falseness. Hence, if India's poverty is to be cured, her thinking, her able, her active sons must learn this same lesson and turn their brains and powers to *productive* work.

Therefore, I cannot imagine any true lover of India advocating remedies for her present poverty, which could only tend to aggravate and intensify the very causes which now make and keep her poor. For India is not *naturally* poor. Her resources and capabilities are immense; her labour-force, that real producer of *all* wealth, is enormous, her people are sober and industrious. But they have none or but very few of their own kith and kin to lead and direct them, to develope and open up the resources of their country, to start and develope new industries, and so turn this vast potential labour capacity into concrete wealth, into food and means of livelihood. And this seems to me to be one of the really *vital* causes of India's poverty, and a far more potent one than all those on which Mr. Naoroji dwells at such length. My own conviction is profound that not till Hindus learn to control and guide labour, to manage and utilise the great forces of modern industry, to make themselves capable and efficient officers, lieutenants, captains, generals in the great army of labour, will they be ready and able to govern and rule their native land. And when they have done so, its rule will be theirs already by decree of nature, by the working of inevitable forces, needing no formal legisla-

tion, no action of any Government, for the essentials of power will be already in their hands.

But apart from this, there is much that I sympathise with in Mr. Naoroji's book; and though I cannot but regret that he has, as it seems to me, trailed the proverbial red herring across the track and so led the mind of India away from what is really vital, yet as a lover of India I must record my sincere gratitude for his earnestness and devotion as well as express the thanks that are due to him for his able work and endeavours to obtain justice for India on many a point where it has been dealt out to her with but scanty measure.

X.

## The God of Modern Philosophers

Typical Modern Conceptions of God; or the Absolute of German Romantic Idealism and of English Evolutionary Agnosticism, with a Constructive Essay. By Joseph Alexander Leighton, Professor of Philosophy in Hobart College. (London: Longmans, Green and Co. Price 3*s.* 6*d.* net.)

This little book, a small 8vo of some 200 pp., forms one of the best and most interesting contributions of its size and scope to the literature of Modern Philosophy which has seen the light for a good many years. It is most clearly and lucidly written and equally well thought out, while the author, by avoiding needless technicalities of language and by expressing himself simply and clearly, has brought the very important philosophical standpoints with which he deals well within the power of any well-educated person to appreciate. It is not often that in modern English work on these subjects one finds so intelligible a treatment, or so careful and successful an effort to think lucidly and express the conclusions arrived at in language which the non-specialist can understand. And I am the more disposed to welcome such a treatment of the subject, because it seems to me that the greatest, the most pressing need of English thought to-day is a real active re-awakening of interest in the actual, and not merely in the academic problems of philosophy. We have indeed enough and more than enough of what Schopenhauer so bitterly satirised as the work of *Brod-philosophen*, in other words of non-vital, academic, classroom philosophising; but Mr. Leighton's book awakens a hope that the coming generation may produce some men who will take to philosophising in earnest, and apply their powers to the task of pro-

ducing a philosophy which shall be both adequate to the needs of the scientist and the social thinker, as well as to the most stringent requirements of an awakened metaphysical insight. And though Mr. Leighton's present book is in the main expository and critical, yet there is a straightforwardness of treatment and a clear, frank facing of the problems which have really to be dealt with, that is exceedingly refreshing and encouraging.

The first three chapters deal in a very interesting and lucid manner with the fundamental conceptions in regard to God as the Absolute of Philosophy, which so permeated and determined the philosophising of three of those great thinkers whom Germany produced in the Augustan age of her philosophical period: Fichte, Hegel and Schleiermacher. The fourth chapter treats in like manner of Mr. Herbert Spencer, as representing that English evolutionary Agnosticism which has been so predominant during the last half of the century from which we have just emerged.

A quotation from Mr. Leighton's Introduction will best serve to strike the keynote of his treatment of these several standpoints. Speaking of the characteristics which mark the Absolute as viewed by these four men, he says: "So we have four Absolutes—that of Will, finding its completion in the intuition of perfect attainment (Fichte); that of Reason, comprehending itself as the eternal process of the world and finding that all is good (Hegel); that of Feeling, which apprehends the unity of things in a single and immediate act of consciousness (Schleiermacher); and finally that of Blind Energy, which seems in a cross-section of time and as viewed by the average spectator, to have a definite direction, but which in reality has neither whence nor whither, and no other goal than the meaningless eternal oscillation between states of motion and states of rest (Herbert Spencer)."

In noticing this book one is sorely tempted to dwell at length upon the many interesting points which emerge in Mr. Leighton's excellent treatment of these four thinkers. But to do so would make it impossible to devote any space to the author's contributions, or rather suggestions, towards a further genuine and really vital development of philosophical thinking. And any attempts in that direction are so much more important at the present time than expositions, however clear and helpful, of the standpoints of past workers, that I must content myself with most warmly recommending these four chapters to the careful study of all who take an interest in philosophy, with the assurance that they will find themselves amply repaid. And

this applies more especially to those whom want of time or other causes have prevented from familiarising themselves with the thinkers in question at first hand or even in the more extended treatment which has been devoted to them by other authors. Indeed, one may almost say that a careful study of Mr. Leighton's chapters will prove an invaluable assistance to anyone who is desirous of at least knowing in general outline what contributions these four thinkers have made towards the elucidation of the fundamental problems of philosophy.

The fifth and concluding chapter of the book contains the author's contributions, or rather suggestions, towards a constructive philosophy of experience, and to these we must now turn our attention. Mr. Leighton opens with the exceedingly important remark that philosophical construction must begin with the fact of conscious experience in general and proceed by a consideration of its implications—"experience" being the total product of the activity of consciousness, and "consciousness" being a name for the self-revealing light of experience. This is obviously, as a matter of course, the ultimate datum behind which *we* cannot penetrate, except by means of reflection on experience itself. The first point he brings out is that *all* experience is the experience of *individuals ;* and the second is that "my" experience is part of a social and historical organisation of experience in which other selves have membership. Practically, this amounts to a new and very fertile recognition of the status and significance of the *individual as such* in systematic philosophising, and is of the greatest importance. Indeed, I am inclined to think that we have here the germ of what will grow into the most important *positive* advance which western philosophy has ever made, and that it will prove the starting-point of a new philosophical departure. Our author then brings out the significant fact that *a unity and continuity of experience* exists, as somehow holding together, and hence is led to infer that experience as we know it, since it is *individual* essentially, but also social, historical, unitary, and continuous, must therefore *imply* an *absolute unity and continuity of experience*, in and by which it is supported. Starting from this basis, our author is led by further analysis and consideration, which it would take too long to summarise, to the conclusion, that the structure of experience as we know it implies an Absolute in the form of the Absolute Individual—or as we might put it a Logos. There is a great deal that is extremely suggestive in his treatment, and many vital and important points are brought out with quite exceptional clearness and pertinency; but space forbid our

entering into detail, beyond adding that he comes to the conclusion that the Absolute must be *self-conscious* as well as absolutely Individual. But, of course, in a treatment which is merely suggestive, and as I understand only preliminary to a fuller exposition, many of the problems involved are but lightly touched upon. Some of these, as well as the author's general affiliations, are very well brought out in a letter from an old friend with whom I have had some correspondence about this book. As it may be of interest to some of our readers I shall quote this letter, remarking only that the writer is himself a very close student of philosophy and no mean thinker in point of original power and insight in the field of metaphysic. He writes:

"The Absolute of the author is essentially that of the group of thinkers who constitute, or are allied to, the Hegelian Right. It is a theism which finds the One or Ultimate Reality in a self-intuiting Individual Intelligence upholding and interpenetrating all finite individuals, the *concrete identity* of all possible differences, the *Idea*, in short, of Hegel. This Absolute, as the harmony of all possible experiences, is spiritual; time and space are forms of the experience of finite spirits or selves; forms in ultimate ground illusory, being resolved in the One Reality, *i.e.*, the completed unitary whole of experience. All 'appearance,' of course, belongs (and must belong) to this Absolute—you cannot ostracise any given phase of experience from the Whole—but 'appearances' are in greater or less degree real according as they stand in a more or less complete context. The author has not read Mr. Bradley's *Appearance and Reality* for nothing, and his last chapter reveals many sympathies with that acute thinker.

"Incidentally he touches on the problem of the standing of those appearances classed as 'evil'—all alike, of course, necessarily manifestations of the Absolute—but offers no solution of moment. The problem is much wider and more difficult than he seems to realise; but, in so far as concerns this objection, it may unhesitatingly be stated that no system whatever which has been submitted to public criticism has even approximately solved—or, perhaps, even faced—this wider problem. It is of no use to say that 'what is in man an evil impulse, becomes transformed into an element in the good will which has membership in the absolute system of wills. In so doing it loses its evil character' (p. 183). If 'evil' could be viewed as limited merely to doings in the domain of conduct, our task would indeed be enormously facilitated. But the restriction is grotesque.

'Evil' embraces the entire system of pain and obstruction, and the world presents us here with a truly tremendous riddle; a riddle, by the way, which remains essentially the same, whatever theory of the process of soul-evolution is adopted.

"Is the Absolute happy? Readers of Bradley's book will recall the interesting conclusion that, while there is *probably* a surplus of happiness over pain in the Absolute, there is no *certitude* that this surplus obtains at all. In other words, for all that rational metaphysics can say, the Absolute may include more pain than happiness in its all-embracing unity. I mention this merely to suggest that it is not enough to rejoice over a 'timeless living' Absolute. Pessimism of the idealistic type rests equally on the same bed-rock. More to the point (if obtainable) would be experience of the profounder depths of conscious life, from which some sort of guiding inference might possibly be drawn. But what, after all, is the utmost which the most advanced mystic may attain as compared with the depths which he has to leave unplumbed?

"The author alludes to the question (also put by Bradley) as to whether the content of the Absolute contains elements *which are not individuals;* something answering in a way to the Nature or Matter of the ordinary man, or the 'Hyle' of the imperfectly developed idealists who formed the Platonic School. This very difficult issue cannot now be discussed at length, but it deserves note. Of course the 'individuals' in question may stand for hosts untold, both above and below the human and animal levels. But do they wholly exhaust the content of the Absolute? Could we run a metaphysic solely on the basis of centres of consciousness, actual or possible? Here lies a useful discussion which has often tasked the paladin of Western philosophy, and which may still be considered unsolved. Of course the popular and scientific ideas of 'matter,' 'law,' 'force,' etc., belong to low—nay, very uncritical and 'untrue'—categories of thinking, but their dismissal as useless for metaphysic by no means decides the issue in favour of the 'individuals' above referred to."

We shall look forward with considerable eagerness to the larger constructive work or works in which Mr. Leighton proposes to devote adequate space and attention to the full discussion of these and many other most interesting points upon which he barely touches in the little book under consideration. Meanwhile we welcome most heartily his present contribution to the rational study of modern philosophy.

B. K.

## Esoteric Hinduism and "The Secret Doctrine"

A Study of the Bhâgavata Purâṇa, or Esoteric Hinduism. By Purnendu Narayan Sinha, M.A., B.L. (Benares; 1901.)

This volume of nearly 450 very large octave pages from the pen of one of our most earnest colleagues in India, is devoted to an attempt to understand and explain the esotericism of *The Bhâgavata Purâṇa* in the light of *The Secret Doctrine*, and with the help of clues gathered from an extensive acquaintance with Theosophical literature.

Now *The Bhâgavata* is almost unquestionably the most popular and widely current of the Purâṇas in India to-day, and is specially held in the highest esteem by the Vaishnavas of all parts. Moreover it was regarded as in a high degree an authoritative scripture by such great and truly spiritual teachers as Chaitanya. Hence such an attempt as the present was well worth making, and even a small measure of success would amply justify the effort. But 'on the whole I incline to think that the author has succeeded beyond what might have been anticipated, at any rate in throwing much suggestive light upon so difficult a work.

Personally, I feel myself to be wholly incompetent to enter upon any detailed consideration of its contents in a way which could possibly be useful to our readers. That is a task which I sincerely hope may be undertaken hereafter in these pages by some one whose inner knowledge and illuminated vision give them the means of really judging of the value of our devoted brother's contribution towards bringing to light the deeper esotericism of this scripture. Here I must content myself with simply thanking him for his work, and expressing the hope that his book will find many readers, especially in India, who will derive from it that help and stimulus towards understanding and entering upon the inner life, which I am sure it is the author's greatest desire that they should find in it.

B. K.

## Magazines and Pamphlets

*Theosophist*, February. In "Old Diary Leaves" the Colonel tells us of his journey to Burma, collecting for the Mahâ Bodhi Society. In this instalment we have his visit to Calcutta, where in the Museum he found an image of Durgâ skilfully "adapted" for Buddhist use by carving a small figure of Buddha in her royal tiara. Thence he, with Dharmapala, moved on to Darjiling to meet the Ambassador of

the Dalai Lama of Lhassa. They duly met and exchanged presents, and many kind words. On his return to Calcutta the Colonel did his best in a public lecture to allay the not unnatural apprehension the Hindus there felt that the Society was to be used as a Buddhist propaganda —an apprehension which it is to be hoped Mrs. Besant has now set at rest for ever. His claim is that all the denunciations of the Hindu sacred books refer, not to the Buddhists at all, but to the Jaina ascetics, with whom the orthodox Hindu priests were at bitter war long before Buddha's time. Mr. Fullerton concluded his study of "The Heaven of Theosophy." His reply to the argument as to the "illusion" of Devachan boldly takes the bull by the horns. He lays down, first, that a large part of the happiness of men *in earth life* is of necessity illusory; and second, that the happiness of Devachan *cannot be otherwise* than illusory. W. A. Mayers discusses "Jesus, called the Christ." W. A. Krishnamachariar gives a brief but thoughtful and well expressed view of "Karma and the Forgiveness of Sins." The other articles are "Magnetic Massage and Mental Science," by J. H. Taylor; "Will," by R. F. Sibbold; "Pythagoras," by M. Scholl; and "The Symbolism of Hindu Caste Marks," by Kalki Dass. An extract from a speech of Sir Lepel Griffin is too good to be missed. He says: "The Hindu creed is a monotheistic creed, and a creed of a very high ethical value; and when I look back upon my life in India, and the thousands of good friends I have left there amongst all classes of the native community, when I remember those honourable, industrious, orderly, law-abiding, sober, manly men, I look over England, and wonder whether there is anything in Christianity which could give a higher ethical creed than that which is now professed by the very large majority of the people of India. I do not see it in London society; I do not see it in the slums of the East End; and I do not see it on the London Stock Exchange. I think the morality of India compares very favourably with the morality of any country in Western Europe."

*Prasnottara*, December, January, and February. In these numbers we have, besides the perennial "Kṛishṇa and the Gopîs," a continuation of the paper "Can Justice and Mercy be Reconciled"; a second series of "Stray Thoughts on the Bhagvad Gîtâ"; "The Status of the Kshattriya"; and other short papers, ending with the continuation of the translation of the Kaṭhopaniṣhad.

*Central Hindu College Magazine*, February, gives a very melancholy account of Mrs. Besant's health, which seems to have been completely

broken down by her exertions at the Convention. "It is hoped," we are told, "that if she can be kept from work and allow herself complete rest for even a couple of weeks, she may be able to resume activity thereafter with safety." But the hope of her allowing herself a fortnight's complete rest is evidently a faint one. The literary contents are some pleasant stories and the continuation of the life of Guru Nânak.

*Theosophic Gleaner*, February. Here N. D. K. vigorously defends his position as to the uselessness of paid devotions for the dead. But surely his definition of a Mantra will not commend itself to Indian thinkers. He says: "The first essential of a Mantra is that it should suit the occasion, that it be fully understood by the reciter, and the sense contained therein should appeal to the heart of the reciter." But all this is a Protestant mode of thought, very far from religious orthodoxy. Some reprints and more of Shrî Kṛishṇa complete the number.

*Brahmavâdin*, December, continues its notes of the very important Gifford Lectures of Professor James. An interesting lecture by Vivekananda on the Science of Râja Yoga is concluded. He says the work is two-fold; first to gain control over the unconscious actions of the body—this is absolutely necessary for our social well-being; then to free the soul; and this leads to liberation.

Also from India, *Siddhanta Deepika; Awakener of India; The Ârya;* and *Indian Review.*

*The Vâhan* for March announces the formation of a Federation of London Branches after the model of the very successful Federation of the Northern Lodges. "The Enquirer" continues the discussion of how to reconcile the statement that a Muni "neither loves nor hates," with the ordinary view of our human duties; A. A. W. gives a long answer to the somewhat amusing query why the astral drunkard cannot get drunk on astral whisky; and the long and much-missed initials C. W. L. are attached to answers to six questions bearing upon work during sleep upon the astral plane.

*Revue Théosophique Française*, February, opens with Mrs. Besant's "The Christ, Historical, Mythical, and Mystic." Then we have the conclusion of L. Revel's important article on "The Mechanism of Thought," and a portion of Leadbeater's "Peru."

*Theosophia* for March gives H. P. B.'s paper on the Holmes' Controversy, Mrs. Besant's *Path of Discipleship*, C. W. L.'s "Ancient Peru," and Sinnett's "The System to which we Belong." An

autobiographical sketch entitled "A Human Soul in 1893," is begun.

In *Théosophie*, March, A. S. discourses upon Orpheus, and concludes that "The Theosophical Society is, so to speak, the reincarnation of the School of Pythagoras"; a kinship we are not inclined to disclaim.

*Teosofia* comes out in enlarged form and with a new cover in right of its dignity as the official organ of the new Italian Section; long may it flourish! We have the account of the first Convention, with Mr. Leadbeater's lecture on the Mission of the Theosophical Society. Sra. Calvari furnishes a study of "Transmigration, Metempsychosis and Reincarnation," whilst XXX. discusses "Dilettantism and Technicality," with special reference to Maeterlinck.

*Teosofisk Tidskrift.* In connection with this magazine we have pleasure in publishing the following communication:

"The T. T. has from January become a real *Scandinavian* Theosophical magazine, being printed half in Swedish and the other half in Norwegian or Danish. At the same time the Norwegian-Danish magazine *Balder* ceases to appear, and its editor, Mr. Richard Eriksen has taken over the editorship of *Teosofisk Tidskrift*, which is now issued in Christiana. Editor for the Swedish text is Dr. Emil Zander, Stockholm. The January and February numbers contain 'Theosophy in the Teachings of Tolstoï,' by Pekka Ervast; translations from Mrs. Besant's *Thought Power;* 'No Religion Higher than Truth,' by A. Fullerton; and a short article entitled 'Theosophy,' by R. E. It is hoped that the new arrangement will make the magazine a real bond of union between the Scandinavian Theosophists."

*Theosophy in Australasia*, January. The Section accounts for the year show that the attempt to raise the subscription for unattached members to £1 has not been an unmixed success; as, though twenty-six have joined Branches, thirty-one have dropped away altogether. Looked at from the unattached member's point of view, it can hardly be wondered at; it's human nature. In a paper entitled "Is there a National Soul," Mr. H. A. Wilson presses the view that National Karma is something distinct from, and more than, the mere aggregate of the Karmas of the separate individuals. It is a view which has much to commend it, though it is not yet (I believe) accepted as part of "Theosophic Orthodoxy." "Behind that Veil," and "What of the Harvest," are pleasant short studies.

*New Zealand Theosophical Magazine*, February, well keeps up its

character as an entertaining monthly. Its more serious matter is furnished by H. Horne, "The Story of The Cross," and "How can we work for Theosophy" by M. Judson.

*Theosophic Messenger*, February, quotes an interesting admission of modern science. At the Convention at the University of Chicago, Dr. Loeb declared that "The energy of food-stuffs and the motions of the heart are not, after all, due to the production of heat, but to the chemical energy in electrically charged molecules. A part of the chemical energy of food-stuffs is changed into electric energy which moves the body." Didn't we tell you so?

*Theosofisch Maandblad*, February, gives an account of the first year's progress of the Semarang Lodge; and the other papers keep up the high level the earlier numbers of this new but very promising magazine have attained.

We have from Rome a new Review started by one of the members of our Society, Dr. Arnaldo Cervesato, under the title *La Nuova Parola*, dedicated "To the New Ideals in Art, in Science, and in Life." To this number the Editor contributes a long and important article on the "Characteristics of our Age." Perhaps our readers will be more interested if, instead of criticising this, I retranslate from the Italian a few lines attributed to "G. R. Mead." He says to the Editor "I am glad to see that you are undertaking in Italy to help in the reawakening of Idealism. There are in truth, as you say, evident signs of a movement in this direction; and the new Century undoubtedly promises to us a sounder science, a more satisfactory philosophy and a deeper and more convincing system of religion. Till now we have attempted to resolve the problems of existence along lines purely material and utilitarian, but in this we have unquestionably failed. Nevertheless, in the attempt, we have raised to a high pitch of perfection our faculties of observation and of accurate description; and it is fairly to be hoped that when the human mind is ready once more to plunge itself into the mysterious depths of its inner nature and to study the Ideal, it will be able to give a better account of itself than ever before in the course of its past history." We wish Dr. Cervesato abundant success in his enterprise.

Also received: *Modern Astrology; Theosophischev Wegweiser; Rosa Alchemica; Notes and Queries; Mind; The Humanitarian; Light; Coming Events; The Logos Magazine; The Exodus; Agreement; Review of Reviews; Light of Reason; A Dream of Realms Beyond Us; Little Journeys to the Homes of Eminent Artists*, 1. Raphael; 2. Leonardo. A.

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THE

# THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW

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## ON THE WATCH-TOWER

MR. W. H. MALLOCK has an interesting article in the April number of *The Nineteenth Century*, entitled "The Latest Shipwreck of Metaphysics"; in it he ably criticises two recent books on metaphysical subjects, *Naturalism and Agnosticism*, by Mr. Ward, Professor of Moral Philosophy at Cambridge, and *Psychology and Life*, by Mr. Munsterberg, Professor of Psychology at Harvard, books which have attracted wide attention, especially the former. Mr. Mallock is a destructive critic, his aim being to show that "the new metaphysics, in so far as it is really metaphysical, is no less a system of elaborate self-delusion than the old." His conclusion of the whole matter is as follows:

The Insufficiency of Metaphysics

> We have before us two orders of facts—those which science shows us to be absolutely necessary and determined, and those which the practical reason insists on attributing to some free agency. Further, these two sets of facts empirically meet and co-exist in human life. How can the meeting and co-existence of these contradictions be explained? Science attempts to explain it by treating one set as an illusion. Idealism seeks to explain it by treating the other set as an abstraction. Apart from the ultimate origin

of the facts, which can be explained by neither philosophy, science does explain the only set which it admits to be real. Idealism, in endeavouring to reconcile the two, explains neither. It assumes the one, and loses all hold of the other.

How, then, is the synthesis of the free and the necessary to be accomplished? The only true answer to this question is that it cannot be accomplished at all in any manner which the human intellect can comprehend; and that when philosophers like Mr. Ward attempt to bind the two together, they might as well try to bind together with a postage stamp two masses of wall which are falling in opposite directions. But what philosophers cannot do to the satisfaction of the intellect, the mass of mankind does in obedience to the instinctive practical reason. It unites the free and the necessary in a synthesis, the truth of which it attests from generation to generation by its love, by its blood, by its tears, by its joys, by its sorrows, by its progress. The great truth which philosophers must learn is this—that the synthesis is one which can never be intellectually justified by analysis. In other words, life in its totality is incomprehensible. The method which explains one part, leaves another part unexplained. Philosophy is a coat which we can button over our stomachs only by leaving a broken seam at our backs. We can know something, or much, of many portions of existence; but by no intellectual device can we fit the portions together. Our intellect may be compared to a locomotive on a pair of rails, which for a certain distance each way run parallel, and on which the locomotive can travel; but which in either direction, when a certain point is passed, begin to diverge like two sides of a triangle, stretching away to some infinitely distant base, and on which the wheels of the engine cannot travel any longer. Let us take as our guide any method of philosophy we like—materialistic, idealistic, theistic, deistic, pantheistic—our experience will be the same. We shall be brought into a region not only of unknowable things, but of contradictory thoughts and principles. Let Œdipus go out of any one of the seven gates of Thebes, and the same Sphinx will be there, staggering him with the same riddle;—not all the Mr. Wards or Mr. Munsterbergs in the world would be able to give him a hint of how the riddle is to be solved.

* * *

Neti, Neti!

INDEED the whole of Mr. Mallock's article is of interest to those who have been charmed, and rightly charmed, by the brilliant onslaught on Naturalism made by the Professor of Moral Philosophy at Cambridge; but the most important point is the one brought out by the critic in *The Nineteenth Century* in his concluding words when he writes: "Let us take as our guide any method or philosophy we like . . . . our experience will be the same. We shall be brought into a region not only of unknowable things, but of contradictory

thoughts and principles." This is what we have been pointing out for years; and is precisely that desirable plastic frame of mind to which a comparative study of religion, philosophy and science must inevitably bring a man. But, praise Wisdom, there *is* a *quartum quid*—a name-invention as impertinent doubtless as the "fourth dimension," but a concept as inevitable—a Turîya State transcending intellect, as Mr. Mallock perceives, a perpetual state of virginity, yet common to all. What this is, in terms of intellect, can never be said. It is *not* this system; *not* that creed. "*Neti, Neti;* not this, not this," as the old sages of India, and long before them their forebears in wisdom declared. And the solution of the riddle? That we have referred to in an article in the present number on "The Personal Equation." The man who solves the Riddle of the Sphinx has no right to deprive another soul of the joy of solving that riddle for himself, no matter whether that other soul may take a Kalpa over the solution. No right, we say? Nay, rather no power; for though the Riddle of the Sphinx is One, it is different for every single soul of man. Therefore beware of a man with a system or a method, if he professes to solve *your* riddle; he may solve his own truly, but *you* must devise *your own* system and method.

* * *

The Brain a Battery

THEOSOPHICAL writers have so frequently insisted upon the fact that the molecular activity of the brain is of a distinctly electrical nature, that the following paragraph from the *Globe* of March 19th will be welcomed as a sign that this contention is now on the high road to recognition as an acquired fact of experimental science. In brief, the brain is an immensely powerful natural battery, and the same may be said of every other great ganglionic centre in the animal organism. The paragraph runs as follows:

A series of very interesting experiments have recently been carried out in America by Mr. A. Frederick Collins, with a view to investigating the effect of electrical storms or atmospheric disturbances on the brains of animals and human beings. The apparatus employed consisted of a simple wireless telegraphic outfit, in which the brain of the subject was substituted for the well-known coherer. In the course of his investigations (states the *Electrician*) Mr. Collins discovered that the substance of the brain, both animal and human, living or dead, exhibited similar properties to the

metallic particles in an ordinary coherer, the effects of altered resistance being distinctly audible in a telephone receiver connected in the receiving circuit.

* * *

Reincarnation in a Sporting Paper

THERE is a startling removal of the old land-marks in our present feverish civilisation, and we find new buildings of a quite unexpectedly respectable nature rising on the sites of ancient slums. Who, for instance, would turn to a sporting sheet for a carefully considered exposition of the doctrine of reincarnation? And yet this apparent impossibility is an accomplished fact of modern journalism. We have of late had several instances of a daily paper being handed over for a week to the editorial supervision of a popular preacher, but the exposition of the doctrine of rebirth and allied themes in the pages of a professedly sporting weekly is an even more startling phenomenon. The pulpit is fast being supplanted by the press, and progressive theology is being left to popular novelists! We should like to see it otherwise, but "the wind bloweth where it listeth," and if the professed theologian will persist in keeping every door and window hermetically closed, he must not be surprised if he perishes of asphyxiation. In the *Referee* of February 2nd appeared the following interesting article, signed by "Merlin," and under the title: "The Mystery of Life: the Doctrine of Reincarnation."

* * *

A Dying Doctrine

IF in the whole trend of modern serious thought there is one effort more apparent than another it is that which so strenuously presses forward towards a solution of the problem of man's presence here on earth, his *raison d'être*, his true association with his surroundings, his relations to the past and to the future. In a word, the tendency is towards the revision of old forms of theology and the establishment of some new scheme of reconciliation with things as we partly know and partly hope them to be. Even so far, this effort has met with considerable success of a sort. It may not yet have begun to offer to mankind a settled conclusion as to the puzzles which afflict us, but it has at least in some degree humbled the professional theologian, who, outside the citadel of one great orthodox creed, dares no longer proclaim with the ancient aspect of certainty many doctrines which are still included in the authorised teachings of the Churches. To take the most striking of all ex-

amples, the old belief in the eternity of punishment is practically abandoned. The late Mr. Spurgeon, formally and solemnly, and with an apparently complete sense of its awesomeness, revived the horrible superstition of Calvin as to the presence of "babes, a span long, in hell." But the proclamation of that dreadful belief had no influence upon the alert modern mind. Its effect was confined to the vulgarest intelligences, and the cloud of blackness it was meant to conjure from the dark ages of thought was scattered into nothing for the overwhelming majority of nineteenth-century Englishmen.

There were ages upon ages in which the worst form of impiety lay in the attempt to understand the purposes of God. They were not to be questioned or inquired into, but were to be devoutly accepted, as they were affirmed to be by any given body of teachers who held local rule. This is so far changed that no higher intellectual duty is now recognised than is involved in the fight against pretended authority in such matters. The doctrine of mental freedom is vindicated. Bigotry is not dead, but its fangs are drawn. Superstition is not yet eradicated from the minds of men, but we are licensed to make escape from it without incurring social pains and penalties. Opinions go free of the old toll of axe, and stake, and thumbscrew, and even of the modified troubles of imprisonment and fine. It has come to be seen that the devoutest of minds are not necessarily those which unquestionably accept the teaching of authority, but those which bend themselves seriously and fearlessly to the search for truth wherever it may be.

* * *

PERHAPS the least explicable of human beliefs is that which, whilst proclaiming the inherent goodness and justice of the Deity, contrived to reconcile this conception with that of predestination. Nothing more clamorously inconsistent within itself could be devised. A Being all-powerful, all-wise, all-good, creates certain other beings with the full knowledge that he is sending a majority of them to unescapable and cureless ruin—not merely to penal servitude throughout a brief and troublous and degraded life on earth, but to burn in unquenchable fires for ever and ever and ever. The mere logical impossibility of the thing is clamant to the deafest ears which are not crammed with the theological wad, and it was yet a crime, of deepest dye to doubt the patent nonsense for many generations. Either the attributes are false, or the actions attributed to their possessor are the most unnameable libels. If God is good, predestination is a lie. If predestination were a truth, God would be a demon. So, through the ages men, awed and coerced by authority as they were, painfully came to see, and in these days the candid thinker has no fear and no triumph when he offers the belated exponent of this extraordinary creed his choice of the horns of the dilemma. Nothing could more completely illustrate the comparative emancipation of the mind than the fact that such a proclamation as the foregoing can now be made in peace and safety. It makes no pre-

A Question of Logic

tence to novelty, for it is one of the main points round which the war of thought has raged for generations. But the man who first conceived the idea of rebellion against that special dogma was beset with fear and trembling, and the man who first spoke his belief aloud took his life in his hand, and was believed by many to be eternally undone.

* * *

The Source of Evil

We can never have done with the man-made God, because we cannot get outside our own limitations, and it does not seem unnatural to believe that the Deity is much beyond our highest conceptions, however we may soar. There is no logical reason why we should accept a monotheistic creed as against the old Persian belief in rival and equal influences of good and evil, but faith is not a birth of logic, and its forms are geographically defined. You may draw a map of creeds as easily as a map of nations. But the general consensus of the highest minds and of the most cosmopolitan culture is in favour of monotheism; and what these are now striving to effect is a reconciliation of the fact that good and evil proceed apparently from the same source with the belief that the source itself is untainted by any evil. And here it is worth while to note that one reason for the monotheism of our most civilised nations is the degraded state to which we have reduced God's great antagonist, as credited by the creeds of the East. Luther throws an ink-bottle at him. St. Dunstan takes him by the nose with a pair of red-hot pincers. In a modern novel which has found a million of readers, he lives in a London hotel, and takes perfumed baths with a probable, though not expressed, desire to drown the smell of sulphur. Even in the pages of Goethe he is the poorest kind of village conjuror, frightening students with squibs and crackers. Is this the Deity's protagonist? The worthy foe of that eternal Source of good whose "spangled heavens, a shining frame, their great Original proclaim"? Well, barely.

But the idea of Deity—and of one Deity—is rooted. The school of materialists, who seemed at one time as if they were going to swamp us all by mere force of an authority as little tolerable as that of their elders, the theologians, has closed in blank fiasco. Their pretence of having explored the universe was reduced to the fact that they had made a more or less intimate acquaintance with certain microscopic atoms of our own microscopic part of it. I said a year or two ago in these columns that, having explored a single cabinet in the universal museum and inventoried its contents, they had arrived at the belief that there were no more apartments to survey and no more cabinets to examine. But the materialists are mostly dead and the best of them have recanted. There is something beyond their ken, and they have learned to know it.

* * *

But if the bones of the theologian strew one side of the battle-field, and

those of the materialist are whitening the other, is there any dawning creed which reveals any kind of rest for Investigation's weary wing, any halting-place in the great void of search and doubt? Let us notice for a moment what the doctrine of reincarnation specifically and by implication teaches, and let us ask if there is a possible answer to our question presented in it. You see that, first of all, it is necessary to our peace that we should—in the Miltonic phrase—"justify the ways of God to man." We have to reconcile a mass of apparent injustice and inequality of chance with a final sense of justice. I propose to deal with the old Eastern explanation of facts by a blending of modern Western science. The mystery of the origin of life is as yet insoluble. The theory of spontaneous generation exploded in the laboratory bottles of many chemists thirty years ago. At our best we arrive at a "protoplasm" already inspired with the mysterious and inexplicable quality of life. According to those who, by scientific enquiry, are best qualified to judge, we reach all forms of life from this small avenue. Mollusc, fish, bird, quadruped, biped succeed each other, with infinite differentiation between. Man is accomplished, and results in Plato and Verulam, in Shakespeare and Homer, in the intellect which withstands and returns the shocks of pure thought and the intellect which withstands and returns the shocks of thought and emotion in alloy. Man has achieved his obvious utmost, in whatever unknown fields he may shine hereafter.

Fusion of Old and New.

This is where the Eastern idea, grafted on the Western knowledge, grows to be so powerful. Out of the slime to Homer and Shakespeare! You imagine an infinite progression, from protoplasmic slime to highest-thinking and noblest-striving man. No form of leaf or flower or root, or blade of grass, or worm, or insect escapes this all-embracing chain of evolution. These living entities, you and I, have passed through these experiences. It may be there is nothing we have not been. There may be no experience divorced from our intelligence. We are men to-day because we are qualified to be men by events which have happened in generations distant by millions of years from our recognised beginnings. The hog is a hog and the ox an ox, because he has so far achieved a less lofty development than our own. The mosquito is promoted to be a house-fly; the house-fly gains experiences which qualify him to be a honey-maker. The best of bees is a jewelled honey sucker in his next estate. The gorilla, who in his time has learned wisdom, may become a Bosjesman, the Bosjesman a Boer, and the Boer may be reborn a Parisian, even though he go to the Quartier St. Antoine. And in every one of the myriad divisions if the creature behave himself in accord with the laws of his species he shall be promoted with a rapidity or a slowness proportioned to his deserts.

* * *

His deserts? Here lies the problem after all. But the Eastern presentation of it has reduced its doubts to a minimum, whilst our theologies make

"The Larger Hope"

a maximum of them. The Universalists, who insist that everybody shall be saved, have a creed which in its way is just as inexorable as that of the damnatory Calvinists, but on every ground of sense and justice a million times more likely to be true. Whatever experiences you may pass through, you have just *got* to be saved, and there is an end of it. However evil your experiences and instincts may be, there is no escape for you from the invincible mercy of God. It is an ignorant return to the old cosmogony, to which every departure from one estate to another was like a plunge from a spring-board in a new race for life. The suicide's tumble, the flop of the drunkard into eternity, imply a necessary disability in the first instant in which the power to sustain oneself in the waters of a new estate must need be the most essential. The well-found, well-experienced swimmer dives, and, coming up a long way beyond these ineptitudes, lands in the environment prepared for him. And here at least we glimpse at an understanding of the wild spin of free will and fate. If every sentient creature must know all experiences of life, if he pass through all imaginable grades, and from the earliest to the latest exercise an influence upon his own career, if promotion be true to merit all the way, there is a partial solution of our problem found. Not a total solution, for the equality of the power to exert original effort is still unsettled. But deeper down than one can altogether fathom lies a sense of justice, of fair-play. It is in the yearning for that sense that men turn to the old mythologies of transmigration, which may, after all, have the germ of truth in them.

The most puzzling of puzzles, the most bewildering of problems, lie behind all this. They are twofold. The first opens the old question of fate and free will. It is evident that no sentient creature in any scale of existence can have merit unless it have also some form of choice, and it is impossible to conceive a system of reward and punishment, of any sort whatever, as being just unless some degree of responsibility is an integral part of it. The idea of rewarding a mechanism is obviously absurd. The second puzzle, which is practically just as unsoluble as the first, lies in the conservation of the Ego, the individual conscious mind. If I have been ooze and mollusc, fish and bird, am I still the creature made of my own experiences?

> "As old mythologies relate
> Some draught of Lethe might await
> The slipping through from state to state."

. . . The glory is before us, the slime and ooze of an old world are behind. The worst man we have to-day in our half-civilised cities is the moral master of the contemporary savage. Our Jack-the-Ripper is our execration, and is yet the equal of the Thug, who had a whole theology behind him. We are saying farewell to theologies, possibly in something too much of a hurry but we are welcoming freedom of thought, which is a handsome substitute for them. The slug of yesterday is the swallow of to-day. May it fly to fairer regions!

# THE CRADLE OF SLAV HERESY*

THE first words ever written in Slavonic characters were: "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God."

They were written by St. Cyril (known "in the world" as Constantin the Philosopher) and his brother Methodius, who, in 862, were chosen by the Emperor and the Patriarch of Byzantium to carry to the Moravians the teachings of Christ.

The princes of Moravia and Pannonia had asked for teachers of the new light; Constantin the Philosopher declared that he could not preach the Gospel if his preaching was unsupported by sacred literature. There was at that time no Slavonic alphabet: St. Cyril composed one; the first characters traced by him represented the words of the sacred text above quoted.†

The translation of religious literature by the two brothers, from 862 till the year 885, created the Slavonic literary language, which became the common treasury of all Slav nations who received the new tidings from Byzantium, *i.e.*, from Greek Catholicism. This was due chiefly to the loving help and sympathy the Greek missions found in Bulgaria. And when, after the death of St. Methodius, persecution from the German priesthood drew St. Cyril's pupils away from the land they had first instructed, almost the whole body migrated to the Bulgarian shore of the Danube, where they were gladly received by the famous Prince Boris.

Bulgaria was then the head of the Slav race.‡ Russia and

* From M. Sokoloff's *Bulgarian Litevature of Old.* See Prof. Vinogradoff's *Book for General Study of the Middle Ages*, vol. ii., chap. xlviii. (Moscow ;1898); also Yagitch, *History of the Serb-Horvatian Literature* (Ancient Period), chap. v. Kazan; 1871.

† The old Slav alphabet has two modes of writing: the *Kyrillitza* and the *Glagslitza*. The latter is by far the more difficult to read.

‡ We call attention to the fact that Bulgaria was the direct heir to the destiny and influence of the Baltic Slavs, whose light failed the Slavonic race. The Bulgarian kingdom failed also; as, in later times, did Bohemia. Modern Russia is the fourth attempt to mould the race for higher destinies.

Poland were, as yet, Pagan. Servia had no political unity; it had only just become a Christian country. Moravia was already overpowered by German influence, and was, soon afterwards, ruined as a nation by the Magyar invasion.

The first Bulgarian priests were Greeks, and the Mass was at first sung in Greek; but the pupils of Methodius, Clement, Horazel, Angelarius, Sabba and Naoum, introduced a Slav literature, and the Slavonic tongue was used in the celebration of Mass. Clement, who with his disciples taught chiefly in South Albania, near the birthplace of St. Cyril, met with much success.

The son of Boris, Prince Simeon, also was well educated and had been brought up at the Court of Byzantium; he was well trained in Greek knowledge, and possessed literary tastes. Simeon collected a large Slav library, helped all literary work, and edited a manual entitled *The Golden Strings*, a collection of precepts chiefly selected from the writings of St. John Chrysostom.

The golden age for Bulgarian literature was during the reign of this Simeon (893-927). It ceased with the weakening of Bulgarian political power under Simeon's son, Peter (927-968), and in 1019 the old contest for dominion with the mighty empire of the East ended by the first victory of the Emperor of Byzantium (Basilius) over the Bulgarian dynasty. Slav literature and the Slav Church retained only a show of independence in the archbishopric of Ohrida (Macedonia). Nevertheless, the strong young race found a way to resurrection. One and a half centuries after what seemed to be a final failure, Bulgaria arose and struggled once more, under the banner of the brothers Peter and Assen (1185). In 1204 the conquest of Constantinople by the Crusaders helped Bulgaria to a new lease of life as a kingdom which flourished for 200 years, only, however, to die under the invasion of Islâm in 1393. Independent religious life came to an end; historical conditions were against Bulgaria.

What, however, was left of its sacred literature to feed the inner life despite the outer pressure of adverse circumstances? The amount of translated works was truly enormous, but the names of most of the translators are unknown. Original works also existed; Clement, the Czar Simeon, and many anonymous writers had given personal impulse to it.

From the very outset of our enquiry into the nature of this literature, a remarkable personality meets us; this is John Exarch of Bulgaria. He was induced to undertake his numerous works by one Dux, a "black monk," who taught him that the first duty of a priest was to be a teacher.

John translated many works of science, philosophy, grammar, and theology; amongst them, John of Damascus *On the True Faith*. He also wrote a great original work, *The Six Days*, on the biblical account of the creation; herein he gives various details and opinions concerning the angels, the cosmos, and man. Among the other works of John is his famous *Word on the Transfiguration of the Lord*. He was the first to use, perhaps to create, many scientific terms which have made the sacred Slav, as well as the modern Russian, so rich in such expressions.

Of the many translations into the literary language of the Slavs was the romance of Barlaam and Josaphat, which is a transcription of the Life of the Buddha, veiled in Christian guise. The translation of this work was a step to that of the now rapidly developing apocryphal literature. By no means all of these apocryphs were considered heretical; on the contrary, many served as themes for sermons delivered in the Church. They spread like fire among the Slavs as well as in Byzantium itself. The apocryphal literature consisted almost entirely of translations; of those touching the Old Testament traditions, the most remarkable are the legends of Adam, Enoch, Melchisedec, Abraham, Moses, Daniel, and Solomon. The Slav *Book of the Holy Mysteries of Enoch* is a peculiar version of the ancient pre-Christian *Book of Enoch*, of which there are only a few fragments in Greek, and a fuller text in Ethiopic. The Slav version tells the story of the travels of Enoch through the seven spheres; it contains original details of cosmography, and also teachings respecting the angels of the elements, and the fall of the angels. In the seventh heaven Enoch is represented as being instructed respecting the creation by the Deity Himself; the account of creative processes differs from that given in Genesis. In this seventh heaven, Enoch writes 366 books which are dictated to him by an angel; these books tell of all that was, is, and will be in Nature, and in the destiny of every man. In all things Enoch

perceives a perfect order and sequence. On returning to earth Enoch teaches his "children," exhorting them to lead a strictly moral life. A sequel to the *Book of Enoch* is the remarkable tale of the birth of Melchisedec from the dead wife of Nyrrhus, Sophonima, a tale unknown from other sources. The Greek originals of *The Revelation of Abraham*, *The Ascension of Moses*, *Solomon and Thitovrass* and of many others are also unknown.

Well-known New Testament apocrypha are the very popular *Proto-Evangel of Jacob*, the *Gospel of Nicodemus*, and the *Gospel of Thomas*; the last named is considered to be heretical, and is seldom met with in MSS. Many of these apocryphal writings contain teaching as to the after-death state; such instructions occur, for instance, in the apocryphal Apocalypse of St. John Chrysostom's, *The Vision of Saint Paul*, *The Pilgrimage of the Virgin in the Places of Torment*,* etc.

We now come to the consideration of the most interesting part of the Slavonic apocryphal writings, those works inspired by the Bogumils, so-called from their first teacher, the Bulgarian priest, Bogumil ("one who is dear to God"). The Bogumils were Christians; but they recognised duality in creation. The manifested universe was the work of the Dæmon (not "devil" as the Russian author puts it) of Darkness (ignorance?) who reigned till the advent of Christ. They held that Christ had an "illusionary" body, that is to say, physical only in appearance. They rejected the institutions of the (outer) Church—sacraments, rites, and hierarchy; and they advocated an extreme asceticism of life. One of their most popular works was entitled *The Vision of Esau;* in this book was described the advent of Christ on earth, clad in His body of illusion. Another highly esteemed work was the *Discussion of the Dæmon and God*, in which the Evil Power is portrayed. There are, however, no existing Bogumil writings in Slav, but the apocryphal works have in them interpolations of Bogumil doctrines or of Bogumil works transcribed by Greek authors; such, for example, are *The Legend of the Crea-*

* This is given in Professor Vihonravoff's *Apocrypha*, vol. ii. It is a MS. of the XIIth century, one of the oldest. A copy of it is now in the Reference Library at the headquarters of the European Section of the Theosophical Society.

*tion of God's Beings on the Tiberian Sea*, of which there are many variants, *The Vision of Baruch*, and *The Conversation of the Three Holy Men*. These chiefly contain cosmological teachings. A Latin translation, however, has reached us of an original in Slav, or, more probably, Bulgarian; it is entitled *Liber Sancti Johannis*, and is undoubtedly Bogumil. It is in the form of an instruction given by the Christ to St. John the Divine, and tells the story of the creation of the cosmos and man, and the coming of Christ to save mankind from the dæmonial power. It contains also a revelation as to the end of the world. The sources whence it is drawn appear to be the apocryphal Apocalypses of St. John, which exist both in Greek and in Slav, the *Book of Enoch* in its Slav translation, and also *The Legends of the Cross* and *The Vision of Esau*.

The Russian authority from whose works the present article is compiled, is of opinion that the famous priest Jeremias, who was thought by some to be a Bogumil, was, though a heretic, opposed to Bogumil doctrines. Nevertheless he spread apocryphal teachings with vigour: some of his prayers against evil beings that bring illness are still in use among Bulgarians, Servs, and Russians. The most important work ascribed to him by the *Index of Books, True and False* (this Index condemns apocryphal works) is *The Word on the Tree of the Cross communicated by the Holy Trinity*. A few details from it may be found interesting. It is a history of the Cross, tracing it from the three branches planted by Moses to sweeten the "bitter waters of Mara"; these were planted in the form of a cross. The tree that grew from them was watched over by robbers who had repented, and preached to each other on the destiny of the tree. One of these thieves is named Ambrosias, and is said to have lived in the days of Moses; the second, Esrom, is said to have lived in the days of David. The legend relates how David gave to Solomon a model of the Temple made of wax candles; and how Solomon built it through the power of a mysterious ring brought to him by an angel—a ring that subdued dæmons and forced them to help in the work of the builders; this last detail is to be found in other Cross legends. Solomon was collecting the most precious materials he could find for the construction of the Temple, and

while doing so heard of the Tree of Mara. He saw it and was greatly struck by its beauty and by the story of the exalted use for which, according to tradition, it was destined, as related to the king by the thief Esrom. The Tree was brought to Jerusalem, whither Esrom followed it, and stayed there till his death. All attempts to use it in the construction of the Temple, however, were thwarted, and it remained lying near the Temple, ever "served" by a penitent thief, so that at last its servants bore that name even if they had never been thieves. After giving this sketch of the history of the Cross the author adds some legends of the life of the Christ. The Christ is said to have found "Adam's head" on the banks of the Jordan. A discussion arose between two kings as to the possession of the head, which was of gigantic size. One of the kings placed it at the gate of his palace, and desired to be buried therein. But Christ commanded that it should be buried outside the city at a spot which, since then, has been called the "Place of a Skull." There is also a legend telling how the Christ "laboured in the fields," a legend honoured by a special interdiction of the Index. It describes how, under Augustus, many public roads were made. One day the Christ, meeting a man labouring with two oxen, took his plough and made three furrows, thus consecrating manual labour.

Another curious legend is that of Prov (? Probus), son of King Seleucus, who was helped by the Christ to collect taxes, and who called Him "brother," while bathing with Him. This youth healed his "blind" father, and cured his wife from "obsession" by means of the intestines of a "fish" caught by the Christ. There is also the legend of the consecration of the Christ into the priesthood of the Temple at Jerusalem. *The Word on the Tree of the Cross* ends with the story of the last "thief," named "the fellow-traveller," who was crucified with the Christ, "according to the will of His Father."

There are other Cross legends connected with the names of SS. Saverian and Gregory; these teach that the Cross came, not from the Tree of Mara, but from Trees of Paradise which were planted with the help of Satanaël. The Bogumil tradition of the *St. John's Book* tells us that it was the Dæmon who gave

Moses the three branches for the Cross Tree; the Cross being the work of the Dæmon.

The mighty influence of Bogumil literature, streaming to the Slavs and Greeks from Bulgaria, found many opponents among the Orthodox; the most famous of these latter was a priest, named Cosme, who flourished in the latter half of the tenth century; his controversial writings are still worth study because they display a great heresiological familiarity with Bogumil literature. Cosme opposes only such works as were acknowledged by the "heretics." His writings were used later in a controversy with the Russian Kabbalists whose views were connected with Bogumil thought. This polemical and apocryphal literature of South Slavia aided the development of the spiritual life of Russia as much as it did that of the land which had been its cradle. Among other works, Kosma, or Cosme, wrote his famous *Lecture on the New Heresy of the Bogumils*. Therein he shows that in matters touching the outer religious life, his countrymen had, in addition to the rites of the orthodox Church, chaunts, legends, practices of divination, etc., which were far from orthodox. The latest researches have shown that from the tenth to the twelfth century there was a mass of "heretical" literature which was helped and fostered by Bogumil influence; though the original Bogumil MSS. have been destroyed, a vast number of Bulgarian translations have preserved for us the thought contained in them.

With regard to the inner life of the Bogumils, Cosme speaks of them as follows: "The heretics seem to be mild as sheep, humble and silent, pale with fasting, never uttering a rash or hasty word; they never even laugh audibly. They do not marry nor use wine; they are moderate in eating. They praise God by vigils and by prayer, during which they remain in seclusion for four days; they do not use the sign of the Cross." [For the Cross was the symbol (for the orthodox Church) of a non-voluntary crucifixion of the Christ.] They use the Lord's Prayer. Rejecting the ordinary divine service, the Law and the Prophets, they accuse the priests of leading a dissolute life. The Gospels they read, the Acts of the Apostles also, but they have no priesthood." They gave proofs that they possessed an "un-

earthly" knowledge* ; that they could see the future, penetrate into the depths and secrets of the sacred books and expound them ; they possessed a certain "new" teaching, and could tell "legends" of a peculiar kind. Their organisation as a community was reminiscent of that of the old Slav families.

Yagitch says (*op. cit.*, p. 100) : "There is no doubt that as regards culture, the Bogumils were far ahead of the 'orthodox' Christians. Bosnia's high development at the end of the twelfth century was due to its Bogumil prince Koulin, a famous ruler." Yagitch supposes the priest Jeremias to have been Bogumil, and even to have been the "Pope Bogumil" of history. He must, at any rate, have lived in the tenth century, for the Patriarch Sysinius uttered a warning against his writings about 969-999. The theory that Jeremias held Bogumil beliefs is confirmed by the testimony of Athanasius, a monk of Jerusalem.† Yagitch remarks that the Bogumil creed came half a century after the death of Simeon (971), to take the place of the "seven teachers of the nation and of their disciples" ; it soon streamed down to Servia and to the Horvats, and even spread over Western Europe (*op. cit.*, pp. 95-143).

This Slav "heresy" was indubitably, as Yagitch thinks, a child of Slav paganism, yet it coloured deeply both Russian thought and Russian religious life generally, that religious life which is generally supposed to be so orthodox, even by the Russians themselves; the "heresy" was unconscious, as natural as the breath of Nature. We find a curious confirmation of this statement in the following facts. When the apocryphal writer, Gregory, speaks of the Greek Gods, Hephæstos and Helios, he adds to the name of the former, "also called Svarog," and to the name of the latter, "also called Dajdbog." The God of light of the ancient Slavs was a God of the old Bulgarians also. The unity of the Slav Pagan faith seems to be beyond a doubt.

In several beautiful Bogumil legends, moreover, we see hints of a unity of higher knowledge which persisted throughout early Christian times to the Gnosis of the Bogumil period. The

* Yagitch, *op. cit.*, p. 99.

† On the margin of Yagitch's book, in the Imperial Library of St. Petersburgh, the writer found a pencil note at the point where this statement is made. The note is : "Not correct, v. Stavine V., 1882-1883."

"knowledge" or "wisdom" is even hinted at in all the legends or facts related. In one of the "Cross" legends a strange tale is told concerning the death of Adam. Seth, the son of Adam, brought to his father the Tree from Paradise. Quoth Adam: "For this Tree was I exiled from heaven. It was the Tree of Knowledge. This Tree drives out impure spirits; it is the enlightener of the dark (ignorant). Who believes in it, he shall not be shaken." Before this, his last illness, Adam had risen to the Gate of Eden; but he felt the touch of Death, and returned in great sadness. His son Seth said to Eve, his mother: "Thou who knowest him well, tell me why this sadness?" "Son," she answered, "he mourns for the bliss of Eden." Ere death comes to Adam, he makes for himself a crown with the branches of the Tree brought him by Seth, and when he dies the crown is laid with him in the earth. The Tree had grown from a seed stolen by Satanaël from God, who said to him: "It is for thine exile." The Tree grew in three parts, or rather sprang from three roots; from God (the "middle"), from Adam and from Eve. The part that sprang from God was that which the archangel gave to Seth for his dying father; from the buried crown came the Tree of which the Cross was made.

In these writings there is a strange statement as to the eightfold division of Adam. The question occurs: "Of how many parts was Adam made?" The reply is: "Of eight: 1, earth (his body); 2, sea; 3, stone; 4, wind; 5, cloud; 6, sun and dew; 7, thought and the swiftness of the angels; 8, the Holy Ghost."

Among these legends there is one which seems to be an account of the initiation of Alexander the Great. Alexander, it is said, aspired to find the "Water of Immortal Life," but all those whom he sent to find it were "lost in Darkness," which had to be traversed in three days. Alexander himself started on the quest. He took a mare with a foal, and tied them at different places in the darkness; by their cries he found his way back when he had reached the Water of Life, which was "between two mounts that opened and shut themselves." Alexander is said to have sought to fathom "the Depth of Heaven and of the Sea."

By comparing Serv and Bulgarian tales and songs we find

again and again the same traditions in both. Such, for example, is the story of the prince "Trajan," who fears the sun and goes out only at night, but is finally killed by a sun-ray; and the story of the prince who rises from the sea on a winged horse. He had gone down into the deep waters to get "the apple of St. John." There is also the tale of the hero who is bidden by a Pharaoh to build "a house which is not on earth nor in heaven"; he teaches two birds to rise in the air with two children, who build for him the house.

No doubt the inspiration of Nature was the same for the "wise" Bayan in the dark forests of ancient Russia, for the Bulgarian prince-initiate, as for the Viking praying to Odin in Valhal. But the absolute unity of the symbolism, and of the meaning underlying the hints strewn over the field whence these tales and legends spring like flowers, cannot but arrest the attention; the same teaching underlies the apocryphal literature. It was a similar teaching that inspired the oracles of the Pagan temples of Sviatovit—oracles that were "believed above all others," because they ever showed wisdom, prescience and truth. Such was the wisdom that was revealed in the more ancient cults of the unknown race that reared the temples of Baltic Slavia, where "harmonies were heard from the roof," where things were seen "never spoken of by those who had witnessed them." Race after race of Slavia's children died, failing to reach the full strength and intuition that are to crown the future seventh subrace of our Aryan tree. Yet in race after race the Slavs turned towards the ancient tradition of Wisdom; the Kalikas brought it from Pagan temple to Orthodox church or monastery; the Bogumils, who reigned over the fallen Slav tribes, brought it to Europe. It lit the thought and the convent life of the recluses of Mount Athos. Yagitch shows that, since certain apocryphal texts and legends are found only in Slav MSS., there is reason to believe that there was an original fount of Slav knowledge, original Slav works containing the hidden Wisdom; if it be so, these must have contributed mightily to the task of keeping the Light burning through the dark ages, and thus the Coming Race served humanity even in its cradle.

A RUSSIAN.

# THE ROYAL TOWER

Of all the strange legends of the West that tell of Lyonesse, the strangest, in my judgment, is a tale of the latest days of the city which was saved by the opening of the Water Gates. When I strove to tell the story of the Secret Island, those who love legends will haply remember how I said that the young prince who was called to rule in his earliest youth, waxed in his manhood very wise and great. Now, after a while he was gathered to his fathers; but there is a tale which says he came again in later days, and ruled the city once more in the name of that great unknown king who governed all the land.

His first reign and his last were all unlike. Very differently did he deal with his people; for he was wise, and in his mind were garnered many ways of ruling and dealing with men according to their needs. The legends say that people were then very diverse and hard to govern. Even the warring men of the South had grown subtle; they assaulted the city with much cunning, and sent spies within its walls; for they knew the weakness and treason that are within a city are its fiercest foes, and the best allies for those who would destroy it. Because of this, and because the perils that menaced the city were hidden even from the subtlest citizens, this great prince of old came again to rule the people. There were some who railed against him in secret, saying he did not rule but suffered them to tread their own path, and was heedless of their weal. They talked of the wise prince who had the great warrior for his councillor, and lamented because he was not now their ruler; for their eyes were blind and they did not see that this, which they said they desired, had indeed come to pass.

This prince, men say, was very wise, so wise that his wisdom seemed foolishness to the unlearned who were unversed in the counsels of the king. They say he had learned the innermost

wisdom of the Mother of all Tales; but if this were so, none of his wisdom has come down to us in the legends; for the broken tales concerning him, which I tell as I can gather them, are all awry, and contain no word of his wisdom, but only flitting rumours of certain matters that befell; which are doubtless told in such a fashion as to veil the little truth that lingers in them, and are then re-told by me, so that you may well perceive the prince's wisdom is like to be in sore straits between us, who would tell tales of matters we do not comprehend.

This legend that follows, for instance—but I will tell it, that those who care for the babblings of old folks may see how idle a tale it is. Before I do so, however, I will tell how this wise prince is recorded to have said that the city never should be swept away, nor could ruin come upon it; now we, who by reason of our great subtlety of wit are very swift to perceive error, can affirm that this was false. So that either the prince never spoke this, or else he was not as wise as is reported. See now, how good it is to have so keen a judgment as we! For Lyonesse is gone, and the city is gone. There is indeed a legend, a heritage from a very ignorant and superstitious age, which says the prince spoke truth, and that this city has not vanished, nor ever shall vanish, unless it be when the Mother of all Tales ceases to garner the tales men tell; and even then—but what a foolish legend is this! Let us rather tell the soberer and less fantastic.

Within the city in those days were six great factions. One laboured constantly for the welfare of the poorer folks; they planted fair gardens and dug bathing pools as clear as crystal; they caused schools to be built, and buildings where food could be obtained by the needy.

Another body of citizens worked earnestly in the cause of learning; subtle were they and zealous, at enmity amongst themselves at times, because some affirmed that the matters studied by the others were idle and led to waste of the precious golden hours of youth; or if not so, were at least less worthy of study than those which engaged their attention. But as the opposing party used the same arguments, it was a hard matter for a plain man to decide between the two; therefore these plain men commonly studied the thing that pleased them, and so doing, soon

found good reasons for perceiving the wisdom of their choice, which observing, they too went earnestly to work to discover the unwisdom of those who held otherwise.

The third body declared that learning was fraught with dangers and led to impiety, and to minister greatly to mere bodily needs diverted men's minds from the worship of the gods. It was better, said these, to be unlearned, and even unwashed, and to think on celestial matters, than to found colleges and dig bathing pools. These folks were the most peaceful of all, because they were assured they were right; whereas the others, a tumultuous race, had grievous doubts which plagued them secretly.

The fourth faction were those who consulted oracles, and invoked the lower gods; they brewed strange potions, and sought curiously into matters which they did not understand, earnestly believing that they knew the wisdom of the Mother of all Tales.

The fifth body were those who rejoiced in their strength, grace, and comeliness. Some of these competed with each other in the public games, showing forth their skill and vigour of body. These were chiefly the younger men and women of the city; they rejoiced in the beauty of the earth, they fashioned strange conceits, and scoffed at other men as dull, clumsy, over-virtuous, of a grievous piety not to be endured, serious and wearisome of speech.

The sixth were a chosen band who sought the wisdom of the Mother of all Tales, and wrangled among themselves concerning its nature. These were held to be unpractical by the first faction, mad by the second, devil-ridden by the third, deluded by the fourth, and subjects for mirth by the fifth.

The bulk of the people lived as they listed; ate, drank, rejoiced and sorrowed without marvelling as to the method whereby they did these things.

And the prince suffered them all gladly. At times they praised him, when he seemed to give ear to them; and at times they reviled him, when he seemed to listen to others, for he hearkened to all; and for the most part he praised their works, and bade them do after their kind.

It befell that some of the most cunning of the men of the

South came disguised to the city, and entering in and mixing freely with the citizens they sowed much strife. Evil and folly waxed, and those who loved their country grew sorrowful and fearful. At last a young man, who was of those who sought the wisdom of the Mother of all Tales, rose up and left the city. He sought the prince at his royal tower, whither he had withdrawn for a little space from the press of public affairs, and he sent a message praying the prince to grant him an audience.

The tower was built on the very verge of the sea; it was built of crumbling moss-grown stone, set on a rock, and its windows overhung the tide.

When the young man reached the place, there was a great storm of wind raging; the sand of the desert drove in dusky clouds round him when he reached the gate, and he gasped for breath as he stood there. He heard a sound as of raging waters from the seaward side of the tower, and sometimes water and foam flew high above the topmost turret, but the power of the sea was held back from the land by the royal tower, and the rock whereon it stood.

He who was warder of the gate suffered the young man to enter. When he stood within he found there a great stillness, for the walls were so thick that the raging of wind and water could not be heard; yet though he heard naught he felt at times the floor and the walls quiver as though struck by a blow from without.

The warder led him to the prince, where he sat alone in a little chamber wherein his throne was set. He sat there idly, his face turned to the window which looked upon the sea. Chill it was, but very silent and full of peace. The young man, as he felt the silence, had the thought that this wise prince did ill to withdraw himself from the raging of the city, and live in a stillness of the soul akin to the stillness of his tower. As he thought thus, he beheld somewhat that filled him with great fear, for, as he approached the throne, he too saw what the prince's eyes beheld: a wave rose from the sea, higher, as it seemed, than that slender tower—a mighty wave, with light shining mistily through its foaming amber crest. It swept on, silent and terrible; it stood before the window, and the wall of water blotted out the

light, so that in the grim half-dark nothing was seen but the tumult of those waters. It flung itself on the tower; and the tower shook.

Now the young man perceived the meaning of the roaring and tumultuous sound he had heard without, though within the walls he heard it not. The great wave spent itself, and the twisting baffled waters fell back in a writhing, seething trough. Silently another wave fashioned itself; it rose from the grey-black heaving body of the sea and advanced on the land, to break upon the tower. When the third wave had risen and fallen the young man, whose fear till now had stifled him, could bear no more; he gave a cry and fell to the ground.

Thereat the prince rose, and, turning, raised him, soothing his terror with fair words and bidding him have no fear, but speak his mind. He placed him with his back to the window, so that he might not see the waves as they rose and fell. The young man, since he did not hear their roaring, grew less fearful, and half forgot them, for he could not see them rise, nor, gazing in the prince's face, could he gather from its calm when the royal eyes beheld them, for the prince sat with his face turned seawards, watching the waves one by one as they rose.

The young man poured forth his fears for the city, and not for the city only, but for the whole land.

"For the men of the South," he cried, "will overpower us by guile, fostering civil war and treason among ourselves. Some say this, and others that; and you, O royal prince, seem to suffer them all, so that we know not what to do. Ruin may cover us; ruin may cover the land of our lord the king. And you, great prince, who sit alone, watching—the Gods know wherefore—this sea of waters, in deadly peril of your very life, so far as I may judge, you make no sign; you come not forth to be our leader; you suffer the treason of the men of the South; and we, your servants, spend our strength in vain for the welfare of the city."

The prince was silent. Then the young man beat his breast, and cried:

"Pardon me, pardon me, O dread lord, if I speak amiss. But with so many voices clamouring we know not which to

follow; the spies of the enemy foment the strife, and brother wars with brother. Tell us at least which of all these are right. If you will govern us unseen and come not among us, tell us which of these speak with authority the word you would have uttered; and thus stay the sin and folly of the rest."

Then said the prince:

"How shall I tell you this, my son? For I would have each man utter the word that is sown in his heart. And when this shall be, a chord of power shall sound through the land, and these waves shall still. Then, moreover, shall the men of the South cease from troubling, and in this country the King's Peace shall reign; but these words are of diverse tones, and, of a truth, the men who utter them are regarded equally by me."

Thus, it is said, the prince spoke. But who can trust a legend, that he indeed spoke thus, for his wisdom has not come down to us; and, if it had done so, how should I, the unlearned scribe, interpret it, so that you might understand? Moreover, it is said that unless they who told these legends first, knew the great mystery of the men of the South, their office and purpose, the garnering of the words sown in their hearts, and the cleansing of their sins in the day of the King's Peace, they could never record the prince's wisdom aright.

The young man cried: "Teach us at least what we shall do, that the city be not ruined."

The prince said: "The city may not be ruined, O my son! For herein lies a mystery. This city shall endure. It shall never fall."

"Who shall preserve it?" cried the youth.

Then the prince turned a little from gazing on the raging of the waters, and looked upon the young man.

The legend says (it comes to us from a superstitious people) that the youth beheld the King's eyes gazing on him from the face of this prince. The room grew still with a stillness that made the heart pause. At last the young man said, and his voice was but a thin pipe of sound by reason of his awe and wonder:

"In truth, can this thing be?"

"It is even so, my son," said the prince.

"But the sin and folly of the people," said the young man in a whisper. "If our King be just, can this thing be?"

"Be judge of this according to such wisdom as thou hast," replied the prince. "Arise now, and hear of a certain garden, and that which was seen therein."

The young man rose, and now he gazed upon the waters without fear. Wherefore the prince, smiling, placed him beside him (for he was a most gracious prince, gentle of mien, and easy of access), and spake as follows:

"In the King's garden," said he, "there grows a certain fruit-bearing tree. Marvellous is that tree, indeed; for thereon are bud, blossom, and ripened fruit. And not only so, my son, but diverse are those fruits, growing and ripening on the same tree. Fruits of the East and of the West, of the North and of the South, hang from its branches, and all, mark you this, my son, are the noble fruitage of the tree; the sap that rises through its branches nourishes all alike. Nor is any fruit or blossom more honourable than another in the eyes of the gardeners who tend the tree. Nor is the sap more to be esteemed than the wood and bark thereof.

"It came to pass that the daughter of the King, a fair virgin, came forth to play in the garden; and they fashioned for her a swing with golden cords thereto. It was bound to the strongest and greatest of all the boughs; and it was so, that when the maiden swung, the burden of her fair body and of the golden swing was upon that bough, and its fruits were shaken down and strewn upon the grass, and they garnered them in the King's garners. Now when the greatest bough shook beneath the maiden's weight, that shaking passed throughout the tree and every bud and twig thereof quivered; yet the mightiest burden was on the oldest bough, for had this not been so, then had the tree broken and the maiden been cast to the earth.

"And hear ye further of this tree, my son! There came a season of warmth and gladness. The young shoots put forth, ill judging the season in their folly, ignorant of the winds that may shake a tree, unknowing that they were but frail and young, knowing neither their own weakness, nor the strength of the wind. Then the warm breezes ceased to blow. There came a

great and bitter wind and snow from the North. The gardeners feared for the young shoots; therefore they twisted and bent the older boughs, and knotted them fast the one to the other, so that they might feel the bitterness of the wind. And the snow which beat on them froze there, and made a fence to screen the tenderer boughs; and by reason of the twisting of the boughs the gardeners bent one could scarce tell the one from the other. Twisted as they were, all unscreened from the tempest, and bound with ice and snow so long, they bore no blossom that year, but the younger shoots bloomed and in time showed ripened fruitage."

"O my prince," said the youth; "Should not these foolish ones have suffered for their folly, as the north wind smote the tree?"

"Son," said the prince, "It is in my mind they suffered in so far as they were able to endure the power of the blast. It was a great and grievous wind. According to the greatness of their knowledge was their pain. But the wind was greater than the measure either of their wisdom or their folly."

"But for the other boughs, dread prince; these had made no fault, but waited the fit hour."

"They say, O son, that the boughs of that tree gave themselves gladly into the gardener's hands."

"Yet on them fell the bitterness of the wind and the fierce binding of the ice?"

Now the legend reports the answer of the prince; but I know not whether indeed he answered thus, nor even the full meaning of his words:

"Son," said he, "be thou at peace. If thou shalt go to bear a burden of corn that thou mayest eat and live, and the left hand be feeble, the right shall bear it; and so serve the needs of the body, both of the right hand and of the left. The tree of the King, my son, was one tree—neither many, nor even twain."

MICHAEL WOOD.

# A LITTLE LOST KINGDOM

CHILDHOOD is generally looked upon as the happy time of life, the happy unreflective time when life was irresponsible and really worth living. It is so difficult to remember how we ourselves then felt in our thoughts (though it is odd it should be so difficult to remember such a little way back), that now we only see children from the outside, and as nothing but happy living things radiant with the joy of life.

But the inner side is there all the time, where all the things of the outside world—that by-and-bye is to overwhelm everything else—are so quaintly and inadequately reflected that it is no wonder we have forgotten how everything looked then. More living and real than these reflections of mere outside things, and filling far more room in the dim little world of the child's mind, are the shadows of things lived through long ago, and the twilight of other modes of life. Perhaps, too, the real errand of the soul is there simply and clearly understood, the real want is not yet buried under the heap of merely desirable things.

To the child this world is very real indeed, much more real than the outer world things, although, all the time, these, like a slow flood, are imperceptibly submerging this queer little country. The child is quite alone with his thoughts. He does not tell them to anyone, for if he expresses them aloud they emerge so grotesquely that they are always laughed at; so he becomes afraid and a little ashamed of such apparently ridiculous things, and turns away from them to find something more presentable. Thus they all more or less go—old tendencies and real wants submerged beneath the floods of "oughts" and "musts"; the old unanswerable puzzles and wonderings get hidden under heaps of words and platitudes. Life certainly becomes more comfortable when all this inner world is finally buried; and after all it is only the few who try to come back in later life to that dim first world,

the labour to uncover which is so great. There may be some who have always kept the path open, who have never quite forgotten the way to get back, but they must be very, very few, for a child is a most helpless thing, and will always be imitating other people instead of growing up like itself.

It is difficult to get any records of this queer little kingdom of which I have been speaking. Children themselves will never tell you anything, even when they know you are sympathetic. Perhaps they cannot tell, or most likely they do not understand what it is you are asking about. They will invent things to amuse you if you are very anxious for things; and although careful cautious watching of their ways will set you wondering—which is a right beginning—you will not easily arrive at motives—if there be any motives—unless you are an extraordinary person with "faculties." So there remain only the things that grown-up people remember and tell, and these things are generally distorted, because a straightforward credible lie is so much easier to tell than tangled improbable truth.

However, here are a few of these half-remembered fancies. Most of them are memorable because of the terror they caused, terror so unreasonable, and so out of proportion to their cause. Terror will seem a strong word to use in connection with such a grotesque little fancy as this. A very little girl was sitting on the hearth-rug beside a sleeping cat. Sleepily she wondered what the cat might be dreaming about. Perhaps it was dreaming that it was a little girl! Then suddenly came the dreadful thought, striking her cold with fear. "Perhaps *I* am only dreaming that I am a little girl." It was not a bit of use hurting herself to make sure that she was awake; she would only be dreaming that she was hurting herself; no use asking father, mother, sister or anybody; they were all in the dream—if it were a dream; no use praying, for God was in the dream too. There was nothing real but herself, and she did not know what even she was. She was too much frightened to think any more. Besides, the thinking might wake her up, a cat or a forkytail or anything!

Then there are those dreams which I think only children have. The poor child is being hunted and devoured by wolves or tigers or snakes or crocodiles, while the older people—who

really ought to be helping somehow—sit and placidly watch his struggles, laughing sometimes at any specially desperate fight, but otherwise not at all interested. It is quite impossible for the victim ever to make them understand that it is all of the most extreme importance. Those horrible dark passages, too, that had to be gone into, they close up behind, leaving no way back when once the little dreamer has got in. They get darker and gloomier, more and more cramped and difficult to the lonely little soul crawling through.

In the minds of some children ideas of infinity or eternity seem to awaken echoes that do not easily sound in later life. The strange nonsense, well-meant for religious teaching, that darkens the understanding of most children, at least serves sometimes to awaken these ideas. Heaven and hell almost change places in some children's minds from the overpowering notion of "for ever and ever." To be shut up in hell is bad, because hell is a dark place of pain; but then there is so much detail about hell, so much variety in the prospect, that a certain lawless excitement and interest quite obscure the really dreadful "for ever." But behind the locked gates of heaven there is nothing but for ever and for ever and for ever. That sets the little brain reeling intolerably, until like a fierce light comes the idea that it is *I* who will endure these things. Before that idea all others give place, the fear of infinite space or everlasting time being nothing to the terror of eternal existence. I am. Nothing can help that. I can never run away and hide from myself. No water is deep enough to drown my immortal life, no fire can burn me away. Why this idea should bring about the greatest terror of all in some children's lives, I do not know, but it has been so. With it has always come the realisation that *I* am the only real thing, everything else a dream, or nothing, and this realisation, of course, takes the bottom out of the child's little universe. Perhaps this terror is the brain's defence against its own destruction. Were the soul not scared out of such paths of thought it might go back through these paths to its own place, instead of going on deeper into the prison of this world.

Sequence in time is a difficult idea for some children to grow into. They believe that below the surface somehow Cæsar's wars

are still going on, all the story princesses are still living happy ever after, the kings of history all hold court somewhere in the land. I think it is in *W. V. Her Book*, that the little girl goes exploring into the wood to find ancient Britons. Also that things should ever cease to exist, is a more or less impossible conception. This way of looking at things was the cause of a rather curious theory of life that a boy secretly believed in. He had never heard anything at all about reincarnation, but in his efforts to evolve something fair and reasonable, he burdened his little mind in this manner. He thought there was a fixed number of lives for everybody on earth, just enough to give one a fair chance. The whole career would end in the inevitable heaven or hell, decided by a balance between all the good and evil. But as the annihilation of the old personalities could not be imagined, the poor child was haunted by the idea that when he died he would go to some limbo, there to be met by all his other dead selves. He thought of these helplessly watching him during life, counting his good and evil deeds with a clear consciousness he did not possess, and with the fear of hell vividly before them. They knew how the past account stood though he did not. For all he knew he might be hopelessly damned long ago, or he might have plenty of room for a happy sinful life. He dreaded the meeting when he would have to give an account of himself to these eager watching faces. He often imagined them. One was a negro, another a little wailing baby that had never had any chance at all. Of course, there were also imaginings of a glorious descent after a sinless life to these waiting selves, and a triumphant leading of them all, redeemed, up into heaven. But he did not often feel so.

The outside world of the child is not at all the same as the world that grown-up folks know. Children can seldom believe that things are not alive. Dolls and toys of course feel and know, but their forms are meant to suggest that. I knew a small boy who used to be filled with pity for the pebbles scattered by the tread of his father's feet. "There's a poor wee stone, kicked far away from that other stone; they were, maybe, dear friends, and now they will never see one another any more." So he would stop and put them together again, and make everything nice for them.

He never told anybody what he had been doing. This habit of "interfering with karma" came to an end, slain not by common-sense, but by the doubt that perhaps he was taking all this trouble to re-unite two deadly foes.

Dolls are generally not merely alive, they have decided characters, and more often than we think make slaves of their owners. In this way a very ugly china ornament took possession of a small girl. It was a most ordinary, commonplace thing, a small clumsy image of some popular hero or other, one of his arms was broken, and all his paint washed off, except in the creases, but he became that child's deity, and a very nasty deity too. He demanded burnt offerings, sacrifices, slaves. He spared none of the dolls; at his smallest suggestion any best-beloved doll would be put to death by fire and torture. Prolonged ingenious torments were inflicted on inoffensive dolls all to please him; the beautiful were disfigured, the lowly exalted, and the mighty pulled down to please his faintest whim. Fortunately it never struck this incarnation of the child's cruelty to commandeer any of the cats and rabbits and puppies; nothing was hurt but dolls. He fell and broke himself at last, and was buried with as much state as there were dolls left to supply. Some were buried alive with him (their immortal china smiles must still be illuminating the toil of the worms and things). Some were cut into bits and others burnt. So with these "divers martyrs in various manners massacred," ended his reign. He made faint attempts to reincarnate in a picture, but did not succeed; his priestess had grown beyond him. Was he the ghost of some unlovely past stalking fantastically through that little girl's childhood?

All the fancies I have written here, were remembered because they were associated with strong emotions which are themselves easily recalled. There must have been many others, dimmer and more beautiful, now all swept away or trampled dead by the flat-footed obtuseness of us grown-up people. I once saw a quaint little instance of the trampling process. A small child of three or so was looking at a tiny fountain splashing in the middle of a pond. It was evidently the first fountain she had ever seen, and she was gazing with rapt delight. Perhaps a dim memory stirred within her of forms that were made of clear shining motion,

for with sudden joyful recognition she shouted out "Oo, flower!" "No, dear," said her wise parent, "that's a fountain." She was visibly depressed, but after a while brightened up and said as gaily as before, "Oo, singing!" "No, dear, that's the noise of the water."

J. M. I.

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## SCIENCE AND POETRY

One day, years ago, I was walking along the seashore in the company of a certain man of science, and noticed, carved in the slopes of sand, the little sinuous water courses, like miniature rivers, flowing downwards to the tide; and I asked my companion, as we crossed them, what might be the real cause of the sinuous, bending course of rivers in general. To which he replied: "The lack of *equilibrium* of the water, causing it to swerve first to one side and then to the other. There is no such thing in the world as a stream whose course is perfectly straight." And thinking over these things it has seemed to me that a river is, in this respect, a true image and symbol of the Great River of Life, both of the world at large and of the microcosm, Man. There is no life in the world whose course is perfectly straight; the sands of time are scored by myriad rivulets tortuously meandering onwards to the vast ocean beyond. At the very dawn of manifestation, we are told, this *swerving* principle comes into play, as Fohat speeds its swift *spiral* track downwards through chaotic matter; and ever since, in great and small, in man and in all lesser things, this same spiral, tortuous principle has held universal sway. It is the great law of Duality in Manifestation. Everywhere we see it around us; the old clock on the stairs whispers of this law all day long with its incessant "tick-tack," backwards and forwards, and yet ever onwards, as the hands move round; and this is the spiral, yet withal propelling, force of the world, this our river, and the vaster River of Life.

I wish to make a few remarks on the occurrence of this law,

firstly, in man's mental constitution; secondly, in physical nature (to which department of the world I shall restrict myself); and thirdly, in the method of contemplation of Nature by man.

In that part of man's constitution which is so important for us to study, *viz.*, the mind, we may behold this law of inequilibration (if I may use such a word) above referred to, in full play. In fact, it seems to be a necessary factor in our evolution, so that we see in the mental constitution of man two quite distinct principles or qualities, which I may term the *intellectual* and the *emotional*, or following the title of this paper, the *scientific* and the *poetic*. These two very clearly defined aspects of the mind become partially separated in the course of human evolution, in order to permit the matter of each being brought into full activity, before they are finally recombined and mingled into that complete unity of mental consciousness which we speak of as the Buddhi, whereof we may, perhaps, regard them as representing previously merely the analysis and differentiation.

Ratiocination, reasoning from one set of concrete facts to another, all the ordinary intellectual processes of thought dealing with physical concrete things, the power of analysis and particularisation, these are essentially the characteristics of the activity of the intellect—the Lower Manas. Imagination, intuition, spiritual ecstasy, love, the power of abstract thought, of synthesis and generalisation, these are the activities of the poetic or higher emotional nature. Surely all men must become proficient in each of these great departments of the kingdom of mind ere they can hope to evolve into the stature of the perfect buddhic being? Let us, therefore, realise the full value of this specialisation, this differentiation in the microcosm; it is the same law which gives the thousand types of life in every kingdom of the wider world around us; for the Divine Life pulsating through every form must gain every kind of experience in every realm of Nature before passing upward to its full fruition. At the outset we must realise how extremely unlike these two activities of the mind are, how mutually exclusive and antagonistic they are, the matter of each possessing such very distinct and sharply defined qualities when looked at separately and compared with the other. If we realise this we shall begin to get the very faintest glimpse into the

wonderful constitution of the Buddhi, in which lofty principle of the soul those two such diverse qualities of mind are perfectly united into one beautiful and homogeneous whole, the true appreciation of whose beauty and power lies beyond the flight of our present impoverished conceptions.

What a strangely difficult task is ours for the future; none other than the alchemical one of the production, by the combination of two totally different and antagonistic elements, of that wondrous substance of unheard-of loveliness and magic power, the healer of all woes, the producer of perfect bliss, the Buddhi!

As regards the method of accomplishing this, there are two courses open. We may either devote ourselves to the evolution of one department of the mind at a time, or the evolution of both may take place together, side by side; but it should be remembered that the two are never wholly separate and distinct in the activities of any human being, the reason for which is that the purer poetic and the coarser intellectual nature, to a greater or less degree, mutually intermingle, but it is only in the high Adept that they become perfectly commingled, so that exact equilibrium is attained. It is as if in a jar were two liquids one above the other, the lower a dense syrup, the upper pure, transparent water; the two will gradually mingle by means of diffusion, until finally, after a very long time, the liquid throughout the jar will be of homogeneous constitution.

At this point we are confronted with a fact in Nature ot which we are bound to take cognisance, *viz.*, this: that the differentiation of the mind is, in a general way, coincident with that of the physical sexes. We know, of course, that the male sex is, as a whole, distinguished and characterised by its preponderating intellectuality, the female sex, on the other hand, by its emotional, intuitive qualities. It follows from this, again speaking generally, that it is the primary business of men to develope to the utmost their *intellectual* powers, the faculty of reason and logic, the grasp of facts by memory, as well as determination, the power of endurance, and so on; while it is the primary business of women to develope to the utmost their emotional faculties, especially those connected with domestic matters, but also the wider love consisting in tender sympathy for all beings, and

further, the development of the æsthetic faculty. These, it seems to me, are the respective Dharmas to be pursued by the man and woman of the ordinary type, indicated for us by Dame Nature herself. But I hold it, nevertheless, true that gradually, in proportion as the ego is ready for it, may the two Dharmas be combined in each sex. Yet there is ofttimes a tendency, I think, for the members of one sex to encroach too rapidly and suddenly upon the Dharma of the opposite sex. All very well, if they are prepared for it through possessing the power of maintaining equilibrium, and do not do so at the expense of their own proper qualities; if the woman in developing her intellect does not at the same time spoil her fine emotional characteristics, or the man, in becoming emotional and æsthetic, does not part company with his virile mental stamina.

Now the question arises whether it is best to devote ourselves for a series of lives chiefly to the cultivation of one aspect of our mental constitution, either the intellectual or the æsthetic, or whether here and now to begin to practise equilibration at once. That, I think, will depend on the individual, and the stage of evolution he has reached. To all the choice is not open; very many are obliged to specialise in order to gain a livelihood and lack time and energy to be all-round men; many drift into extreme one-sidedness without thought, owing to habits contracted in lives gone by. But, speaking generally, the choice *is* open to men. But there is one important corollary to be stated, which is this. Specialisation may lead to worldly distinction, power and wealth; generalisation, or the equilibrating method, will tend, with exceptions, to lead to mediocrity and worldly insignificance, as must naturally follow when one's powers are distributed over two very diverse fields of activity. But, *ceteris paribus*, I should cast my vote in favour of the equilibrating method, that, *viz.*, of developing the reasoning and æsthetic powers of mind side by side. If, for the sake of illustration, I may refer to personal matters for a moment, I may say that I myself was born with an innately emotional and generalising tendency of mind; and yet circumstances have caused me to devote my life to following the abtruse details of one of our natural sciences; and I can testify to the difficulty and frequent distastefulness of turning

from the employment of scientific study to æsthetic pursuits, or *vice versâ*. Yet, even from my own puny experience, I can bear witness to the added joy and richness which a greater breadth of thought and feelings, especially when combined with the wider knowledge and hopes derived from Theosophy, yields to life. Yes, after all, I think there is nothing in the world like an attempt, however feeble, to be balanced. Notwithstanding this, I regard specialisation as a very grand thing in its way, and I cannot but feel full of admiration for those mighty intellects who in this century have afforded us such magnificent results in the realm of Science; as also for those great æsthetes who have bequeathed us works of art, poetry and romance of such priceless value.

Now, scientific research, *i.e.*, the contemplation of Nature by the aid of man's ratiocinative faculties, is, to my mind, *the* typical and very best employment for bringing out the vast latent powers of man's intellectual nature, remembering always that this latter must usually be slightly tinged by, and therefore derive its best powers from, the more spiritual nature. In what does this scientific work consist? Firstly, in the observation of facts of Nature, then the grouping of those facts into sets, the like and the unlike, and from these facts the extraction of certain ideas and principles, general laws, as the result of such grouping; this is termed the *inductive* method of scientific research; the *deductive* consists in this, that having a principle or generalisation given, you discover and arrange the facts which have given rise to the formulation of that principle. Says Prof. Tyndall:

"The inductive principle is founded in man's desire to know—a desire arising from his position among phenomena which are reducible to order by his intellect. The material universe is the complement of the intellect, and without the study of its laws reason would never have awoke to its higher forms of self-consciousness at all. It is the non-ego, through and by which the ego is endowed with self-discernment. We hold it to be an exercise of reason to explore the meaning of a universe to which we stand in this relation, and the work we have accomplished is the proper commentary on the methods we have pursued."

There is another paragraph of his which I think clearly puts before us the value and use of scientific study:

"The ultimate problem of physics is to reduce matter by analysis to its lowest condition of divisibility, and force to its simplest manifestations, and then by synthesis to construct from these elements the world as it stands. We are still a long way from the final solution of this problem, and when the solution comes, it will be one more of spiritual insight than of actual observation. But though we are still a long way from this complete intellectual mastery of Nature, we have conquered vast regions of it, have learned their politics and the play of their powers. . . . To a most amazing extent the human mind has conquered these things, and revealed the logic which runs through them. Were they facts only, without logical relationship, science might, as a means of discipline, suffer in comparison with language. But the whole body of phenomena is instinct with law; the facts are hung on principles, and the value of physical science as a means of discipline consists in the motion of the intellect, both inductively and deductively, along the line of law marked out by phenomena. As regards that discipline to which I have already referred as derivable from the study of languages—that, and more, are involved in the study of physical science. Indeed, I believe it would be possible so to limit and arrange the study of a portion of physics as to render the mental exercise involved in it almost qualitatively the same as that involved in the unravelling of a language."

We students of science go on, year by year, collecting facts and reasoning upon them; as we walk abroad we keep an open eye to the phenomena of Nature, setting ourselves problems to solve as to the meaning of this or that phenomenon around us. Most of us have not time to pay attention to more than one science, and are obliged to specialise even in that; but I for one can testify to the great value of attempting thoroughly to probe the secrets and laws of nature in some single department, at any rate, of the science which one has made one's own; it developes not only the reasoning powers, but also a method and plan of thought which are invaluable, a patience and capacity of not being in a hurry which are most useful through life; it demands a concentration of attention upon details; it tends to destroy prejudice and personal preconceptions, developing a

regard for no other dictum than that of the facts before us; and not least, it emancipates from the thraldom of the astral passions; finally, it points out to us the wonder, the mystery, the deep hidden meaning of common things—that, in fact, there is nothing in the world which is common or unclean. Yes, to use Tyndall's words, "It is the inner works of the universe which Science reverently uncovers, it is the study of these that she recommends as a discipline worthy of all acceptation."

Passing on now to consider the "poetic" aspect of man's nature I will again quote Tyndall, who says: "I have thus far limited myself to the purely intellectual side of this question. But man is not all intellect. If he were so Science would, I believe, be his proper nutriment. But he feels as well as thinks; he is receptive of the sublime and of the beautiful as well as of the true. Indeed, I believe that even the intellectual action of a complete man is, consciously or unconsciously, sustained by an under-current of the emotions. It is vain, I think, to attempt to separate moral and emotional nature from intellectual nature. Let a man but observe himself, and he will, if I mistake not, find that, in nine cases out of ten, moral or immoral considerations, as the case may be, are the motive force which pushes his intellect into action."

He goes on to say: "The circle of human nature, then, is not complete without the arc of feeling and emotion. The lilies of the field have a value for us beyond their botanical ones. A certain lightening of the heart accompanies the declaration that 'Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.' The sound of the village bell which comes mellowed from the valley to the traveller upon the hill, has a value beyond its acoustical one. The setting sun, when it mantles with the bloom of roses the Alpine snows, has a value beyond its optical one. The starry heavens, as you know, had for Immanuel Kant a value beyond their astronomical one. Round about the intellect sweeps the horizon of emotions, from which all our noblest impulses are derived; I think it very desirable to keep this horizon open, not to permit either priest or philosopher to draw down his shutter between you and it. And here the dead languages, which are sure to be beaten by science in the purely intellectual fight, have

an irresistible claim. They supplement the work of science by exalting and refining the æsthetic faculty, and must on this account be cherished by all who desire to see human culture complete."

In the same address he says further: "The position of science is already assured, but I think the poet also will have a great part to play in the future of the world. To him it is given for a long time to come to fill those shores which the recession of the theologic tide has left exposed; to him, when he rightly understands his mission and does not flinch from the tonic discipline which it assuredly demands, we have a right to look for that heightening and brightening of life which so many of us need. He ought to be the interpreter of that power which, as 'Jehovah, Jove, or Lord,' has hitherto filled and strengthened the human heart."

Poets, musicians, painters are able to interpret for us the æsthetic or emotional aspect of Nature, to expose its meaning and grandeur as none other can. *They* regard the *tout ensemble* of Nature, as it were, from a distance, they leave the details to the scientist. While the latter is engaged in investigating the geometry of Nature, the artist is employed in developing its beauty, its sublimity. *His* instrument is the Imagination. Deep as Science dips into Nature's wonders, deeper far, albeit in quite a different direction, does imagination go, because more spiritual, and able therefore to penetrate further into the essence of things. Moreover, this dipping into the depths breeds a certain great solemnity of purpose which is foreign to scientific investigation. As Ruskin says, speaking of Imagination:

"She cannot but be serious; she sees too far, too darkly, too solemnly, too earnestly, ever to smile. There is something at the heart of everything, if we can reach it, which we shall not be inclined to laugh at.

"There is no reasoning in it, it works not by algebra nor by integral calculus; and no matter what be the subject submitted to it, substance or spirit, all is alike divided asunder, joint and marrow, whatever utmost truth, life, principle it has, laid bare; and that which has no truth, life, nor principle dissipated into its original smoke at a touch. Vials that have lain sealed in the

deep sea a thousand years it unseals and brings out of them genii.

"There is in every word set down by the imaginative mind an awful under-current of meaning, and evidence and shadow upon it of the deep places out of which it has come. It is often obscure, often half-told, for he who wrote it, in his clear seeing of the things beneath, may have been impatient of detailed interpretation.

"This single, glorious faculty of getting to the spring of things and working out from that; it is the coolness, and clearness, and deliciousness of the water fresh from the fountain-head, opposed to the thick, hot, unrefreshing drainage from other men's meadows."

Such is the faculty described by Ruskin, whose powers proclaim it nearer to that complete spiritual part of man, the Buddhi, than any other; nearer because of its insight, nearer because of its appreciation of the sublime, nearer because of its love. For the poet and artist love Nature with a love born of deep sympathy and communion, when the heart of Nature vibrates to the poet's heart, harmonious, deep, and true.

Now what is this Nature which it is so useful for the mind of man to contemplate? Partly by means of our own observation, partly with the aid of wider knowledge derived from Theosophic studies, we learn that it is a vast congeries, an array and variety of physical forms in and through which the Divine Life of the Logos is in varying degree manifested; a vast pageant of mineral, vegetable, and animal organisms all closely inter-related the one with the other, grouped and arranged with a marvellous variety of complexity, advancing by slow degrees along the great high road of Evolution. Now, if we regard any one of those forms of Nature or any aggregation of them, we shall find that it is *dual* in its constitution, that it is made up of two, in one sense, quite distinct qualities, which we may term the *geometrical* or *rational* on the one hand, and the *emotional* or *æsthetic* on the other, with, of course, that factor, common to the two, the Divine Life, the Buddhi, informing the whole. Now there would appear this difference between the constitution of Nature and that of man. In man the two qualities above mentioned are usually very un-

equally developed and manifested; he is unbalanced, the current of his mentality bends and swerves like our river; but in Nature the two qualities, though distinguishable, are most harmoniously blended and intimately combined. Why? because the essence and spirit of Nature is the Buddhic essence, dual yet one, that essence which lends to every part of Nature at once its beauty and its meaning.

Let us now take for our study some fragment of nature—say, a mountain-slope as it appears to us on an August day, crimson with heather, draped with bracken of the richest green, with rugged stacks of rock projecting here and there. If we set to work on the scientific aspect of that mountain-slope we shall find that for the presence of every single object composing it, or agglomeration of objects, there is a most rigid, economical, utilitarian reason; not a heather-bell blossom, not a stalk of grass, not a bracken-frond, not a particle of rock, or a crawling insect, but has a sharply-defined ecological reason for its occurrence on that mountain-slope; the heather grows there for the prime reason that there is its best vantage-ground for fighting the battle of life by inducing the visits of insects; the bracken lives there because in that habitat competition with it on the part of other plants is at a minimum; the rocks and the mountain itself are there for the prime scientific reason that they have survived to this day the forces of denudation by ice and rain and stream. Away, O Theist! with your teleological ideas! God did *not* plant the flowers and rocks and bracken there solely to please us as we climb the rugged slope. Perfect adaptation to environment, believe me, is the key-note to that scene, and that has been well given as the definition of beauty itself.

And yet, and yet, why that beauty? Why that constant concomitant of beauty in every form and colour composing that scene? It is not difficult to imagine a world full of nothing but what to us would be loathsome, horrific, ugly forms and dingy, lurid colours. Why in our own world is everything full of this quality we call beauty? We may answer that it is because the Logos Himself, of whom Nature is but the tangible, outer manifestation, is, in one of His aspects, Beauty and Purity itself; and the reason why the colours and odours of flowers appeal so

strongly to the sense both of ourselves and of insects, such as bees, is that the same Divine Essence informs both them and us. But you will say at once: how about toads and octopuses and centipedes and such like creatures? And I would answer that such animals afford us just the proof we need that adaptation to environment, or, in other words, the gathering of experience under the most diverse conditions, is the prime and foremost factor in the existence of every living thing; we may hold that beauty will always assert itself wherever and whenever the coarse material form in which it is enshrined will allow it so to do; to us it seems but dimly to filter through the clammy hide of toad or hippopotamus; moreover, it does not follow that because we, amidst our arbitrary distinctions and definitions, are unable to discern beauty where we imagine we ought to do so, that it does not, nevertheless, exist; *we* are not the final arbiters in the universe of what is beautiful and what is ugly; yet even as regards evident, palpable beauty, we see that "the toad, ugly and venomous, wears yet a precious jewel in his head," and as regards latent beauty, every cell of that creature's body, could we see it, would be a marvel of true loveliness of symmetry and perfection.

Yes! utterly inseparable and bound up together in physical Nature, are those two factors: the utilitarian and the æsthetic. But this latter quality of Nature may yet, I think, by us be separately discerned. Wend back from that mountain-slope and take your stand half a mile away on a neighbouring eminence where "distance lends enchantment to the view"; now you may view the sunlight pouring its effulgent beams upon that heathery hill-side; the aspect of the grassy slopes is as of a garment of unutterable softness, the heather as a bridal cloak put on for the greeting of the sun; the whole outline of the hill is one of tender, matchless beauty. The enchantment caused by distance consists in this: a transformation of the whole in which every object composing the scene appears to receive a quite new setting. Rocks and flowers and grass and fern, and the *tout ensemble* awake in the mind the sense of a new and quite distinct factor in that scene; no longer anything to do with ecology, or structure, or minute natural adaptation, but something greater, grander than these. What is it? Methinks it is that light of

purity and beauty and love from higher things, "the consecration and the poet's dream," the emotional aspect of the landscape, which rivets the soul to gaze with inexhaustible love and wonder; where satiety palls not, but where all is freshness and peace. What is it which in such a landscape yields to the impressionable soul the two qualities which Ruskin said should be present in every great picture, *infinity* and *repose?* May it not be the Buddhi breathing of its illimitable dominion, the Buddhi, two in one harmoniously yet powerfully blended, therefore pulsating with a peace and a silence that may be felt?

Thus may we regard every object and scene in Nature. If I may take one more example to illustrate the point. A woodland scene on an October afternoon, with the autumnal tints mantling every leaf in colours of red and yellow and brown. Looking at that natural phenomenon from its rational, scientific aspect we discover that the prime reason of it all is an economical one, *viz.*, this: the yellow colour, xanthophyll, becomes visible because of the decay of the chlorophyll, or green colouring-matter, preparatory to the fall of the leaf; the red colour, erythrophyll, is due to a waste-product, connected with tannin, which is formed in the cell-sap, the function of which is most probably connected with the transformation and rapid conveyance of starch in sub-jacent cells by means of special light-rays; now, having microscopically examined all this and found that certain economical, adaptive requirements are the prime and real reason for the tints, remove yourself half a league or so, and take a macroscopic view of that wood. If your mind has not been cramped and hardened by scientific study, you will be ravished beyond words by the utter glory of that rich colour, and wondering how mere earth could produce such splendour, you will feel borne aloft into a region where erythrophyll and xanthophyll have not wings to follow, till you realise that under the serene influence of that beauty you are in touch with the spiritual aspect of the scene; that there is something there not merely adaptive and economical, and appealing to the intellect, but a something which touches the heart, a glory emanating from higher planes.

In contemplating a flower, while becoming thoroughly *au fait* with every detail of its complex structure, see to it that that self-

same flower awakens in you the spiritual, the poetic "thoughts which are too deep for tears."

It was the perception, deep and clear, of this great aspect of Nature which crowned with such a nimbus of beauty the life amid the Westmoreland hills of "him who uttered nothing base," the poet who could say of Nature:

> I have felt a presence that disturbs me with the joy
> Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
> Of something far more deeply interfused,
> Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
> And the round ocean, and the living air,
> And the blue sky, and in the mind of man.

Now, comparatively few amongst distinguished men of science and art have been seen to deal with Nature in both her aspects to any advanced degree. Yet here and there we see one. There was Goethe in Germany. What did he do? That mighty mind could never rest at ease in a world so full of beauty, so full of wonder; he would know that world in which he lived, and not one-sidedly, half-heartedly. On the threshold of his manhood he made up his mind "to live his life not by halves, but in all its fulness and totality." And knowing what his life was we are not surprised that such a harmonious, balanced being should have roused from the insight of a Napoleon Bonaparte, the famous comment: "Voilà un homme!" To those who have read *Faust* and many of his lesser poems, it needs not to tell of the spiritual grandeur and sublimity of his poetic nature; exquisite music and deep wisdom vibrate through all he wrote, as well as that intense pleasure and appreciation of existence inherent in the soul attuned. And yet Goethe was also a man of science; and his greatness as a thinker is shown by the fact that in both botany and zoology he made discoveries whose permanent value and immense importance cannot be over-estimated. I am speaking only of what I know when I say that his treatise on the "Metamorphosis of Plants," crude and imperfect as it necessarily was, is recognised as the root and foundation of vegetable morphology to-day; while on the zoological side his discovery of the intermaxillary bone laid the foundation of the vertebral theory of the skull. He also prosecuted long and laborious studies and

experiments in optics. Now in this consists the grandeur of Goethe's life and the far-reaching influence of his mental activities, that he lived and worked up to that principle embodied in Wordsworth's line: "To the solid ground of Nature trusts the mind that builds for aye." Goethe's poetry was no vapid sentimentalism or airy metaphysics; almost every line he wrote seems to have been founded on his own direct experience of Nature and of men, hence its depth and beauty; and the great generalisations on animals and plants, on optics, published by him, were not unfounded fancies, not *à priori* ideas with nothing solid to back them up, but he went straight to Nature and delved for facts with which to support those ideas. Hence was his life, too, rounded with a halo of glory.

Then there is the case of Albrecht Dürer, who, as we all know, was a great and notable painter; but we may not all know that he also wrote a learned treatise on Geometry; this is surely an extraordinary combination of faculties. Then, in our land, there was Ruskin, artist, poet, and geologist, a true master-mind.

What is it which fascinates in and makes so powerful the oratory of Mrs. Besant? Because with profound knowledge of fact is blended a great poetry of feeling, a buddhic conception of things, which manifests itself in stirring music of diction.

Finally, I may refer to the condition of human mentality in this part of the world to-day; we see just this: a great overbalancing of the scales of the evolutionary balance weightily on the scientific, the intellectual side. While recognising its necessity for the time being, it nevertheless remains true that we may begin now to put more weight into the poetic scale; the fact is we are most of us too grown up, sophisticated and cold, too fond of hard, dry facts, nothing but facts and solid cash. What we need is "to regain the child-state we have lost"; in the presence of the great Universe round about and in us to "become as little children," to re-acquire some of that simplicity, that love, that awe, that pure delight of childhood in Nature's scenes which regards them not merely as side-shows, of trivial and passing importance as compared with other things which bring in hard cash, but as full of import and utility for us as anything else in the

world; in these respects the "child is father of the man," and stands really nearer to the inner heart of Nature:

> There was a time when meadow, grove and stream,
> The earth, and every common sight,
> To me did seem
> Apparelled in celestial light,
> The glory and the freshness of a dream.

Where, oh! where, has vanished that "vision splendid" which attended our steps in youth? Possibly so enwrapped are we in the detailed preoccupations of commerce and science, that not for lives and lives shall we be able to "bring back the hour," that happy childhood's hour:

> Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower.

Yet, thanks to Theosophy, mankind is clearly beginning to contemplate the world around it from an ever broader and broader point of view; for along with Tennyson Theosophy proclaims to man:

> Let Knowledge grow from more to more,
> But more of reverence in us dwell,
> That mind and soul according well,
> May make one music as before,
> But vaster!

Vaster, because that music will be the note sounded by the individualised buddhic nature, which is vaster in power, vaster in sweetness, than any combination of qualities which has ever been before.

And thus the river of human life, at the end of its long, long, sinuous course, flows out and widens into the great estuary of an expanded consciousness.

W. C. Worsdell.

# THE STORY OF KARKATÎ

From the "Yoga Vâsiṣhṭha"

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## CHAPTER I.

### Consciousness

Vasiṣhṭha said: Thou must have gathered from the tale of Lîlâ,* which I told to thee, O Prince! that the feeling of solidity which makes the world around seem independent in its realness is also but mere consciousness, as much as the feeling of tenuity or liquidity. All this multifarious universe is nothing else than the play of a Single Point of Consciousness, that encloses and contains within itself all Self and all Not-Self and all their mutual interplay, past, present, and to come. What the consciousness imagines strenuously that it feels as real. If it will imagine to itself a solid body standing before the impassable barrier of a wall of rock, to that body the rock is truly an impassable barrier. If it will, by equal stress, eliminate solidity from both, they will no longer be a bar and a resistance to each other. If it will rush through the whole experiences of a Kalpa in a single moment, that single moment is verily a Kalpa; if it will spread leisurely the experience of a single moment over the time covered by a whole Kalpa, then that Kalpa is, to that consciousness, no more than a single moment. Lavaṇa passed through a hundred years of life in a single night. What is but a Muhûrta† to the Lord of creatures, Brahmâ, that is the whole lifetime of a Manu; what is the whole lifetime of a Brahmâ is but as a day to Viṣhṇu of the Discus; and what, again, is the whole life-period of a Viṣhṇu is but a day of Maheshvara of the

* See "The Story of Lîlâ," in this Review, vol. xxvi., pp. 214 *seqq*.

† A period of ti qual to forty-eight minutes.

Bull.* And he who is firm-fixed in Nirvikalpa-Samâdhi† knows neither night nor day; time and lapse of time are naught to him. See, in this world, how consciousness doth ever make reality. Practice makes sweet bitter, bitter sweet. Persistence changes foe to friend and friend to foe. Strange things, new sciences, the ways of Japa and of meditation seem so hard at first; practice, persistent consciousness, makes them all easy.

And, yet, remember that the Great Consciousness imagines all things equally. As within limited times and spaces, the weaker individual consciousnesses follow unresistingly the lead of the more powerful, even as thin streaks and lines of air are driven along by the torrent-mass of the cyclone, so the Great Consciousness of the One Self directs the entire movement of the world. That All-guiding Consciousness is one, and everywhere unbroken throughout the endless universe, wherein the worlds arise and disappear without beginning and without an end, like seed and plant in never-closed rotation.

We have looked outwards for so long, we have almost forgotten that there is an inner; and far more difficult is it now for us to realise that both the outer and the inner are maintained, supported, nay, in very truth, created, by our consciousness. Ponder long and deeply on the unbroken nature of consciousness. Even in a single human being, although we may for certain purposes distinguish layers and different constituents, yet in the deepest sense, the whole nature of man is one. Even as there is no difference between Chid-Âtmâ (Universal Self and Consciousness), and the individual Jîv-âtmâ, so is there none between a Jîva and its Chitta (mind). And even as there is no separateness and difference between the Jîva and its Chitta, so is there none between the Chitta and the Deha (body). And lastly, as there is no separateness and difference between the mind and the body, so is there none between the body and its various actions. All is consciousness.

Listen to another tale.

* Ordinarily, the Purâṇas indicate that the Brahmâ, Viṣhṇu and Shiva of each world-system are coevals and compeers. But the Viṣhṇu of a larger system may have many Brahmâs of smaller systems within His jurisdiction; and so the Shiva of a still larger system may rule over many smaller Viṣhṇus; and so on indefinitely.

† Meditation without a seed, without a definite object.

## CHAPTER II.

### The Hunger of Karkatî and Her Austerities

Karkatî, the Râkshasî, dwells on the northern slopes of the Himâlaya mountains. Black and fearsome is she, as dire statues carved from the sheer side of a mountain of petrified soot. Gaunt is her frame, like the drought-dry forests of the Vindhyâ hills. Mighty is she, and her eyes are as flaming fire, for never is her hunger satisfied. Black is her garment, too, as if woven out of the densified nights of the rainy season. Fogs and mists enwrap her, and clouds rest on her head. Bones and skulls bedeck her fearsomeness.

The meat that she obtains extinguishes not the fire of her hunger, even as the ever-pouring stream of salt waters quenches not the fire of the sea-volcano. And, therefore, she once thought within herself: "If I could only swallow all the teeming people of the land of Jambu-dvîpa* in a process as unceasing as my breath, then, perchance, my hunger would be stayed! And yet it is not easy to prevail against a people guarded well by mantras,† medicines, clean ways, and charities and worship of the Gods. But Tapas‡ brings about things most improbable; therefore, let me make great Tapas!"

Ascending a tall peak untrodden by other creatures, she stood on a single foot, immovable, till she became as a part of the rocks around. A thousand years elapsed, and Brahmâ came, constrained by that long self-denial, to bestow on her the boon she craved. "O daughter Karkatî! thou art the glory of the Râkshasa race," He said; "name the boon thou cravest." She pondered long, and then replied: "O Father of Creation! may I at will become a living needle with two forms, one gross and one not such; and may I have the power at will to enter into the hearts of creatures and suck away their lives." "Be it so," He said, and added: "Thou shalt be a Soochika§ with an upasarga;‖

* India.

† Magic chants.

‡ Austerity, penance.

§ A needle.

‖ "Upasarga" means a "prefix" in grammar; it also means a "discharge," "an excrescence," "a protrusion."

men shall call thee Vishoochika.* In subtle form shalt thou destroy all beings that live on unclean foods, go evil ways, are foolish and ill-balanced. Thou shalt prevail against them that dwell in foul places and act in foul ways. Thou shalt enter into them, even unto the heart, and seizing on the lotuses† and the spleen and other organs, thou shalt slay and devour them. But if thou shouldst, by some mischance, attack the good and virtuous, then shall this mantra help them to get rid of thee, and thou shalt fly back from them to these mountains."‡ And Brahmâ uttered the strong mantra there, and the Siddhas floating by recorded it, and Brahmâ, too, went back to His Abode.

## CHAPTER III.

### The Transformations of Karkatî and further Tapas

Forthwith the mountain-large frame of Karkatî began to shrink. In a moment it looked like only a great black cloud; then, a tree; shortly, like a human being; next instant, it was but a span high; again, but as a grain of mustard; then as a dot of the sapphire-ray of the Sun; and finally, invisible like space itself. Beautiful and subtle as the Brahm'-nerve (Sushumnâ) out on its way through the Brahma-randhra§ to the Sun, she floated in mid-space, like the drying tress-points of a fresh-bathed maiden.

Behold the wonders of intentness in excess on any single thing! So full was Karkatî's consciousness of hunger and its satisfaction, she minded not her own great body falling off and leaving her so small and insignificant. And full of that same consciousness she roamed and roamed in her double form, appearing now as Ati-vishoochika and now Antar-vishoochika‖, ever insatiate of the lives that she destroyed. Doing her fell

* An infectious disease, generally the cholera; also a form of the plague; the naming after the "needle" seems to have reference to the shape of the disease-microbe. The mention of fogs and mists and clouds in the description of Karkatî, similarly seems to refer to the seasons and physical conditions in which epidemics are most violent.

† Ganglia.

‡ Some varieties of the plague are said to be endemic in the hills.

§ A passage through the brain and the top of the skull known to the Science of Yoga.

‖ Literally "excessive-Vishoochika" and "internal-Vishoochika," a reference probably to various forms of the disease. The cholera and the plague have for long been the two chief scourges of the East.

work she wandered over the face of the earth, driven away now and again, when she attacked the righteous, by acts of charity and mantras, medicines and tapas. For many years she wandered thus, hiding in the dust and hidden by the light, skulking in human limbs and organs tainted with unclean living, flourishing in heaps of filth, in dried-up ditches, and in rotten straw.

At last she tired of her troubled life, uncertain hiding-places, and the constant struggle; and the thought arose within her mind and gathered strength as she dwelt on it: "Did I do well to change my immense form for this small one? The tiniest drop of food now overfills me, and I no longer know the taste of those large mouthfuls of delicious meats of old. I hide about in mud and mire and unclean places. Shall I remain much longer in this state? O my great legs! with which I stepped with ease from peak to peak of these vast mountain-ranges! O beautiful black nails! that tore down rocks in play! O stomach! roomy like the mountain-gorge! O large and beauteous face! the broadening smile of which stampeded even my fellow-Râkshasas with terror! O arms! the weight of which broke down the mountain-pines! O eyes! that set the darkness of the night on fire! Why did I ever part with you? Alas! Why did I give you all away for this contemptible needleness that even the hoof of a fly can fling away? Alas! when shall I get you back again?"

Silently she suffered, till in the intensity of her remorse it came to her that as she lost her giant body, so, by those same means, she might recover it again. Therewith she went back to the self-same mountain peak on which she first performed her long austerities, and stood again on a single tiny foot, fixing it deep into a single grain of granite to avoid being blown away by the winds. Thus she stayed for full seven thousand years, flooded by the torrents of the rains, swayed by mighty tempests, roasted by forest-fires, pelted by hail, dazed by the lightning, interrupted in her meditations by the thunder of the clouds, yet never shaken from her purpose and her place. With the lapse of that long time and with the pressure of her manifold experience, a wonder and a restlessness of thought arose within her, and she reflected deeply on the nature of the world and of

the Self. She pondered for a thousand years on the great mystery, until she saw that very nature of the Self containing all the world within itself. That final knowledge rose all-luminous within her, under the unremitting stress of the Self-reflection than which there is no higher Teacher of deeper truth to the Jîva ; and the long Tapas came unto its ripening.

The mountain glowed with its glory, and Indra, the King of the Gods, enquired of Nârada, their Sage, whose strong penance was so potently enveloping the worlds in overpowering blaze, converting the cool caves of the Abode of Snow into hiding-places of heat untenable by the Gods. Nârada explained ; and Indra went at once to seek for remedy from Brahmâ, praying him to grant the wished-for boons of Karkatî. Brahmâ gave assent, and came to Karkatî and said : "Ask, daughter ! for the thing that thou desirest." Reduced to the merest of the subtlest streak of the Jîva-consciousness, devoid of organs, she could make no answer, and only thought within herself : "What do I want that feel the fulness of the Self ? I want no boons. I know all there is to be known ; my doubts are fled ; I stand in perfect peace ; likes and dislikes have disappeared ; all is as one to me." Rejoicing at her mood, the Lord of Creatures said : "'Tis well that all is one to thee, my daughter ! Thou desirest neither to accept nor to reject. Then let the laws of limited nature take their course. The Tapas-Karma thou hast done requires a consequence. So live some further time upon the earth in thine old great frame, developing it anew from this thy present tininess, as forest-giants grow from subtle seeds. But having seen the Truth, thou couldst not take to evil ways again, and cause the innocent to suffer. So I ordain that for thy sustenance thou shalt feed only on the sinful and impure. When thou hast thus exhausted all thy karma and lived, a Jîvan-mukta,* through thy life, then shalt thou go to the Abode of Bliss."

With this He disappeared ; and in a moment Karkatî passed back from the size of a sunbeam-mote, to seed, span, cubit, human stature, towering tree, and finally to that of a giant mountain-peak again.

* Free while still living in the body.

## CHAPTER IV.

### The Question of the Râkshasî

A touch of pleasure passed into her illumined mind at the regaining of her former frame; but in a moment she threw off the insidiously-reviving pride of Râkshasa-hood and passed into Samâdhi. Six months passed away; and then the body awoke and asserted its claims for nourishment, as it always will while life has not departed. Then she wondered: "I cannot eat unrighteous food again. It matters not to me whether this body live or die. Had I not rather let it die away?" But Nabhasvân, the Wind, came to her help, seeing her fixed so firmly in resolves of right, and spoke unseen: "Wander forth, O Karkatî! bestowing knowledge on the ignorant. There is no truer charity, no more precious gift, than the gift of Self and of Self-knowledge. He who gains it gains the universe. He gains assurance of his deathlessness; and to the strength of that great confidence all labours, losses, pains are light and easy. Therefore walk the world, O Râkshasî! endeavouring to spread Self-knowledge. And those that turn away persistently from it shall be fit food for thee. Receiving not the Self but throwing it away, themselves they do destroy themselves, and so no sin shall come to thee in eating them."

She thanked the wind, rose straight like a colossal water-whirl from the shaken surface of the ocean, descended slowly from the peak into the valleys, and entered the habitation of a tribe of Kirâtas* dwelling at the foot of the mountains.

Night reigned there at the time. Clouds hid the moon and stars, the darkness hung so dense it could be almost pushed about by the hands. In that fearful night, Vikrama, the king of the tribe, was out with his prime minister to see that none disturbed the sleep of his people. Karkatî beheld the two and thought: "Here is the food I look for, let me see though that they have no virtue which prevents my swallowing them." To test them she let forth a hideous roar followed by harsh words, as a crack of lightning followed by a shower of hail: "What wandering worms are ye, and are ye wise? For I devour you else."

* A hill-tribe.

The king replied: "Seek not to frighten us with empty sound, but show thyself, whoever thou art, then we shall judge how to behave to thee."

Thereat the Râkshasî displayed her fearful form, that used to strike with terror even her companion-Râkshasas. But the pure-minded know no fear: and the minister addressed her calmly:

"I see thou wantest food! Why then such great excitement for such little cause? If thou wouldst state thy wish more peacefully, it were more easy to fulfil it. The king accustoms not to turn away the really needy."

Then the Râkshasî reflected: "Their faces, eyes and speech show me that these two are no common men, but knowers of the truth, so let me question further." And she asked aloud: "Tell me first who you are, and what you are doing here at this time of the night."

The minister explained and said: "We are abroad for the restraint of such as you from doing harm to our people."

The Râkshasî: "O king and minister! prove to me that you deserve your offices, or I shall swallow both of you unfailingly. The Science of the Self is the highest of all sciences, and king and minister that know it not are not deserving of their offices. Tell me then what is that single atom in which millions of Brahmâṇḍas hide as bubbles in the ocean. Describe to me that which is spaceless space; thing without substance; I and thou at once; that which stands still while ever moving; intensely conscious though dead as the rock; a blazing fire that will not burn; light and the source of light though all unseen; the light by which all blind things, climbing creepers, sprouting seeds and upward-pushing plants all see their way unerringly; which yet is the very depth and density of darkness, too; a flashing moment longer than the endless Kalpas; an endless Kalpa, though but a flashing moment; which, evident to the senses, is yet naught; and which, again, is verily everything, though unperceived of any sense; which, present everywhere, may not be grasped by hands, searching through myriad births; which thrusts itself into those very hands insistently, when they have ceased from search; a thing with thousand hands and feet and

eyes, and yet devoid of limbs; a thing devoid of limbs that yet paints living forms on the blank sheet of emptiness; which acts and moves and lives without a cause or motive; which makes a multifarious spectacle of its sole Self; which carries all the past, the present and the future of all worlds, concentred in a single point within itself? What is that which has spread out this giant panorama of the universe? What is that, essenced with which, thou playest, slayest, guardest? What is that, by sight of which, thou art annihilated into deathless being? What is that which is both being and non-being? Resolve this little doubt of mine, O king and minister! They only are the wise that can supply solution of the doubts of these that question them. They are the foolish that have made themselves the slaves of sense. Are ye the latter, or are ye the former? If the latter, then, without a doubt, I swallow you, and all your people, too, thereafter. Unhappy, undeserving, unpossessed of acts of past good Karma, vacant of acts of merit are the people that are governed by a foolish, vicious king."

## CHAPTER V.

### The Answer

As the great sounds of the Râkshasî's speech subsided like the roll of thunder dying away in the distance, the minister took up the answer, for when the lower in rank can carry out a work successfully, it is not right to trouble the higher. "Listen, O maid of nimbus-size and hue! as I expound the answer to the question in a word. As thou thyself well knowest, in thy paradoxes thou hast spoken of the Paramâtmâ, the Supreme Self, that shoreless ocean of all Consciousness, in which intelligences form and disappear in countless numbers, like vortices and whirlpools in the sea. Itself beholds itself; none else is there to do so. It is the resting-place of all things contradictory. It moves and lapses not in space and time and motion; for space and time and motion are all within its changeless being. It has no motive to new act; all acts and motives are within it. The mother with the babe hid cosily within her arms needs not to seek for it elsewhere. And if you close and seal a bowl and carry it a hundred miles

how can you say whether the space enclosed within the bowl has travelled also all the hundred miles or not? The consciousness of a Kalpa is a Kalpa; the consciousness of a moment is a moment. Consciousness of far and near is far and near. Apart from consciousness naught is; within it are both aught and naught; both being and non-being."

The Mantri ceased; whereon the Râkshasî: "So pleasing is this talk to me, I would it were continued. Will then the king please to prolong it further?"

The king smiled and replied: "Let it be so! Most wondrous is that all-pervading consciousness whose sole form and belief is the belief of the non-being of this universe; whose one eternal thought and vow is abnegation of these falsehoods of imagination. It is the final goal of all the speech of the Vedânta; yet it is beyond all speech. Ever it dwells in the exact between of every pair of opposite extremes, including in itself, as mean, both these extremes. This consciousness alone is the final and the efficient cause as well as the material cause of all this drama of the world. Its unity remains unbroken though identical with all the sudden multiplicity of Kosmos. Such is the eternal Brahman that thou hast described, O virtuous maid! It is the atom; it is also the vast all. It is the Self; it is the Not-Self too. Its consciousness is the one cause of causes. It is the very Self of every being, without the finding of which there is no peace throughout a hundred or a thousand lives of strenuous effort; and yet, with the finding of which naught new is gained, but a deliverance from final doubt."

## CHAPTER VI.

### The End of Karkatî's Story

All thought of harming them the Râkshasî abandoned finally on hearing the wise words of the king, even as the summer-heated earth throws off its fever with the first cool drops of rain. A joy arose within her mind even as the moon within the darkness of a tropic night. Her mood was beautified and softened as black rain-clouds by flights of snow-white herons. She said to them:

"I am happy to have found you in this forest. Your minds are pure and lighted with the sun of quenchless wisdom. I would be friends with you. Can I perform some service?"

The king replied: "My people suffer from diseases of the heart, and various pains. Physicians are of no avail. They only say it is Vishoochikâ. This is one reason why I sally forth at nights in hopes to meet with such as you, that either cause the ravage or may help to cure it. If you are the former then would I war with you with all my might; but if the latter, then entreat your help in all humility."

The Râkshasî explained how she herself was the fell Vishoochikâ, unfolding all her story. The king prayed her on the ground of new-made friendship that she desist from causing suffering to men. And she consented, saying: "It is right; and I will go back to the mountains and cast off this ever-hungry frame of mine rather than slaughter human beings." But the king was much perplexed and said: "While it is right that you should not molest the innocent, it is not right that the immediate consequence of your acquaintance with me should be death to you. One way appears to me in which both ends may be secured. The criminals among my subjects, judged worthy of death, shall be reserved for you, and you shall come to me from time to time, slaying the wicked, nourishing yourself, helping the good and innocent, as those wise in the final wisdom ever should."

They parted in much mutual satisfaction with this compact; and in after times Karkatî visited the king at the fixed times for food, spending the intervals in Yoga and Samâdhi, by the power of which she guarded the king's people from super-physical ills. And when the king Vikrama passed away she was as friendly to his descendants for many generations. When she herself wore out her Râkshasa body and so visited them no more, then the people made a temple to her, giving her the name of Kandarâ, and also Amaṅgalâ, under which names she is still worshipped in the mountains, as the guardian-Goddess of the mountain-tribes.

Vasiṣhṭha added: "This tale may help thee, Râma, in the understanding of how the body and the surroundings of the body change with the changes of the Manas (mind)."

"Some little part I do begin to see," said Râma, "of how

essential consciousness is in the universe. But tell me, Master! how this changeful mind arises."

"I asked that question once, myself, of Brahmâ," said Vasishtha, "and the story that he told to me in answer, I will relate to thee."

BHAGAVÂN DÂS.

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# THE ART OF PSEUDONYMITY

## A CONTRIBUTION TO THE SHAKESPEARE-BACON QUESTION

ALL readers of the REVIEW will doubtless be grateful to Mr. Sinnett for the interesting light which he has thrown upon Francis Bacon in his article in the December number. The recent work there mentioned, by Mrs. E. W. Gallup, the *Bi-literal Cipher of Francis Bacon*, seems, however, to all appearance not to exert upon its readers that convincing influence which Mr. Sinnett's article would lead one to expect. I must indeed plead guilty to not as yet knowing the book itself; but when one remembers that English magazines of standing publish almost exclusively antagonistic views, from the pens of stiff-necked Shakespeareans who aim at finding fault with and making ridiculous Mrs. Gallup's decipherings, the only conclusion one can draw is that the probative force of Mrs. Gallup's revelations is none too great. Inspiration—it is said—is necessary in order to recognise their probative power; to me it seems more probable that it is intuition, not inspiration, which is wanted; and I am afraid that, if her revelations presuppose readers possessing this gift of intuition, Mrs. Gallup will hardly meet with much success among the present generation.

I think, however, that I shall be in agreement with the readers of the THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW when I say: This Shakespeare-Bacon problem touches us, as Theosophical students, somewhat closely, because we know—and the fact is undeniably demonstrated—that Francis Bacon was the most distinguished Rosicrucian of his time, if indeed he was not actually the

Founder of that mysterious Society.* Now when we recall to mind what a wealth of hermetic wisdom lies hidden in the so-called Shakespearean plays—I need only mention *The Tempest*—and learn further that Bacon's contemporaries, innumerable friends, colleagues, secretaries, etc., have celebrated in almost exaggerated language not only Bacon's marvellous knowledge, but also his poetic genius—then we have really no further need of any bi-literal cipher revelations to open our minds to the conviction, that those unequalled Dramas were produced not by the play-actor, William Shakespeare, but by the genius of the poet-philosopher, Francis Bacon. That, as Mr. Sinnett assumes from Mrs. Gallup's revelations, Bacon in addition to the Shakespearean plays also composed those hitherto ascribed to Greene and Marlow, and writings attributed to Burton, Spenser, and other less known names—this, I must admit, seems to me, to say the least, highly improbable, not to say unthinkable. In his very interesting book *Bacon, Shakespeare, and the Rosicrucians*, the Baconian Wigston puts forward the suggestion, which he closely examines and establishes, that Bacon must have had at his disposal, in his poetical and dramatic works, a numerous body of collaborators, amongst whom Ben Jonson, the poet, and William Shakespeare, the actor, appear to have figured, both of whom, moreover, seem also to have been Rosicrucians. Thus, according to Wigston's view, which in my opinion has much in its favour, we are concerned with a sort of poetical co-operative society, whose ruling spirit was naturally the Lord Chancellor—as indeed is often the case with regard to our modern dramatic poets, although truly no Shakesperean plays but merely manufactured dramatic goods are produced thereby.

In Germany, in the "Fatherland"—as people in Anglo-Saxon countries are fond of expressing it—whose sons and daughters are never weary of losing themselves again and ever again in the unsurpassed masterpieces of dramatic art which are connected with the name of Shakespeare, there exists *officially*, that is so far as the literary historians and students of æsthetics at our Universities are concerned, no Shakespeare-

* There is absolutely no evidence of any kind for the latter assertion. Surely Rosicrucianism antedated Bacon?—G.R.S.M.

Bacon question at all. Nevertheless this problem has already occupied many an intellect even here, and has repeatedly attracted more than one keen brain. Amongst these is one who has attacked it with a thoroughness which, even in Germany, the home of thorough-going intellectual work, has attracted attention. This is the Leipzig poet and writer, Edwin Bormann, who is, so to say, the German Baconian *par excellence*.

Bormann has already published a series of works upon this problem, which naturally have not remained unanswered. The German Shakespeare Society—an institution of many years' standing—protests, of course, against any such disparagement of the memory of its poet-hero. But Bormann will not let himself be frightened off from constantly bringing forward new supports to strengthen the position he has once for all adopted. His latest book, devoted to this problem, is entitled *The Art of Pseudonymity*.* It is so peculiar and original, that I cannot forbear calling the attention of readers of this REVIEW to it.

"There is no author (anonymous or pseudonymous) so secretive"—thus Bormann begins his brief Preface—"who, in publishing a book which has grown into his heart, does not, either on the title-page or very close to it, bring in his real name." In our day, this sentence, it is true, does not apply; but it applies all the more completely to the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and even further to a part of the eighteenth. For it accorded with the taste of that time, that those writers, who had something very special to say to their readers, should play hide-and-seek with them, and conceal themselves behind some pseudonym. In proof of the correctness of this proposition, Bormann cites a tremendously long list of well-known writers, of English, French and German nationality, belonging to that period, who were all in the habit of concealing their real names behind a pseudonym, which, moreover, in many cases, was often varied and changed. In this list we meet with the most famous names, such as Pascal, Rabelais, Voltaire, etc.

Bormann then exhibits the various ways in which these pseudonyms used then to be formed, and after doing so passes on to his main problem, which he formulates as follows:

* *Die Kunst des Pseudonyms*. Edwin Bormann's Selbstverlag in Leipzig. Price 12 marks.

"If, therefore, William Shakespeare is the pseudonym of a man, whose name is Francis Bacon, we ought to find the name Francis Bacon on the title-pages of the Shakespearean poems and in their immediate neighbourhood." And, so far at least as I can judge, Bormann, as a matter of fact, does succeed in giving proof for this assertion. For that purpose he reproduces a great number of title-pages from editions of the plays from the end of the sixteenth and the beginning of the seventeenth centuries, some of which appeared anonymously, while others bear the name Shakespere or Shakespeare; and he proves with a "*flaire*" which reminds one of a detective, that the name of Bacon can be found in the figures of the head-pieces, if one only knows how to seek aright. Bormann discovered on these title-pages a Picture and Letter-cipher, carried through with a great expenditure of inventive ability, the unravelling of which is naturally only possible for one possessing an accurate knowledge of the English of that time. Very attractive reading, too, is supplied by what Bormann has to say about the binding of the great 1623 folio edition of Shakespeare, which apparently bears a bust-portrait of Shakespeare. This binding Bormann also reproduces for us in the size of the original, in order to show the reader that the portrait obviously represents not Shakespeare, but Bacon; it must, as Bormann thinks, judging according to the fine coat, represent Bacon with his face hidden by a mask. That, as a matter of fact, some secret is hidden in this picture, is suggested by the wording of a short poem, addressed to the reader, upon the same title-page, and signed B. J., which is probably from the pen of Ben Jonson, the dramatist, who for five years lived with Bacon and aided him in his literary work.

The Appendix to Bormann's book is headed, "Francis Bacon as judged by his Contemporaries." Here we find ourselves altogether clear of the domain of combinations and deductions from mysterious inscriptions, and standing face to face with the men themselves who personally knew and honoured in his lifetime the genial and many-sided Lord Chancellor, some of them as friends and literary helpers, others as more distant admirers. We have here collected together the statements of forty or fifty of his contemporaries about Bacon. I will only quote a very few of their opinions.

James Duport (1606-1679), a learned scholar of Trinity College (Cambridge), calls Bacon an "eager hero of the pen," who has given to the world "numerous volumes" and "many little books" and praises the "enduring deeds" of his genius. Another scholar of Trinity College, Henry Ferne (1602-1662), says in his Elegy that Bacon had "unveiled the secrets of nature" and "died, his heart-veins filled with the loftiest art."

Sir Toby Mathews, Bacon's younger friend and literary helper, writes in a postscript to a letter to Bacon of the year 1623: "The most marvellous genius whom I have ever known among my own people and on the continent bears your Lordship's name, although he is known under another." Further in his Preface to a collection of letters (1660), Mathews writes thus about Bacon: "He was a monster, a creature of incredible abilities, of keen and tenacious mental grasp, of powerful and accurate memory, of overflowing, blooming invention, profound and well-based judgment," etc.

Whoever studies attentively Bormann's book, will be made acquainted with an art of which he has probably never dreamt, *viz.*, with the Art of Pseudonymity of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, which, moreover, forms a contribution to the clearing up of the Shakespeare-Bacon question that is at the least well worth attention.

LUDWIG DEINHARD.

(TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN BY B. K.)

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It is a truth perpetually, that accumulated facts, lying in disorder, begin to assume some order if an hypothesis is thrown among them.

HERBERT SPENCER.

# THE PERSONAL EQUATION

Most of our readers live in a world that cries loudly for facts, and nearly all of us join in the screaming. We are, ourselves, quite hoarse with our loud crying, and shall doubtless continue to be so for many a long day to come. We howl because we are tired ot all the pretty stories, of the myths and legends, the pap we swallowed so eagerly in our babyhood. We are, however, still children, crying children, howling for spoon-meat, and thinking it man's food, and so will continue till we have virile stomachs strong enough to digest the true bread of life. We, therefore, for the nonce cry out for "facts," and gurgle delightedly when we get them. "Facts" are things to "go upon"—solid nutriment. And so they *are* to us in our present growing days. But—(were it not for "but" how easy things would be!)—there are few who remember that a fact is, for the most part, merely the accurate observation and description of a phenomenon; and phenomena in their very hypothesis do not lie at the root of things. There are certain greater things which we call ideas, but which are in reality the true *facts* of the universe. These are living essences, so sages declare, not passing shows and happenings; they are noumena not phenomena, they are cognisable by the pure mind, not by its sensuous reflection. Reflecting on such matters we have sometimes thought that perhaps the real life of the Theosophical Movement was vehicled in ideas alone, and never manifested in phenomena; but such a reflection is somewhat foreign to the Wisdom towards which we aspire; for does not that Wisdom teach that in the great heart of things there is no respect of persons? And if no respect of persons, then no respect of things. Nay, surely this very thought itself is one of the leading *ideas* of our philosophy of life; for is not equal-mindedness one of our great goods, one of the things desirable; facts, then, facts in the ordinary sense, have their appointed place and function—a lofty

place and an admirable function; but they are not the causes of things, or, if you dislike the term, they are not the "real conditioning" of things; they belong to the sensible world. The greater energies have their home in the world of ideas, and the facts of sensible life are the infinite working out of these supernal forces.

We are quite aware that such a view of the nature of things is distasteful to the objective mind, which sees in ideas mere imaginings void of substance; this is, indeed, the present general fashion of the active intelligence of the Western world. But to the equal-minded philosopher ideas are as valid as facts, while to the subjective mind they are the only realities. Now the modern Theosophical Movement has brought into prominence many hitherto little-noticed facts of human experience, and may even be said, without boasting, to have added some new facts to the common store of observed phenomena. These have been seized upon by many minds and used for beneficent purposes or exploited for selfish ends; but in our opinion a knowledge of them does not by any means necessarily connote even a bowing acquaintance with Theosophy. Theosophy, which is one of the many names of Wisdom, energises by means of ideas; she has her æonian life in the pleroma, or fullness, of the Godhead. Her true children are ideas, and indwellers of that divine world or state of order and harmony of which even the dimmest reflection can illuminate to intoxication the most brilliant intellects and the purest hearts of mortals; "facts" are but the "abortions" of this perfect world, the countless imperfections in the state of ever-becoming.

Now, there are certain ideas—or at least reflections of ideas, so much of them, that is to say, as we can grasp with our imperfect natures—on which the sane evolution of our movement depends. They are simple in themselves, but manifold in their outworking; they are innate with life, and therefore expressed in manifold forms. Let us endeavour briefly to indicate one of these ideas, for it is not possible to name it, and for this reason: True ideas refuse to separate themselves from their brethren and have a life apart. Every idea is each and all other ideas; and each and all are it. Its glory, it is true, seems a special glory to us, and we try to

distinguish it, and name it as a thing apart, but in itself it knows no difference from its fellows. Knowledge, love and power are so like in their own world that none can say one is greater or less than the other, before or after the other, above or below the other. Knowledge is all love and power; love is all power and knowledge; power is all knowledge and love. But it was not of such things in themselves, or, if you prefer it, such essences, hypostases, or persons, such beings or such substances, that we would speak, but of some dim reflections of their outwardness. Indeed in so far as we definitely name one of these ideas "knowledge," another "love," and another "power," in so far do we in thought by our very definition rob them of their true nature—for They are one and all beyond all names that can be named.

Now the idea of which we would speak is very simple, very familiar to most of us; it is the unity of source in all that is best in all the great religions. It is an idea in the true sense of the word, a living truth, a beauty unspeakable, a good that satisfies our best desires. This idea in its out-working proclaims that all men who strive honestly towards the best they can comprehend, have one and all equally their feet set upon the Path that leads to that Source; in other words, there are as many paths as there are minds in men, and yet that Path is one. This is an idea which our writers and speakers, following the declarations of the wisest of the past, have strenuously popularised and persistently will endeavour to make general. It goes to the very root of all true religion, and is the practical out-working of the grandiose idea of the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man. We rest upon this with a sure confidence as upon the very foundation of all ethic; we believe that a willing assent to this stupendous fact, a ready acceptance of this idea, will clear the way for the inauguration of a new order of things; nay, that this is the nearest approach to a true conception of the real Order which underlies the chaos of religion and morals, that the mind of man has yet evolved.

But if there be a path for every man, it follows that his path must differ from that of every other mortal; indeed, if it were otherwise and the path of all were the same, the infinite monotony of it would paralyse even the most contented and determined

spirit. And yet this sameness seems to most religionists the most desirable thing! It is not that they desire one path for all, the "one path" to be something other than the footway in which they may be for the moment treading; but that they insist that their side-track is *the* path and every one should follow *them*. Now this very general fallacy arises from the confusion of the idea with phenomenal facts. It is a fact that for the most part such folk find joy in their path, otherwise they would not tread it; they joy even in its difficulties, for they are thus expressing their nature, and nature will out. But what they fail to understand is that their path is only so much of The Path as their imperfect natures are capable, I will not say of expressing, but of sensing. The Path is the *idea*, the living essence, the æon out of space and time (as we understand these incomprehensibles the lords of measure and number)—space and time which are themselves also ideas. It is *this* Path which is *one for all;* the paths of men are as numerous as themselves.

And if it be true that no two blades of grass, no two grains of sand, nay, no two atoms (though the whole of the atomic theory by the way is based upon the absolute similarity of atoms!) in the universe are in every way identical, for then there would be no reason why one should be in one place and the other in another, and thus the Reason of Deity be excluded from some part of the universe, much more then is it impossible that two such complex entities as men can be identical, and still more impossible that their paths, the sum total of their future evolution, can be the same. And here we come face to face with that great mystery, the personality, or deeper down still (if you would use terms in a more precise sense) the individuality, the root of difference, which after all is but a reflection of that indefeasible right to selfhood, the basis of being. *Demon est Deus inversus*, and some folk take the Individuum as Deus and the self as demon, others, on the contrary, proclaim the individual the devil and the Self as God, while the Ideas themselves smile at each other when they hear the gossip of little men about their august persons.

But what we desire for the moment to insist on is that every man has his own path; in other words, each of us has his own

personal equation to solve, and the value of his $x$ is the value of no other man's. If there be truth in this, as we believe, it follows that no man will find the solution of his equation in the working out of some other man's, no matter even if the record of that solution be of the most brilliant. There is to be no "imitation" in this world of infinite variety, the end of evolution is not to be a monotonous sameness; we are to be originals, not copies. And if someone asks me how I know this, or why I make such an irrational statement as to speak of "becoming an original," my answer is, that this is, at any rate, as near the truth as the more general view; that truth can never be stated save in paradox, and that my statement is precisely a paradox, though I am not so foolish as to add illogically that being a paradox it must therefore be true. I simply leave it as an *ex cathedrâ* statement; and every one may surely play the pope on occasion to see how it feels!

But someone else may say: What! is there not to be imitation of the good? What of the great sages; what of the great exemplars? By all means "imitate"—nay, *become*, strive ever to *be*—their *wisdom* if you can, but if you try to copy the sages as they really appeared on earth, you will simply strive after the impossible, namely to leave your path for theirs. They, *everyone of them*, had different problems to solve to your problem. Doubtless their example will help you to *simplify* your equation, that is very certain; but never as long as time shall be, never as long as space endures, never as long as consciousness expands, will any one of these *solve* your equation for you. This is a thing between your God and you; there are no intermediaries in this. *When* you have solved it—*then* shall you be all intermediaries, but not till then.

Be then yourself; dare to be this. There is a something entrusted to you, that you may manifest it, which has been given to no other mortal. What this thing is you will not know entirely till He who gave the gift receives it back to bestow it on you yet again a hundredfold. 'Tis yours to be a man, not a monkey or a parrot mortal; but a mind, an intelligent, responsible, living servant of the Mind. We are all servants, clad in servants' garb, yet we are bidden to serve differently, each according to our light.

Our individual light-beam streams forth from its parent Ray, yet even the Rays are not all one in action though they pour forth from One Sun.

G. R. S. MEAD.

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# ST. COLUMBA AND THE AMRA CHOLUIMB CHILLE*

THE *Amra Choluimb Chille* has recently been translated by Mr. Whiteley Stokes,† and the earliest transcription of the MS. which we possess bears a probable date of the ninth century. The original *Amra* is ascribed to a poet named Dallàn Mac Forgaill, who was a contemporary of Columba. Dallàn wrote the *Amra* in praise of Columba, and it exhibits him in the character of a sage and arbiter, the councillor of kings, and the protector and champion of the Bards.

And here I pause before sketching the circumstances under which the *Amra* was written, to demur somewhat to a statement of Mr. Standish O'Grady touching the attitude of Columba towards the Bards. No one is more grateful to Mr. O'Grady than myself for the work he is doing in preserving the old lore and traditions of Ireland, and no one is more willing than I to admit his superior knowledge on all these points to that possessed by a mere tyro like myself; but I cannot see that Columba was contemptuous towards the Bards. A Bard of Ireland was his tutor, and his love for the home of his youth is apparent in his welcome of the crane which flew, storm-battered, from his fatherland. Columba was proficient in the art of Bardism; he wrote his hymns in the metre of Irish poetry, he visited Ireland partly to save the Bards from banishment, and it was in gratitude for that protection that Dallàn, a Bard, wrote the *Amra*.

* See in the last number the article "St. Columba."

† See *Revue Celtique*, vol. xx.; 1899.

Columba checked the singing of the *Amra*, says Mr. O'Grady. True! but not in scorn; he checked it because he felt dawning pride; therefore he bade the Bard cease, and sing his praise in death, not in life. One is not puffed up with pride at praise from any person whom one holds in contempt; if one commits the great folly of holding anyone in contempt, such a person would be incapable of pleasing by his or her appreciation, unless the object of such appreciation was singularly weak and vain. Therefore I do not think that Columba's injunction to Dallàn necessarily means that he held the Bardic art lightly. Let us now turn to the history of the writing of this *Amra*.

In the year 575 Aed, son of Ainmere, King of Ireland, appealed to all the princes and nobles to banish the Bards; for what reason does not appear. Columba came to Ireland for a triple reason. Firstly to defend the Bards; hence their gratitude. Secondly to make peace between Aed and Aedan of Argyle; this was in a sense a family duty, for Columba was related to the King of Argyle. Thirdly to assist and release Scandlan, prince of Ossory, who was being held in bondage and very cruelly used by Aed. Scandlan was Columba's kinsman; Ossory was in the east of Leinster, and Columba sprang, on the mother's side, from the royal house of that country.

The Abbot was successful in his mission, though he had great difficulty in releasing Scandlan, who, it appears, was being tortured by Aed by means of depriving him of drink. Columba also, it seems, met with some discourtesy at the hands of the son and followers of Aed.

After Columba's mission had been ended successfully, the grateful Dallàn composed the *Amra* in his praise. Columba then, feeling the assault of pride, bade Dallàn be silent in the matter till the object of his laudation should be no longer living. Dallàn obeyed, and it was finally only at the bidding of King Aed after the death of Columba that he wrote the *Amra*.

The *Amra* is in the following form. First a Preface, which is an invocation to God in which the name of Jesus does not appear.

Then ten chapters as follows:

i. The news of Columba's death.

ii. His ascent to heaven.
iii. His place therein.
iv. Of his suffering on earth, and the hatred felt towards him by the Devil.
v. Of his wisdom and gentleness.
vi. Of his charity and abstinence.
vii. Of his knowledge and foresight.
viii. King Aed's commission to the author.
ix. Of the grief of the saint's clansmen.
x. Of the innate virtues of the *Amra*.

This interesting Life is written in highly figurative prose. Dallàn, the author, says it is difficult to understand; Mr. Whiteley Stokes, the translator, refers to its deliberately fashioned "word-puzzles." I will now select the most striking points in each chapter; and those who are interested to learn more can easily read the whole *Amra* for themselves in Mr. Whiteley Stokes' translation.

i. Columba is lamented as their messenger to God. "For not to us (is) the Knower who used to avert fears from us" (or "the sage who used to go from us into the Land Beautiful, *i.e.*, Heaven)." "For not to us runs he back who used to declare a true word," or "the word's truth."*

ii. "Very high he arose when God's companies came to Columba." "Bright is the Prince of peace who came to attend on Columba, even Axal the angel."

"He (Columba) was strong in knowledge on every eminence," or, "he was strong in every art unto perfect knowledge." This final sentence implies degrees of attainment, and implies also the possibility of "perfect" knowledge.

iii. "He (Columba) came to the laudations made by hosts, by archangels." This refers to the glory of Columba in heaven; Axal is the name of the angel who used to converse with the saint on earth. "Dear the angel of colloquy, Axal, venerable, noble, so that he comes from my God with a gifted host to benefit me." "He has reached the plains where the *mos* is that

* These phrases are very remarkable. It seems to me that the "word's truth" means the "Wisdom," the inner knowledge, the Gnosis. It will also be noticed, and will soon be even more apparent, that Columba is assumed to have been one who went to and returned from heaven.

melodies are not born." "The king of priests has cast away troubles."*

iv. "He was a horror to the Devil, from his powerful art" (his "science devout"). "Knowledge of the Godhead was granted to him." Atkinson translates this passage: "He lived in granted deity of the Son of God," that is to say, the mystic Christ was born in the soul of Columba.

"I am acquainted with the surface of the strong earth; I come into the chilly abode of hell;† I go every Thursday at the summons of the King of the three households."‡ "He was skilled in angels' conversations."§ "After the offering by him on Thursday, and after patience on Monday's eve, the pious Columba, Conn's descendant, went to heaven in Axal's presence."‖

The chapter proceeds: "He forbade performances of choral songs by vast assemblies." The statement is worthy of note. Why should Columba forbid this unless the choral songs of the Culdee priests and bards had an inner significance, unless they were connected with sacred rites of initiation, or unless such carefully framed Bardic songs were supposed to have an innate power, a mântric force that made them dangerous when sounded in a large assembly composed of people with various aims, various modes of life, and differing standards of morality? The *Amra* itself is definitely stated by its author to have, like the Gospel

* It has struck me in reading this *Amra* that the exultation is greater than should be called forth by the mere liberation from the body; it is like a song of rejoicing over high spiritual attainment. The commentary on the phrase, "He has reached the plains, etc.," is: "Wherein non-birth of melodies is the custom. *Mos* is every peaceful good custom." Columba, is, therefore, hymned as having passed *beyond* the fairest melodies; and this is spoken by a Bard whose calling was the framing of melody and melodious phrases. Students will be reminded of the words, "above the Harmony" ("The Shepherd of Men," THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW, December, 1898).

† A *chilly* hell; hell of isolation and cold, not of fiery torments. Is not this a reference to the mysterious experience said to be endured by the initiate, which is symbolised as the descent of the Christ into hell, ere He rises in His glorified Resurrection Body?

‡ "Three households"—this phrase seems to signify the "three worlds" of natural life. Here, too, is another allusion to that going-forth in consciousness from the body, which is so often asserted of the saints.

§ He could communicate with his "fellow-servants," the Devas.

‖ That is to say, that after meditation and celebration of the Eucharist, Columba rose in consciousness to higher planes. In the account of the Visions of Fursa in the Calendar of Aengus the Culdee, it is said that "Pious men on Fursa's feast ascended to the kingdom"; and "others in religion went to heaven on Fursa's feast." It is not implied that they died; they "went to heaven" and returned subsequently to the body.

which caused Columba's excommunication, an inherent virtue and power. Dallàn says:

"Whoever recites every day the *Amra*, whose meaning is difficult, will have from Columba the kingdom of heaven mightily."* "Whoever recites every day Columba's *Amra* with its sense† will have prosperity on earth, will have his soul past pain."‡ "Columba's *Amra* whoever shall recite it every day completely will reach the precious realm which God granted to Dallàn."

The poet here asserts that he has, by the use of the *Amra*, reached a state of illumination.

v. "He made books of laws known." "He read mysteries of great sages among schools of Scripture."§ The *Amra* proceeds to extol his knowledge. "He knew the course of the moon and the sun and the course of the sea." "He would number the stars of heaven."

vi. "He made an advance that was most prosperous, by the Great City's ladders."

The *ladders* of the lofty City are the saints; degrees in sainthood exist, according to this teaching. Here, too, is the mention of the City, the City which symbolises the Pleroma, or Fullness, in the Gnostic Schools; the City towards which the saints climb, mounting the "ladder" of evolution to greater and greater glories.

"He (Columba) climbed the height of heaven," says the *Amra*. "He gave up his eyes' desire, a sound sage who grew in Christ. . . . A famous stone at victory."‖ "Christ will

* The suggestion is evidently that the repetition of the *Amra* will induce a magnetic link between the reciter and the departed saint.

† Knowing its power and meaning; using it with knowledge.

‡ Will purify his soul so that he escapes purgatorial pain. Also if he knows the "sense" of Columba's law, he will guide his actions thereby.

§ There is another translation of this passage. The word *Rochuad* is mentioned; this was said to be the name of a monster of the sea, which by its action brings poverty and scarcity on earth. Columba knew the condition and action of this animal and told the people, so that "they used to be receiving it on their guard." This seems to me to hint that Columba knew of and could control the various orders of elemental essence and lower creative powers, symbolised as a "sea beast." It is as though Nature were regarded as a vast *animate* machine, a living organism, working semi-automatically, and capable of control.

‖ "Stone," it is said, was a mystical term of the inner schools. Those who study the *Voice of the Silence* will recall the phrase "stones of the Guardian Wall."

take him into service because of the long periods he has displayed"; or "it is long that he is on this journey."*

vii. "Wise is the sage who reached the track of the Four." This has been interpreted to mean the Four Evangelists, and this may be correct. But there is another suggestion to be made; and in order to find it, I refer the reader to pp. 373, 374, of *Fragments of a Faith Forgotten*. It is to be observed that Columba is not said to have reached this Holy Four, but to have reached "the track of the Four." There is also another interpretation of the passage advanced. The Path of Holiness is said to be marked by four degrees of initiation, or stages of knowledge; therefore Dallàn's statement may be intended to convey to his hearers that Columba was an initiate.

The *Amra* proceeds: "He neither accepted nor subdued any heresy"—strange statement! A Church dignitary, and it is said in his praise that he subdued no heresies! It opens a vista of intellectual freedom in the early British Church, one of whose chief saints not only subdued no heresies, but did not accept any; *i.e.*, maintained a high level of consciousness beyond the necessity of creeds, and suffered any form of creed in others.

"He was buried before age, before debility." "Noble the guest who reached Iona, a man who was thrice buried, Columba, the pure heart, the son of the King of heaven and earth."

Here is a light shed upon the story of the burial of Oran by Columba. There is no doubt in my mind that these "burials" meant initiations—the soul freeing itself from fetter after fetter, "dead" to sin after sin. In the "Notes" to the Calendar of Aengus the Culdee there is a curious tale wherein Columba is said to have asked of Axal, his angelic instructor, "four deaths . . . in repentance, in hunger, and in youth . . . for hideous are the bodies in old age." It is then said that Axal granted his prayer, and Columba "died young," and died of hunger, of deliberately endured starvation. Now this seems to be historically untrue. Columba was seventy-six when he died,

* What may this be interpreted to mean? Shortly afterwards it is said that Columba was "buried before age." If he was not old when he died, then he must have begun his journey in a previous life, if it had been lengthy. If he was old, as appears historically to be the fact, why is he said to have died young? I will return to this question shortly.

and he did not die of hunger. But what if Aengus and Dallàn speak of a mystic death and burial which came to Columba in youth, before, possibly, he began his public work? What if he died by "fasting to the world"? What if the true Columba rising from "the dead" after his "burial" in youth "never grew old and became immortal," because he "obtained possession of the unbroken consciousness of his spiritual Ego."* If there was not some hidden and mystic meaning in the statements, which were understood by contemporary readers, how could Aengus, and his commentators, and Dallàn Mac Fargaill make obviously and flagrantly erroneous statements concerning a distinguished man who had comparatively recently been a living luminary of the Church?†

viii. is occupied with the King's commission to the poet.

ix. refers to Columba's "journey in flesh to heaven."

x. "This is the eulogy of the King who made me king, who will convey us to *Zion*." The passage seems to imply that Dallàn was himself linked to Columba as a pupil, that he owed him a debt of gratitude for raising and helping him in his evolution; or it may be that the poet addresses the universal Christ-principle which was new-born in the soul of the Abbot; for the *Amra* proceeds: "May he waft me past tortures . . . past the demons of the air, *i.e.*, the daughters of Orcus called in heaven Sthenys, Euryale, Medusa; on earth Clotho, Lachesis, Atropos; in hell Alecto, Megaera, Tesiphone." "May it be easy for me to go past the dark abodes."‡

"The poets were freed," cries Dallàn, "through Columba of the beautiful law. . . Let us sing the melody the sages sang, in the way they voiced it. Would that I were out of my body, I would say what they have said."

So ends the quaint *Amra*, the song of praise for a spiritual hero, who had fought the good fight, and finished his course. Whether it sings a melody of triumph over the freeing of a strong

* See *Fragments of a Faith Forgotten*, p. 176.

† Aengus wrote in the ninth century; but Dallàn was a contemporary of Columba.

‡ Dallàn here thinks of his own journey through the underworld; he invokes Columba (or the One Light which glimmers in him, and shone in the saint), to help and guide him past the "dark abodes." Compare these passages with portions of the *Pistis Sophia*.

and holy soul from an aged body; or whether it sings the song of a greater triumph, in which it hymns the earnest, the promise of the freedom of that whole creation which "groaneth and travaileth" until now, and for ages to come, I do not know. I must leave that for the reader to decide, if he is able to arrive at a solution of the enigma.

I. Hooper.

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# MORALITY AND MYSTICISM

Mysticism is not a question of morality. Morals are necessary for the imperfect just as music is. The joys of both are the joys of anticipation. The beauty of music is in interrupted cadences, in leading notes, in complex chords impossible to linger on. As soon as the chords are resolved the music ceases. So morality is for people who are fragmentary; who are piecing together moods and emotions as for some great passion-play.

All moral work is like the tapestry of a woman; she stitches all her life, and her sewing is but single stitches. Afterwards she turns it over to see what she has done. There are gleams of silver thread running throughout its length, and in them she reads the name of her love.

The moral life is only the form which produces the character, as the form of the flute or trumpet decides the *timbre* of its notes. The *timbre* is the wave-form, the mood of the molecules, into which they are thrown by the magic of the artist's power. Force is only possible after feeling. And as a wave-form is only the result of particles responding in definite succession to one impulse having existence in time, but not in space, so every mood is a transition stage. No one wave in the ocean is entire for a given minute. So no one moral code ever endures. Each code is evidence of a transition, of minds responding in a definite succession to the pressure of the Divine which "grinds exceeding small."

It is not laws that are periodic; it is we who repeat one thing. The lower mind can learn only by this method of repetition, and the thing to be learnt is the existence of the Higher Mind.

The object of all motion is balance. The essence of variation is unison. There is only one moral law. Purity is the correspondence of things which are permanent. The uniformity of natural laws proves that they are the memoried acts of one Mind.

The mystic cannot sin as a mystic. He is in "a region so high that the Devil cannot enter." It is a region of perfect equilibrium. It is as degrading to him to keep laws as to break them. The future has nothing in it for him. The Story of the Beautiful is already complete, and evolution and revolution are dreams—squirrel-cages for children-souls.

Let us put off the rags of our expectations and the ashes of a dead past and listen to a voice of a risen day whose sun will know no setting! In this full-stop is the fulness of life. For this are all the books on Yoga written, all the learned aphorisms, all the counsels of perfection, the books of Pilgrim's Progresses, all the Serious Calls to Holy Living and holy deaths, all the mantras and the methods of mental Prayer. "He that knoweth this stillness hath eternal Life."

X.

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## The Mystic Resurrection

But the saints will come with the Lord with their garments which are now stored up on high in the seventh heaven: with the Lord they will come, whose spirits are clothed, they will descend and be present in the world, and He will strengthen those, who have been found in the body, together with the saints, in the garments of the saints, and the Lord will minister to those who have kept watch in this world. And afterwards they will turn themselves upwards in their garments, and their body will be left in the world.—*The Ascension of Isaiah*, iv. 16, 17.

# A DREAM-STORY OF KÂMA-LOKA

THE following is part of a curious dream-story found in the writings of the Russian author Korolénko. The translation from which this account is taken was published some years ago (1892) in the "Pseudonym Library," together with other stories by the same author. "Makár's Dream," however, stands apart; it is a gem, and has well been called Korolénko's master-piece. What makes the story interesting to Theosophists is that the imagination of the author takes his hero into Kâma-loka, where many of his experiences are very remarkable, and in some points agree with Theosophical teaching. We find him after death in that dreary region unchanged in thought and feeling, and a vivid picture is given of how a man who has lost his physical body continues to be the same man that he was before. Makár is angry, deceitful, hungry, discontented with all things. In the condition of the entities he meets with, it is clearly shown that their sufferings come from no external force. They are all the consequences of the misdeeds of their last earth-life; it is these that have followed them and become their tormentors.

Makár, the dreamer, is an unfortunate Siberian Yakout peasant of more than doubtful character; his dream takes place one cold Christmas eve, while the bells are ringing for the midnight Mass. He is overcome by the quantity of vódka he has taken, and he dreams that he is lost in the forest, where he falls down in the snow and *dies*. It is explained that he knew he was dead, and that he lay quite still until he was tired of it. At last he felt someone touch him, and opening his eyes he recognised with wonder an old priest who had been dead four years. There he stood with snow on his long robe and fur cap, and Makár remembered that he had been kind and good-natured in his lifetime, and that he was never angry. The old priest told him to get up and come along with him; but Makár, who is the same

man that he was, is bad-tempered and sulky. He does not want to follow the priest; he thinks it is no good having died if he cannot have a quiet time, so he grumbles. However, when the priest told him he is to be taken before the Great Taïon or Chief, to be judged, he followed, for he remembered that he had heard in church of a judgment after death, so he thought the priest was right.

They went on through the forest towards the east, and the trees moved aside for them to pass. Makár also observed that their feet made no mark in the snow, and, true to his old habits, he thought to himself how convenient this would be when he wanted to visit other men's traps! The priest read his thought, and told him to be careful, *for he did not know what each thought might cost him*. This made Makár very angry, he said surely he might think what he liked. By-and-by he spoke of eating, and the priest reminded him where he was. "Have you forgotten that you are dead, and that henceforth you need neither food nor drink?" But Makár went on grumbling and finding fault with everything. He said he could not be expected to walk without eating.

Now their journey was a very long one; they seemed to have been walking through the dark forest for many days, passing by high snow mountains, rivers, and lakes, and it was strange that if they looked back everything had disappeared behind them into darkness. They were always travelling uphill, and as they ascended there was more light. At last they found themselves on the top of a broad and even ridge, where it became much lighter. The stars had increased in size and brilliancy; they were "as big as apples and shone brightly." The moon also appeared of great size, and was so bright that the whole plain was illuminated. Every snow-flake could be seen in that light. At the top of the ridge was a broad plain, across which many roads ran, all going eastward. People of all sorts were travelling on those roads; some were riding, some walking.

Makár, who had for some time watched a man on horseback, suddenly became greatly excited. He recognised him as a Tartar who had stolen his horse some time ago, and who had been dead for five years. He was now riding that horse, and all Makár's

old feelings of anger came up ; he left the priest and ran after the man, shouting to him to give up the horse. He was astonished to find how easily he came up with him, for the Tartar seemed to be galloping wildly across the plain. He stopped as Makár reached him and begged him to take back the horse ; he said that he had been riding it for five years and had not moved one inch. Just as he was about to dismount the priest came up and dragged Makár away. He was terribly angry and went on shouting to the Tartar. The priest calmly told him to be quiet, and not to forget that he was dead ; he did not want the horse, he might see that he was getting on more quickly on foot than the man on horseback, and he added : " How would you like to have to ride for a thousand years ? " Then Makár understood why the Tartar wished to be rid of the horse, and presently when he looked round over the snowy plain, man and horse had disappeared. They met with many people riding horses or oxen, but none of them made any advance, and soon dwindled away as the Tartar had done. Though the plain seemed boundless, and the number of people they passed very great, the place had the appearance of being almost deserted ; the space between two travellers seemed enormous.

Amongst others they met a very strange-looking old man carrying on his back an old woman whose feet were dragging on the ground. The poor man was clothed in rags and his shoes worn out ; he was gasping for breath and could scarcely drag himself along. His condition was so pitiable that even Makár was sorry for him, and asked him what had happened to bring him to this pass. The old man told him that many years ago he had lived on earth, and that he had left his village, his work and belongings to go and live on a mountain to save his soul. When he died he was taken before the Great Taïon, who, on hearing what he had been doing, said : " Very well ; but where is your old woman ? Go and fetch her." He went to look for her and met her on the way. Through poverty and neglect she had lost the use of her limbs, so he was obliged to carry her on his back. He cried as he told his story, and the tiresome, cross old woman kept striking him to urge him on. His pitiable state made even Makár sorry for him and he would have tried to help him, but the

old man moved off so quickly with his burden that he soon disappeared. Makár felt very glad that he had never gone to the hills to save his soul.

Among the many people they passed on their way were thieves who were carrying heavy loads of stolen goods. A murderer also came past them who was continually throwing himself on the ground to try to wipe off the bloodstains upon him. He was the picture of misery, and tried to hide himself from his fellow-travellers. In that place they also saw many souls of little children, for the coarse food, dirt, and cold, killed them off by hundreds. These souls fluttered in the air like little birds. As they flew past the murderer they were frightened, and flew away; the rustling of their little wings was heard in the air for a long time.

Makár and the priest kept moving on quickly. They were now nearing their goal. At last across the plain was seen the first streak of dawn.

The coming forth of the sun, and its effect on Makár, is found literally translated in an article on Korolénko's writings by Mr. G. L. Calderon in *The Monthly Review*, September, 1901. It is there said to be a more correct translation of the original than the usual English version, and is as follows:

"Then for the first time Makár noticed that the plain was growing lighter. A few bright rays burst forth from behind the horizon, like the first notes of a mighty orchestra. They ran quickly over the sky and put out the bright stars. The stars went out and the moon sank down. And the snowy expanse grew dark once more.

"Then over the plain rose the mists and stood circling it round like a guard of honour.

"And in one place, in the East, the mists grew brighter, like warriors clad in gold.

"And the mists swayed, and the golden warriors bowed them down.

"And from behind them came forth the sun and rested on their golden backs and glanced over all the plain.

"And the plain was illuminated with a wonderful blinding light.

"And the mists rose up majestically in a mighty choir, parted in the West, and were borne swinging aloft.

"And Makár seemed to hear a wondrous song. It was like that old familiar song wherewith the earth greets the sun each day. But Makár had never yet given good heed to it, and now for the first time he perceived what a marvellous song it was."

The response in Makár's soul to the sound of the Great Song made him want to stand there listening for ever; but the priest spoke and said they had reached their goal. Only then did Makár see a great door, which the mists had hidden.

The events of the journey are but the leading up to a wonderful scene where the hero is judged. The story centres on the idea that human justice is not only inadequate, but impossible; that not only the man's actions, but his motives and life-struggle, must be taken into consideration when his deeds are weighed in the light of true justice.

The scales are brought in and Makár's actions weighed. They condemn him, but he is allowed to plead for himself, and as he, with sudden eloquence, explains how these things have come to be, he brings tears into the eyes of his listeners—and *he gets justice.*

E. W.

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## The Unknown Name of Christ

And he took me into the air of the seventh heaven, and moreover I heard a voice saying: "How far will he ascend that dwelleth in the flesh?" and I feared and trembled. And when I trembled, behold I heard from hence another voice being sent forth, and saying: "It is permitted to the holy . . . . to ascend hither; for here is his garment." And I asked the angel who was with me and said: "Who is he who forbade me and who is he who permitted me to ascend?" And he said unto me: "He who forbade thee, this is he who is over the praise-giving of the sixth heaven. And He who permitted thee, this is thy Lord God, the Lord Christ, who will be called 'Jesus' in the world, but His name thou canst not hear, till thou hast ascended out of thy body."—*The Ascension of Isaiah*, xi. 1-5.

# REVIEWS AND NOTICES

## A Cheap Astrological Manual

Astrological Manual II. The Horoscope and how to read it. By Alan Leo. (London: Fowler and Co.; 1902. Price 1s.)

The study of the astrologic art is increasing very rapidly, while the dabbling in it is becoming almost an epidemic. We remember the time when the curious enquirer into this archaic tradition had to expend many pieces of silver before he could provide himself with text-books to prepare for the initial plunge into the mysterious ocean of star influences and the rest. Now he can buy an astrologic bathing suit for the modest sum of a shilling. "Every man his own astrologer," is to be the order of the day apparently. Well, we hope the supply will eventually meet the demand, and that the few out of this many who will strenuously desire to get at the truth of the matter, and to learn the *raison d'être* of this persistent belief of our humanity's childhood, will compel the advent of some soul truly learned in the ancient lore and wise enough to expound it in our present-day thought language. Mr. Alan Leo, who writes the little manual under notice, we are sure would be as pleased as ourselves to meet with one who not only "remembered" the instructions of the Teachers of ancient Chaldæa, but who had developed a mind wide enough to compass a first-hand knowledge of what we have only "heard" from our Fathers.

G. R. S. M.

## A Recent "Life of Jesus"

The Carpenter Prophet: A Life of Jesus Christ and a Discussion of his Ideals. By Charles William Pearson. (Chicago and New York: Herbert S. Stone and Company; 1902.)

Of writing of "Lives" of Jesus there is no end, although it is a well-known fact that the very term is a misnomer, for of accessible material (historic or legendary) there never has been, and in every probability never will be, sufficient to justify the title. There are only

at best the legendary and mythic accounts of the birth and childhood of Jeschu, and the mixed historic, mystic and mythic descriptions of the brief period of the ministry. It is, moreover, with little hope of meeting with an epoch-making work, or even a distinctly new view, that the experienced reviewer glances through the pages of a "Life"; the ground has been gone over so many times, and the main points of view from which it has been surveyed are so familiar, that after reading a few pages it is an easy matter to forecast the rest of the author's treatment of the subject.

This is the case with the present volume before us, the main interest in it being that the author's opinions have raised such a storm of protest from the traditionalists, that Mr. Pearson has been forced to resign his post at the North Western University of Chicago. This, however, does not mean that our author has really put forward anything new; on the contrary, his position differs hardly at all from that of the contributors to the *Encyclopædia Biblica*. The difference is that while they retain their teaching chairs in England and America and on the Continent, at Chicago, which boasts itself to be so very "advanced," the University authorities have compelled the resignation of Mr. Pearson. This is one of those extraordinary anomalies familiar to the student of theological upheavals; and, judging by similar events elsewhere, we have little doubt but that Mr. Pearson's forced resignation will, by a natural reaction, and owing to the wide notice taken of it by the press, tend to popularise the views he puts forward far more extensively than could ever have been effected by his own unaided efforts while still in undisturbed enjoyment of his post. Intolerance is proverbially short-sighted.

Mr. Pearson's position will be at once seen from the following paragraph in his Preface:

"The argument of this book is that all the superhuman powers attributed to Jesus, whether by enthusiasm of disciples, by the imagination of poets, or by the self-interest of priests, are untrue, and if they are untrue it follows as a matter of course that they are hurtful."

This is our author's criterion, and by it he sifts out the gospel-material with results so familiar to those who have studied the works of writers holding the same standpoint. Indeed it required nothing but a glance at Mr. Pearson's title to guess his position; the "carpenter prophet" is the keynote to his reading of the Life-symphony. But was the carpentering a so dominant element as Mr, Pearson

would make out? Was Jeschu actually a carpenter and a carpenter's son historically? Was his early training due entirely to such surroundings and the very human family circle which Mr. Pearson pictures? Every Jew, no matter what his birth, had to learn some handicraft; and Jeschu may have been a carpenter. But was his only knowledge of the Law derived from his father and the village synagogue? or was Jeschu an Essene and more than an Essene?

Our author admits that Jeschu was a prophet; but how little does he allow for this dominant fact in any sense, but in that of an entirely isolated and independent seer. Were there no mystic schools in the land? But, more important than this, does not the very extensive and important mystic element in the dramatic relations of the Gospels bear the marks of an *ordered* mysticism?

Our author, on the contrary, finds no historical difficulty in believing that Jeschu personally claimed to be the Messiah promised to the Jews, and makes this the turning-point in his career; but we have ourselves always doubted this. We do not believe the Master would have permitted such a claim, for historically it is not true. The Messiah-element belongs to the mythic *motif* of the symphony. But it is just on such mythic points and on the mystic drama which represents the soul-side of Christianity—the inner working, definite, "historic," and dramatic, on its own plane, as were, in far less degree, the outward happenings here—that Mr. Pearson and writers of his school fall short. True there has been the most egregious confusion of the one set of facts with the other by the ignorant, but it is not legitimate to reject a root element—perhaps the most important element—simply because there has been a "mixture" and "confusion."

Therefore we dissent emphatically from the categorical statement of Mr. Pearson when he says, "all the superhuman powers attributed to Jesus . . . are untrue," unless by "superhuman" he means nothing short of Divinity. By "superhuman" in this connection we prefer to understand such powers as are beyond the present exercise of *normal* humanity; and these we most emphatically believe were capable of being exercised by the Master. We thoroughly agree with Mr. Pearson that the Christ was not God; but the Christ, who tabernacled in Jeschu, was a *perfected* man (though Jeschu was not), and therefore beyond us in power, wisdom and love (as indeed, of course, Mr. Pearson admits on other grounds).

Mr. Pearson's is a book written for the people and therefore does

not treat of the literary criticism of the gospel-documents; we glean, however, that, as regards the synoptic problem, he adopts the view of the priority of Mark, while he regards the fourth Gospel as written "much later" than the synoptics, which he apparently places within the first century. On all these points we differ from him; we protest against confusing the "common document" with Mark, and believe we have made out a strong case for all four documents being contemporaneous and written about 117-138 A.D. Mr. Pearson is bound to argue the "lateness" of John, to eliminate as much as possible the mystic element from the earliest deposits; he contends that the author of the fourth Gospel wrote *against* the Gnostics! Now it was precisely the Gnostics who were the first commentators on this Gospel; they would hardly have bestowed so much labour on an inimical scripture. But indeed objective criticism is not Mr. Pearson's strong point; he has a subjective standpoint and presents a view dealing rather with doctrine than history, though like all such writers he is convinced that he is presenting a purely objective account.

His exegesis again is peculiar, not to say homely. For instance, we read: "Whatever may be thought of the miracle of the loaves and fishes, 'Gather up the fragments that nothing be lost,' is not only pious and sensible language, but exceedingly natural to one who in childhood had felt poverty's sharp pinch and had acquired a horror of waste as one of the great causes of poverty and distress." This is exceedingly speculative and somewhat *bourgeois;* there is no tradition of the poverty of Joseph and Mary, and we prefer to see in the miracle narrative referred to an expansion of the far more simple tradition preserved in *The Acts of John*, that when Jesus and the three disciples who specially companied with him, were each given a loaf by some well-to-do householder, Jesus would bless his loaf and divide it among them and each was well satisfied with his portion, so that "our loaves were saved whole,"—a credible enough incident to a knower of mystic nature, and a story far too simple to be a later invention than the gorgeous drama of the feeding of the five thousand.

Equally *naïf* is our author's exegesis of what he calls "the most wonderful of the prophecies," namely, "Blessed are the meek for they shall inherit the earth." This he explains by saying: "The ravenous wolf and the blood-thirsty tiger are almost exterminated, while the sheep and the cow are possessing the former habitations of the wild beasts. So, violent and dishonest men are playing an ever-dwindling

part in human history, while the upright, the kindly and the helpful are constantly becoming stronger and more numerous." We should have thought that it was not the "meekness" of the sheep and cow that has caused them to survive, but the fact that they have been preserved and increased by the care of man to provide him with food and raiment. Nor is it exactly a complimentary derivation of the positive virtues of uprightness, kindliness, and helpfulness, to trace them to "meekness"; they are surely made of sterner stuff?

Mr. Pearson's method of disposing of the miracle-narratives may be seen by the following examples. The stilling of the tempest is thus explained: "The disciples are terrified at the violence of the storm, but Jesus is calm and confident, and when the squall blows over as quickly as it arose, they think that he allayed the winds and the waves, and not merely the agitation of their minds." And again, "the miraculous draft of fishes and the multiplication of the loaves are probably poetic expressions of man's wonder and gratitude at the way in which his wants are so often and so strangely supplied."

This is all very "thin"; we do not by any means deny that misunderstood metaphor and confusion of the psychic or spiritual with the physical, are important factors in the exegesis of the miracle-stories; but we do not think Mr. Pearson has been fortunate in his selections, and this is especially the case with his treatment of the Cana wonder-working, when he writes: "The original form of the miracle of the turning of water into wine recorded by John, may have been only such a figure of speech. It may have meant only that the presence of Jesus so heightened the joy of the occasion, that water tasted as good as wine." How very ordinary! This is indeed a clothing of the beautiful thought-forms of the mystic writer of the fourth Gospel in twentieth century fustian.

Mr. Pearson further tries a fall with the parable of the unjust steward, that Goliath that no exegetical David has yet tackled with impunity. He says: "The mind of Jesus was far-seeing and sagacious. He expected no ends without the use of adequate means. The man who started to build without counting the cost, or the king who with an army of ten thousand ventured to encounter one of twenty thousand, he called fools. In a parable of Browning-like audacity he even commended the one good quality of a despicable thief and liar, the unjust steward, who acted promptly and energetically, and did not waste time in regrets and dreams." There may be a grain of truth in this; in any case there is but little doubt that

many "sayings" have been excluded which would have given us a deeper insight into that wider wisdom which was indubitably possessed by the Master, and have enabled us to see that the "gentle Jesus, meek and mild" ideal was but one of many moods of that wisdom which manifests not only as love, but also as knowledge and power.

It is hardly necessary to add that Mr. Pearson rejects the doctrines of the trinity, of the resurrection, and of the atonement, and in general is ultra Protestant and largely rationalist; he is, however, tolerant with regard to other faiths, though not in the same measure as the majority of our readers. Thus he writes:

"The instinct of humanity is right in placing Jesus high above Archimedes and Newton, above Raphael, Beethoven, and Shakespeare, high above Alfred and Washington. He must be compared only with Moses, Zoroaster, Socrates, Confucius, Buddha, and Mohammed, and though the suffrage of the world has not yet been given, though the world at large has not even attempted a full and impartial comparison of these founders and their systems, it seems probable that the comparison that will inevitably be made in the future, while it will raise the great prophets of other nations, who are now among us unduly depressed by our ignorance and prejudice, will also serve to bring out more clearly the superiority of Jesus as the pre-eminent Son of Man."

We hope for some other things as the result of this unprejudiced comparison; in the first place that there will not be a "confusion of castes" in the judgment of an enlightened posterity, and that all the Servants of the Divine Economy will be recognised as having severally carried out their tasks without prejudice to their fellows or encroaching on their special prerogatives. There is much yet to be learned before even the wisest of us can venture on an even approximately just comparison. In any case it is just this very side of the work of Jesus that thinkers of the type of our author have so far most failed to understand; not, however, that their "orthodox" opponents have succeeded any better in their exaggeration at the other pole.

G. R. S. M.

## An Authorised Guide to the Fathers

Patristic Study. By Henry Barclay Swete, D.D., Litt.D. (London: Longmans, Green and Co.; 1902. Price 2*s.* 6*d.* net.)

This small volume is one of a new series of "Handbooks for the Clergy." It is well printed and nicely covered. Of the book itself

there is little to be said; Dr. Swete rightly deplores the neglect of Patristic study by the general clergy, and has written his essay as a short and simple "guide to the perplexed." It is written from a sober and conservative standpoint, and there is nothing in the volume that is not already familiar to a student of the Fathers. In the point of view there is no advance on that of the writers in Smith and Wace's *Dictionary of Christian Biography*, which was published some twenty years ago, while of necessity there is but the most shadowy outline of the material of the, for the most part, very excellent articles in that Dictionary; and it is to these articles that we would refer any reader who desires to approach the study of the Fathers, as the most readily accessible information in English. Dr. Swete's manual will serve for a bird's-eye glance at the subject merely.

But what is a matter for surprise, is that such a book should be required for the "clergy"; if it were put forward as a school-book, or as a preliminary manual for undergraduates reading for the theological schools, it might pass without comment, but that there should be a single ordained teacher of the Christian religion who is not already familiar with the elementary information contained in this volume, is a matter of profound regret. How, we ask ourselves, is it possible for anyone to understand the history of the evolution of Christian dogmatics without at least a bowing acquaintance with the writings of those who did so much to fashion them? And if a teacher of Christianity does not understand this, how can he ever hope to teach intelligently? But it has long been the fashion among the Protestant clergy to neglect the Fathers as of little worth, while their Roman Catholic colleagues have exalted Patristic literature into almost canonical authority. Both points of view are erroneous; there is a middle course, and a critical use of this literature can be made to reveal many surprises for the enquiring mind. Dr. Swete, however, supplies his readers with no surprises, indeed with no new, or even very recent, contribution to the subject, and his book may be trusted to circulate among the inmates of our country parsonages without disturbing their perennial calm.

G. R. S. M.

### The Casting out of Devils

Demonic Possession in the New Testament; Its Relations, Historical, Medical, and Theological. By Wm. Menzies Alexander, M.A., B.Sc., B.D., C.M., M.D. (Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark; 1902. Price 5*s*.)

Glancing at the long string of honorific initials after our author's

name, we said to ourselves: Now, at last, perchance we shall get some light upon this obscure and puzzling subject. But our hopes were doomed to speedy disappointment, for it soon became evident that Dr. Alexander was a theologian first and foremost, and a scientist only in so far as science did not clash with his theological presupposition, *viz.*, that "*genuine demonic possession was a unique phenomenon in the history of the world; being confined indeed to the earlier portion of the ministry of our Lord*" (p. 24). In his final words, referring to this ministry, Dr. Alexander writes:

"The spiritual environment was wholly without a parallel. It was marked by two residual features of surpassing importance—

"1. The confession of Jesus as Messiah by evil spirits.

"2. The suppression of these confessions by Christ Himself.

"According to the evidence of the Gospels, these demonic testimonies had their beginning and end in Him. There is but one explanation of the situation. *The incarnation initiated the establishment of the kingdom of heaven on earth. That determined a counter-movement among the powers of darkness.* GENUINE DEMONIC POSSESSION WAS ONE OF ITS MANIFESTATIONS" (p. 249).

The distinctive characteristics of genuine demonic possession, according to our author, are:

"1. Insanity or idiocy of some sort, forming the natural element.

"2. The confession of Jesus as Messiah, forming the supernatural element" (p. 157).

Further Dr. Alexander defines the terms "natural" and "supernatural" in "two simple rules" which he lays down as the essential guides of his enquiry:

"(*a*) Whatever is explicable on the principles of modern science is to be regarded as natural.

"(*b*) Whatever is inexplicable on the principles of modern science is to be regarded as supernatural" (p. 147).

We have here the essentials of the whole position of Dr. Alexander stated in a nutshell, a position which he frankly admits to be apologetic.

Now we have no desire to deny the actuality of demonic possession, for our point of view is very different from that of the materialistic rationalist, but we feel compelled to join serious issue with our author on several points and that too in the interests of both science and religion. In the first place, we reject utterly Dr. Alexander's definitions of the natural and supernatural; we prefer to find our de-

finitions in Nature herself and not in the ever-shifting declarations of a certain body of opinion concerning the operations of natural phenomena. What is "modern science," and who are her authoritative spokesmen? We were under the impression that one of the principles of science—not of "science falsely so called"—is that there is no break in Nature. What scientist worthy of the name, because he cannot *explain* certain phenomena, would assent to their being called supernatural? Again, if the line of demarcation between the natural and supernatural is to depend upon our present ability to explain, it follows that this boundary will be an ever-shifting one, for we grow in knowledge, and as we grow we push back the boundaries further and further.

Dr. Alexander's "rules" are, therefore, a begging of the whole question, and he has practically left out of count those who extend their science into the domain of psychic and spiritual phenomena, but who yet hold to the unity of law.

The very curious position assumed by our author, that "genuine demonic possession" must be characterised by the confession by the possessing entities of Jesus as the Messiah, withdraws the whole question from the arena of scientific enquiry, and hedges it about in the narrow limits of a purely dogmatic concept, which has no place in general religion. The conception of "*the* Messiah" is quite understandable on the ground of Jewish religion; but when transplanted from that ground into the world-soil it becomes one of a number, and *not the only one.*

Even if, for the sake of argument, we take the Gospel traditions of possession as containing genuine historic elements—(there is, of course, no compelling reason why we should perforce actually do so in the vast majority of cases, and many strong arguments against our accepting them as they stand)—then, in the first place, the purely doctrinal element of the confession of Jesus as the Messiah by the possessed, would rather argue a later redaction than a primitive element; while, if we still hesitate to reject the traditions on this account, the otherwise inexplicable relation of the suppression of such confessions by the Master, would argue that the possessed Jews saw in Jesus, because of his great spiritual power, the fulfilment of the popular expectation of the time, while the Master Himself knew that a confession in such terms was really an incorrect description of His true place in the Divine Economy.

Nor, again, can we consent to the declaration of Dr. Alexander

that "the incarnation initiated the establishment of the kingdom of heaven on earth"—if these words are intended in the ordinary theological sense. Before the time of Jeschu ha Notzri many had, in ways suitable to their times, carried out similar tasks as that referred to in Christian nomenclature as the "establishment of the kingdom of heaven on earth." We, however, agree with our author that the presence of the Great Master and His immediate activity "determined a counter-movement among the powers of darkness"—not, however, in the exclusive sense implied by Dr. Alexander's context, but as a natural consequence, ever observable whenever there is a special effort made by the Lords of Light.

No, the cry of the sectarian: "See! my Master is the best; mine is the only one! He set at nought the course of Nature; never before were such things! Miracle of miracles; God Himself in human form transcending all mortals, all gods and lords; never before, never again till the consummation!"—such is *not* the spirit of wisdom which explains.

G. R. S. M.

## A Theosophical Anthologion

Morning Thoughts for the Year: Adapted by a Student from the Writings of Annie Besant. (London: The Theosophical Publishing Society; 1902. Price, leather 1*s.* 6*d.*, paper 6*d.*)

The plan of this little booklet is that of selecting for every day of the week a sentence from the best known works of our colleague, such as *The Three Paths*, *Thought Power*, *The Ancient Wisdom*, *Karma*, *Reincarnation*, *In the Outer Court*, etc. All that need be said is that the selection has been made judiciously, and that the print and get-up are attractive. *Morning Thoughts* is pre-eminently a book of devotion, and is appropriately printed with red head-lines and border-rules. Personally we prefer the context with our texts; but we are in the minority in this and the majority will undoubtedly find the massing together of these fine sentences and helpful exhortations of much utility.

G. R. S. M.

## Some Interesting Experiences

The Eternal Question: Shall a Man Live Again? By "Avena," Reported by Allen Clarke. (Boston: Office of *The Northern Weekly*. Price 3*s.*)

We welcome this little book as a favourable sign of the times. It is much—very much—that a public should be found to encourage a statement of occurrences which have conducted a man of intelligenc

and open mind like the author's to an affirmative answer to this question. He has witnessed these facts without being thereby moved to become a bigoted Spiritualist, in the same way as he has made his own the teaching of Mr. Sinnett's *Esoteric Buddhism*, without being drawn into any immediate connection with the Theosophical Society; and we are happy to think that he is a specimen of many more who are thus leavening public opinions with our ideas. His reference to ourselves may be quoted. He says: "As I sat by myself in my study, thinking, thinking, thinking; thinking of the old eternal question, suddenly, as in a lightning gleam, I felt that all was well, and a great calm joy came upon me. I had just been glancing at a book lent me the same day by a friend. The book was *Esoteric Buddhism*, and why I should have called at this friend's, and got this book this day, are matters significant to me, though ordinary people will consider them of no importance. One look at the opening chapter of the book set me thinking. Intuitively I felt that here was the truth, the broad outlines were correct, whatever errors might be in the details. In an instant I knew the contents of the whole book. The sight of one page—one idea—gave me the plan of the whole volume. *Something within me suddenly remembered.*"

Many of us will recall something of this kind in their own experience, and feel a kinship with the writer. Nor could we wish from an outsider—one who knows nothing of us but what he has learned from strangers—a less prejudiced statement than the note he subjoins. "Readers must not infer from this that I accept the whole Theosophic teaching. I neither accept nor reject it. At the date with which this chapter deals I had not read any Theosophic literature. But I felt, at once, that here was the framework of the Eternal Truth. Since then I have learned that much fraud and trickery have been found connected with Theosophy and Theosophic writings, as with Spiritualism. These things, however, do not alter the fact that Twice Two are Four; and, no matter how many deceits and lies a knave may put upon us, we cannot reject his statement when he says that Twice Two are Four." We congratulate Mr. Clarke that he has been able thus to discriminate between the truth of our doctrines and the honour of our members. It is more than many are able to do; and we hope that it is a token that hereafter he will be encouraged—remembering that "grapes do not grow on thorns nor figs on thistles"—to enquire for himself whether it is likely that what he recognises as the Eternal Truth was indeed introduced to the world

by fraud and trickery. And when he *does* enquire, we have not much doubt of his conclusion. Meanwhile, we heartily recommend his book. His stories of his experiences with the spirits are of much interest, and narrated by the pen of a practised writer.

A A. W.

## Magazines and Pamphlets

*The Theosophist*, March. In "Old Diary Leaves," Colonel Olcott gives us an account of a visit to Burma. Next comes H. P. B.'s book, *The Caves and Jungles of Hindostan*. On this subject, whilst reiterating the assurance that most of this is the work of her lively imagination, he informs us that "a part of the narrative was, she told me, suggested by souvenirs of a former journey of hers from Southern India to Tibet, when she was really in the company and under the protection of the Adept whom she personifies under the *sobriquet* of Gulab Singh." He ends: "Woman to those who only knew her in her tempestuous, rebellious, brilliant, pain-racked female body. Ah! if the world ever comes to know who was the mighty entity who laboured sixty years under that quivering mask of flesh, it will repent its cruel treatment of H. P. B. and be amazed at the depth of its ignorance." The other articles are "Concerning Occultism," by S. Stuart; "Jesus, called the Christ," in which W. H. Mayers continues his useful work of drawing out the agreement of the real teaching of the Christ with our own doctrines. His conclusion is worth quoting. "Jesus," says he, "did not make the Law of Love; *but it made Him;* He simply interpreted and dramatised the love which had always been the law of all being, whether He had come into the world or not. . . . It is the law of love that the cross stands for; and it is this which is bringing it into conflict with the Christianity which bears its name. The organised cult of worship, the great ethnic religion that has grown up bearing His name, is something that Jesus never contemplated. We need not call it evil, and doubtless it was an inevitable historical process in the evolution of the universal society and religion. But it is foreign and in a large measure antagonistic to the idea and outlook of Jesus." Next comes a paper by W. Wilson, "A Study of Mesmerism"; a discourse by Dr. Marques to the Buddhist Church of Honolulu, on "The Duties of Buddhists"; "The Weird Snake Dance of the Mokis," (weird enough, in all conscience!), by Sirra; and the continuation of J. G.

O. Tepper's serious work, "The Nature of Gravitation considered as a Form of Energy."

*Central Hindu College Magazine*, March. This number is a notable one, not so much for its contents, which, however, are well up to the standard, as negatively. It does *not* contain any article upon Shrî Kṛishṇa and the Gopîs! *O si sic omnes!*

*Theosophic Gleaner*, March. For this magazine we cannot say so much. The *obligato* paper discusses the question of the Gopîs with much learning, but too obvious "special pleading." When will our Indian friends learn that on this matter "least said is soonest mended"? Amongst the other articles are an amusing discussion as to "Man's Superiority to Animals," in which the animals have the best of the argument; Mrs. Besant's "A Lodge of the Theosophical Society," from our own pages, and some shorter papers.

Also from India: *The Dawn*, *Siddhanta Deepika*, *Indian Review*, and *East and West*, for March.

*The Vâhan* for April gives a long list of engagements for Mrs. Besant during her visit to England. The "Enquirer" continues the discussion of the phrase "who neither loves nor hates"; A. P. S. answers a question as to the exact working of curative mesmerism; M. R. K. enquires "To what extent can one give earnest support to Theosophy before becoming dogmatic?" A. A. W. undertakes (we hope not from experience!) to explain the "second childhood" of old age; and a number of answers are given to the never-ending question: "Are there circumstances under which a man may lawfully tell a lie?"

We have received the second number of a type-written periodical which announces itself as the *Lotus Lodge Journal*. It is quite natural that as the original members of the Lotus Circle grow up they should like still to keep together in the form of the new Lotus Lodge, and this little magazine is mainly occupied with Lodge work. It, however, reproduces a lecture on "Sound," delivered to the Lodge by Miss Pope, illustrated by a careful diagram of the human ear. The subscription (2*s*. per annum) is to be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, Ivo Rae, 103, Sotheby Road, Highbury. We hope the result of this meritorious effort will be to gain many new members for the Lodge.

*Bulletin Théosophique*, April, contains a very encouraging Report, given by the Secretary to the Convention of March 16th. In 1901 the French Section received 100 new members, and fifty-eight new names have been received in the three months of 1902; but (as the

Report says): "It is not only the increasing number of our members which constitutes our success; it is also and above all the quality of the new-comers, amongst whom are found many of high education; it is the slow but distinctly visible penetration of our doctrines amongst the public and even in the University, that fortress of the redoubtable orthodoxy of Science."

*Revue Théosophique*, March, opens with Mrs. Besant's "A Lodge of the Theosophical Society"; Dr. Pascal gives a lecture on the Great Instructors of Humanity; Com. Courmes has an interesting story of how, being caught in a calm, he summoned spirits from the vasty deep and they actually came when he did call for them, and very nearly wrecked his ship, but finally left behind the desired breeze.

*Théosophie*, April, is a pleasant little number in which Mrs. Besant and Mlle. Aimée Blech have the principal share.

*Theosophia*, April, continues the reprint of H. P. B.'s earlier writings from *The Modern Panarion*. We cannot imagine that the Holmes' controversy can have any interest at the present time; these earlier papers had much better have been left to slumber in their native portfolio. We have also reprints from Mrs. Besant, Mr. Leadbeater, and Mr. Sinnett. The only original matter is an account of some visions of a previous incarnation, by an anonymous writer.

*Dev Vâhan*, for April, announces to the members of the Theosophical Society that in a few weeks the German Section will be an accomplished fact. In addition to the translations from the English *Vâhan* (this time including a long and valuable answer on the evidence of the existence of the Masters, from an earlier number), there are the usual analysis of the REVIEW, and various well-chosen extracts which make this struggling magazine worthy of the success we hope it will soon obtain.

*Teosofia*, for March, continues Mr. Leadbeater's "The Mission of the Theosophical Society," and Signora Calvari's "Transmigration, Metempsychosis and Reincarnation." A recent answer from *The Vâhan* and notes of Mr. Leadbeater's lectures at Florence complete the number.

*Sophia*, March, continues Mrs. Besant's *Esoteric Christianity*, and "How *Isis Unveiled* was written." An interesting article on "The Magi of Modern Science," by D. José Melián, divides these from Mrs. Duddington's article on "Shelley's Adonais," and a further portion of H. P. B.'s *From the Caves and Jungles of Hindostan*.

*Teosofisk Tidskrift*, March, continues Pekka Ervast's "Theosophy

and Tolstoi's Doctrines," and gives a translation of Mrs. Besant's "A Lodge of the Theosophical Society."

*Theosophy in Australasia*, February, breaks what is "supposed to be one of its unwritten laws" (rather indefinite, this!) to do the same. H. A. Wilson objects to the heathenism of H. G. Wells' *Anticipations*; and Mr. K. Castle speaks wisely and well on the "Daily Help given by Theosophy."

*New Zealand Theosophical Magazine* gives us two good numbers for February and March.

*Theosophic Messenger*, March, has interesting criticisms on Mrs. Besant's *Esoteric Christianity*, quoted from various American papers, amongst which is one from Julian Hawthorne in the good old style of (what would have been here, in England) fifty years ago. With all the progressiveness of America, it has many curious "survivals" of what is already out of date in the Old Country, and this is one. A Federation of the Eastern Branches, after the English model, is proposed, and seems a promising suggestion. Our friends in America suffer much from isolation.

*Philadelphia*, November and December, is a scholarly and solid number, the chief contents of which are "The Way to Happiness," by A. Sorondo;" "Our Æsthetic Ideas," by L. Lugones; "Reincarnation," by A. Marques; "Search the Scriptures," by Filaleteo; and "Microcosm and Macrocosm," by C. J. Coulomb (trs.).

We have also to acknowledge the Havana *Revista Teosofica*, *Dharmah*, and the Semarang *Theosofisch Maandblad*.

Also received: *Modern Astrology; Light; The Humanitarian; The Psycho-Therapeutic Journal; La Nuova Parola; Mind; Metaphysical Magazine; Logos Magazine; The Exodus; Light of Reason; Animal's Friend; Rosa Alchemica; Review of Reviews; N. Y. Magazine of Mysteries; The Philistine; The Advantage of Occult Study*, a Lecture by A. Fullerton; *Theosophy from Analogy*, by A. Fullerton; *Filosofia y Letras*, Buenos Aires; *A Plea for Sense and Science*, by John Atkinson; *Shakespeare's Macbeth and the Ruin of Souls*, by W. Miller; *Little Journeys to the Homes of Eminent Artists*, No. 3, Botticelli.

A.

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## ON THE WATCH-TOWER

THE rooms of the Theosophical Society in Albemarle Street were filled, on the evening of the 8th of May, with brilliant flowers and happy faces. High on the platform were piled masses of blossoms—pendant lilies, starry clematis, soft-hued azaleas, backed by great branches of pine and gorse that had been breathing the air of the New Forest but some few hours before. From the midst of the greenery, wreathed with snow-white blooms, the well-known portrait of H. P. B., with the clear, unfathomable eyes, gazed on those who had assembled to do her homage. Her old friends and pupils were there, and the younger ones, to whom she was a great teacher personally unknown, had also gathered round, and both rooms were crowded ere yet the meeting-hour had struck.

In Memory of H. P. B.

* * *

EXTRACTS were read, as she directed, from *The Light of Asia* and the *Bhagavad-Gîtâ*, Mr. Mead and Mr. Keightley filling the office of readers. Then Mr. Leadbeater spoke of her Eastern work, and her Adyar home, laying stress on the power that ever radiated from

Uniter of East and West

her. Mr. Mead told of her Western work, and of the strong affection she inspired in the little band of workers who surrounded her. Mr. Keightley described the invigorating effect of the freedom and largeness of her intellectual side, of the vivifying atmosphere that breathed from her, of the reality which would not tolerate a half-true form. The last speech fell to Mrs. Annie Besant, the President of the Lodge, who spoke of her many-sided human-ness, her courage and her unswerving devotion, and of her continued interest in the Society's work.

* * *

Children of the Wisdom

It is well that the memory of Humanity's dauntless servants should be kept green in the memories of all, for there are not too many great Souls incarnated among us in these days of hurry and confusion. We are often too small to recognise them, too narrow to welcome them, too conventional to do them fitting honour. With our eyes on the ground, we see the frayed hem of their garment and not the crown of stars that diadems their head. But what of that? The Wisdom is justified of her children. Well for us if we are sufficiently kin to them to love and reverence them, for

> Through such souls alone
> God, stooping, shews sufficient of His Light
> For us i' the dark to rise by.

* * *

Pioneers

Nearly 140 years ago, during the last quarter of the eighteenth century, some of the humbler followers of the Wisdom were ploughing up the arid soil of Europe. For this was one of the recurring periods in which a sign is given that the great truths are never left wholly without witness, even when they seem to be totally obscured. Such a sign has lately come into our hands in the form of a book printed in 1766, bearing the Rosicrucian symbol of the Pelican feeding its young, entitled *A Lapse of Human Souls in a State of Pre-existence the only Original Sin, and the ground-work of the Gospel Dispensation.* The author is the Rev. Capel Berrows, A.M., Rector of Rossington, Nottinghamshire, and one vaguely wonders what the easy-going, fox-hunting, port-

drinking parsons of the Georgian era thought of this unlike brother. The Rev. Mr. Berrows begins his work with references to the fact that "the most learned and ingenious among the antient philosophers" believed in the pre-existence of the soul, and then quotes "passages in holy writ" in support thereof. Of these, *Job* xxxviii. 21, *Jer.* i. 5, *S. John* xvii. 5, are not usually mentioned; with regard to the first, our author complains that the English translation is bad, and should be: "Know thou that thou wast then in being, and that in number thy days are many." The quotation from *Wisdom*, viii. 20, is very apposite: "Yea, rather, being good, I came into a body undefiled." Chapter III. proves the existence of this belief among the Greek and Latin Christian Fathers, and incidentally mentions a Mr. Brocklesby, "a man of most prodigious learning," who published a book in 1706, *An Explication of the Gosbel Theism and the Divinity of the Christian Religion*, etc., and who regarded this doctrine as an integral part of Christianity. We have then the names of some other modern believers in the pre-existence of souls—Dr. Henry Moore, Mr. Glanville (see his *Lux Orientalis*), Dr. Cheyne, Dr. Butler, Bishop of Durham, and the Chevalier Ramsay. Having thus laid a foundation, our reverend author proceeds to argue the question as deducible from man's sufferings, from his depravity, and from original righteousness; he considers that human souls were involved in the rebellion of the fallen angels—one guesses here that he is hinting at certain occult facts—and that this is the "original sin" from which Christ redeems men. The best part of the book is perhaps the chapter meeting the objections put forward to the doctrine of pre-existence, and incidentally the author shews his belief in the existence of the Christian Mysteries, in which was given knowledge not publicly taught. Lastly, Mr. Berrows applies this doctrine to the solution of various difficulties in the Christian scheme. It is interesting to notice that he regards repeated incarnations as a proof of God's love, giving the soul many opportunities of improvement. A useful appendix is added from *An Account of Origen and his Opinion*, printed in 1661. These light-bringers at the close of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries are the manifest forerunners of the present movement, the preparers, under the

inspiration of the White Lodge, for the active propaganda of the present.

* * *

Spiritualism in Italy

We hear from a correspondent that there is great excitement in Rome; Signor L. A. Vassalo, the editor of a leading newspaper, has given a lecture in which he has publicly declared his belief in Spiritualism. From *Il Travaso delle Idee* of the 6th of April we learn, with all the abundance of superlatives in which the modern Italian rivals the Greek of the Lower Empire, that an hour before the beginning "the grand Hall was overflowing with its audience; there was a general scrimmage at the doors and the heat was already suffocating." Making all allowances for the aforesaid superlatives, the lecture seems to have been well received and to have been worthy its reception. Speaking of Eusapia Palladino, the lecturer said that there was no occasion to deny that "in certain mysterious moments of the hypnotic sleep she had substituted for the two hands in contact with her neighbours one single hand, and had made movements with the hand thus left at liberty," for there are abundant cases of the kind recorded in spiritualistic books; but he impressed upon his audience his full conviction that such frauds were entirely insufficient to account for the phenomena observed, and gave accounts of sittings with her in which he was fully assured by his own observations that "all hypotheses of fraud or hallucination were completely excluded." The lecturer enlivened his discourse with anecdotes which produced "the most noisy hilarity," and at the conclusion was "frantically applauded, having succeeded in convincing his audience. The impression produced on the hearers who crowded together, commenting and enjoying themselves in animated discussion, was enormous. In fine, the evening was one of emotion and of great delight."

Beneath all this froth of words we may at least read that in yet another stronghold of Materialism the doctrine of a life which transcends the material and does not cease with the life of the body has been publicly set forth and not at once laughed out of court, as it would have been twenty years ago. How far its favourable reception is due to that other Greek characteristic of

the Italian mind, its perpetual readiness "either to say or hear some new thing," as Paul found it at Athens, time must show; but it will certainly help the workers of our new Theosophical province.

* * *

THE *Christian World* remarks on the movement in Catholicism towards liberalism, quoting the remarks of Monsigneur Mignot at Toulouse on the changes undergone by central Christian dogmas. Thus the Atonement had been regarded as a ransom paid to the devil, as an acquittal of a legal debt owed by humanity, and now under new moral and humanitarian aspects. It gives also an extract from a work by an Italian priest, Padre Lapide, who regards dogmas as the human presentations of great truths. He says:

E pur si muove

> They are forms borrowed from given points of view, from given philosophies of life, applied at the time to Divine things. It is thus that we find in the various dogmatic definitions of past ages the visible trace of Jewish, of Greek, and of scholastic thought. May we not imagine an ulterior progress which will permit theologians to express them under some new form, harmonising better with a more advanced condition of the human mind, and at the same time with the eternal, immutable truth?

Thus are theosophical ideas beginning to work in Catholicism, the leaven hidden in the dough by a woman, and presently all will be leavened.

* * *

FROM various directions comes similar testimony, both in important and unimportant matters, showing how men's attitude is changing towards the world. Dr. Javal, of Paris, himself blind, alleges that in blind persons a sixth sense developes, that is latent in all, perceiving "warm and indefinite vibrations," and that the sense-organ is in the forehead. This sense is sometimes called the "sense of obstacles"—not a very illuminative name, since the perception of obstacles may be said to be the essence of all the senses. But students will recognise the seat, and will remember the asp on the Egyptian crown. Mr. Andrew Lang, again, does much to break down the barrier between orthodox and occult science; he has lately been writing on crystal-gazing and the power of visualising the thoughts of another person, and

Straws showing the Current

their actions at a distance. Verily these things are the merest fringe of occult science, but none the less is it true that "clear-seeing" is as much a fact in nature as the ordinary limited seeing, and represents merely a higher evolution of the sight-organ, at present sporadic but presently to be general. The jelly-fish with his eye-spots may, in his time, have thought that anyone who pretended to see a few yards was a rogue and a charlatan.

* * *

Not a Straw

MORE important—of very grave importance, indeed, scientifically—are Professor Schrön's discoveries about crystals (not crystal-gazing). Two years ago the Professor gave three lectures, one on the "Genesis of Microbes," the second on "Bioplasm, the Morphogenesis and Life of Crystals," the third on the "Organisation of Matter, Matter and Force"; these were delivered to the professors of the University of Naples, the lecturers, and the medical students of the fourth, fifth and sixth years, and he also gave demonstrations illustrating his discoveries to a picked group of seven professors, each eminent in his own line. Speaking quite generally, Professor Schrön claims to prove that all microbes produce crystals, that these crystals evolve, and show pathological changes; that the study of sixty-two inorganic salts proves that they also "in youth" are evolving tissues, and that all crystals are produced by bioplasm. Hence the division between inorganic and organic vanishes. We have only received the syllabus of these important lectures—and it may be remembered that we referred to them at the time of their delivery—but we hope shortly to place before our readers a fuller statement on the subject.

* * *

The Consanguinity of the Anthropoids and Man

STUDENTS of the higher science have been specially interested in the "common ancestor" theory of certain of the highest apes and man, ever since H. P. Blavatsky astonished an incredulous age by the brilliant suggestion that these anthropoids were the descendants of man by crossing with apes proper. Since then some bold scientific speculators have put forward the theory that the anthropoids' descent from man is the best explanation of

the observed facts, and that there is no need of the "common ancestor" supposition. That this intimate blood relationship between men and the higher apes is not merely a theoretical necessity, but is now a recognised fact of direct experimental science, unhampered by the unsatisfactory invention of a series of "missing links," is shown by the following.

In the December number of *The American Naturalist*, Dr. H. W. Rand has given an extended abstract of Friedenthal's experimental proof of this blood-relationship. ("Ueber einem experimentellem Nachweis von Blutverwandschaft." *Archiv. für Anatomie und Physiologie*, Physiologische Abtheilung, Hefte 5 u. 6, 1900.)

The effect of human serum was tried upon the blood of six species of apes . . . at the Berlin Zoological Garden. In all cases the human serum dissolved the ape corpuscles. Among the true anthropoid apes is found blood which is physiologically equivalent to that of man, as was proved by experiments made with an orang-outang, a gibbon, and a ten-year-old chimpanzee, just as the blood of such widely separated races as the negro and the white is physiologically equivalent. The writer concludes that such experiments justify the placing of man and the anthropoid apes together in the same family, or at least in the same sub-order, rather than isolating man in a sub-order of primates, co-ordinate with the sub-orders of the platyrrhines and catarrhines.

See also *The Zoologist*, 4th Series, vol. v., no. 61, Jan. 15th, 1902. The justification of H. P. B. by science goes on apace.

* * *

Dreams and Thoughts

MANY of our readers have read with pleasure the works of Mr. Edward Carpenter, especially his *Towards Democracy*, *Civilization ; its Cure and Cause*, and *From Adam's Peak to Elephanta*, and have recognised in him a man in many things of like thought with themselves. They may therefore be pleased to read the following account of a lecture delivered by him under the auspices of our Sheffield Lodge, at the Cutlers' Hall, to a large audience, as reported in *The Sheffield Daily Telegraph* :

Mr. Carpenter said that in dreams we noticed the same kinds of thoughts and images floating through our minds as in ordinary waking thoughts, only they were much more incoherent, much more scrappy, and often much more grotesque. Some people very rationally supposed that that was partly because in sleep the higher part of the mind, the more reasoning part, was

quiescent, and therefore could not regulate the images which arose, as it did in our waking hours. But the cause which set the images moving was just the same in dreams as in waking hours. They were suggested by feelings, desires, emotions in the mind. Insufficient covering during sleep would lead to a dream of snowstorms, or something of that character. As to the quiescence of the reasoning faculty in dreams, he quoted a story of a literary man who dreamt what he believed to be a superb piece of poetry. Waking, he scribbled it down, and then went to sleep again. In the morning, when he read the piece which he expected would make him immortal, he found these words: "Walker with one eye, Walker with two; Something to live for And nothing to do." (Laughter.) Metre and rhythm had been attained, but the thought was not of a high class. In waking hours a crowd of incoherent images constantly arose in the mind, but nature around called us back immediately to the actual facts of life. The reality of dream images was accounted for by the fact that there was nothing to interfere with them.

He had not had any great experience of spiritualism, but from what he had heard and read he had no practical doubt that, under certain circumstances, when people called mediums were in a state of trance, images appeared which became visible to other people. A dream image was more vivid than a waking image, and as a trance was a much deeper sleep, its images would be more powerful. He thought there was very little doubt about that part of the ghost theory relating to wraiths—the images of persons which, just at the moment of their death, appeared to some distant relative or friend. Death was a still deeper thing than a trance, and at the very moment of death a person might throw out his image so that it should impinge upon another person who was in sympathy with it at the time.

As houses, streets, tramcars were the outcomes of people's thoughts, might not the wonderful world of nature be the expressions and images of the thoughts of some other being or beings? What a marvellous thing was writing. The fact that the dots and scratches on a piece of paper conveyed a meaning was most mysterious to the primitive mind of a savage, and he thought it equally possible that we were in such a position with regard to the dots and scratches on the great face of Nature. It was a question of degree. The more we studied the lower animals the more we saw that their movements were full of meaning and intelligence. It did not seem impossible that the wonderful panorama of Nature was the scene of myriad thoughts and feelings, in some degree at any rate comparable with those which sprang up in our minds, though possibly of a much vaster character and belonging to other planes of existence. Did it not seem that there was a vast unity underlying all things, and that all of them in the end, deep down, must have a common purpose and object of existence? And in that thought there was rest. (Applause.)

# DID JESUS LIVE 100 YEARS B.C.?

THE innumerable problems which arise on every side to confront the dogged perseverer in theosophic studies are all, in their own spheres and seasons, of such immense importance, that it would be somewhat presumptuous for a single student to select one such problem out of the many, and to declare that it pressed more than the rest for immediate solution. To each of us, no doubt, at every moment of our evolution, some special problem seems more insistently to press than the rest, and all others for the time being appear to be of secondary importance; but the moment passes and another arises to take its place, and with it appears some new riddle, or an old one in a new guise.

There happens, however, for the moment to be a problem which, though not as yet even heard of by the general public, is, nevertheless, of great interest to many students of Theosophy, and to me, therefore, this problem seems to press, not for solution—for of that I have no immediate hopes—but for a more satisfactory definition than has been as yet accorded to it.

The problem I am about to attempt more clearly to define is not a metaphysical riddle, not a spiritual enigma, not some moral puzzle (though all of these factors may be made to inhere in it), but a problem of physical fact, well within the middle distance of what is called the historic period. It is none the less on this account of immense importance and interest generally, and especially to thoughtful students of "origins," for it raises no less a question than that of the error in the date of the life of the Founder of Christianity; and that, too, not by the comparatively narrow margin of some seven or eight years (as many have already argued on the sole basis of generally accepted traditional *data*), but by no less a difference than the (in such a connection) enormous time-gulf of a full century. Briefly, the

problem may be popularly summed up in the startling and apparently ludicrous question: Did Jesus live 100 years B.C.?

Now, had all such questioning been confined to a small circle of first-hand investigators of the hidden side of things, or, if we may say so, of the noumena of things historic underlying the blurred records of phenomena handed down to us by tradition, there would be no necessity for the present series of papers; but of late years very positive statements on this matter, based on such methods of research, have been printed and circulated among the general public; and what, in the opinion of the writer, makes the matter even more pressing, is that these statements are being readily accepted by ever-growing numbers. Now, it goes without saying, that the majority of those who have accepted such statements have done so either for subjective reasons satisfactory to themselves, or from some inner feeling or impression which they have not been at pains to analyse. The state of affairs, then, seems clearly to demand, that as they have heard a little of the matter, they should now hear more, and that the question should be taken out of the primitive crudeness of a choice between two sets of mutually contradictory assertions, and advanced a stage into the subtler regions of critical research.

And, lest the reader should start with too great expectations, and be disappointed in the sequel, let me again preface this enquiry by repeating that it is far beyond my power (and I may, I believe, safely add, beyond the ability of any other normally endowed student of history and tradition) to decide this question in any absolute fashion, least of all to answer with an emphatic Yes; indeed, most minds trained in historic research, even the most cautious, will be strongly inclined to sum up the probabilities of the accessible evidence as pointing to a distinct negative, while the vast majority of the general public will of course decide the problem off hand, not only with an angry No, but with the further reflection that the very raising of the question betokens a seriously disordered mind.

It is not, then, with any hopes of definitely solving the problem that these articles are undertaken, but rather with the object of pointing out the difficulties which have to be surmounted by an unprejudiced historian, before an even qualified

recognition can be given to such a revolutionary proposition in the domain of Christian origins; and this with the main intention of trying to indicate what appears to me to be the sane attitude of mind with regard to similar problems, which those of us who have had some experience of the possibilities of so-called occult research, but who have not the ability to study such matters at first-hand, should endeavour to hold.

In what I shall set forth in these articles, then, I hope most honestly to endeavour to treat the matter without prejudice, save for this general prepossession that I consider it saner for the only normally endowed individual to hold the mind in suspense over all categorical statements, by whomsoever made, than to believe either on the one hand without investigation, or on the other, even after long study, in the consequent despair of arriving at any real bed-rock of facts in the unsubstantial material commonly believed in as history, and thus in either case to crystallise one's mind anew into some historic form, on lines of evidence concerning the nature of which we are as yet almost entirely ignorant.

And, first of all, let me further set forth very briefly some of the considerations which render it impossible for me to assume either a decidedly negative, or even a purely agnostic, attitude with regard to possibilities of research other than those open to normal ability and industry; for if we would honestly endeavour, in any fashion really satisfactory to ourselves, to interpret the observed phenomena of our lives, we are compelled by a necessity greater than ourselves to take into consideration *all* the facts of at least our personal experience, no matter how sceptical we may be as to the validity of the experiences of others, or how critical we may be concerning our own. On the other hand, we most freely admit that those who have not had experiences similar to our own, are quite justified in assuming an agnostic attitude with regard to our declarations, but we doubt that it can be considered the nature of a truly scientific mind to deny *à priori* the possibility of our experience, or merely contemptuously to dismiss the matter without any attempt at investigation.

It has been my good fortune—for so I regard it—to know a

number of people who have their subtler senses, to a greater or less degree, more fully developed than is normally the case, and also to be intimate with a few whose power of response to extra-normal ranges of impression, vibration, or stimulation (or whatever may be the more correct term), may be said to be, as far as my experience goes, highly developed. These latter are my personal friends, whom I have known for many years, and with whom I have been most closely associated. From long knowledge of their characters, often under very trying circum stances, I have no reason to believe they are trying to deceive me, and every reason to believe in their good faith. They certainly would have nothing to gain by practising, if it were possible, any concerted imposition upon me, and everything to lose. For, on the one hand, my devotion to the studies I pursue, and the work upon which I am engaged, is entirely independent of individuals and their pronouncements, and, on the other, my feeling of responsibility to humanity in general is such, that I should not have the slightest hesitation in openly proclaiming a fraud, were I to discover any attempt at it, especially in matters which I hold to be more than ordinarily sacred for all who profess to be lovers of truth and labourers for our common welfare. Nor again is there any question here of their trying to influence some prospective "follower," either of themselves, or of some particular sect, for we are more or less contemporaries in similar studies, and one of our common ideals is the desirability of breaking down the boundary walls of sectarianism.

Now, this handful of friends of mine who are endowed in this special fashion, are unanimous in declaring that Jeschu, the historical Jesus, lived a century before the traditional date. They, one and all, claim that, if they turn their attention to the matter, they can see the events of those far-off days passing before their mind's eye, or rather that for the time being they seem to be in the midst of them, even as we ordinarily observe events in actual life. They state that not only do their individual researches as to this date work out to one and the same result, but that also when several of them have worked together, checking one another, the result has been still the same.

Familiar as I am with the hypotheses of "collective hallucination," " honest self-deception," and " subjectivism " of all kinds, I have been unable to satisfy myself that any one of these, or any combination of them, will satisfactorily explain the matter. For instance, even granting that certain of the Jewish Jesus stories (which when eliminated from the rest seem to confirm the 100 B.C. date) may have been previously known to some of my colleagues, and that it might be reasonably supposed that this curious tradition had so fascinated their imagination as to become the determining factor in what might be called their subjective dramatising faculty—there are two considerations which, in my opinion, based on my own knowledge and experience, considerably weaken the strength of this sceptical and otherwise apparently reasonable supposition.

First, the general consideration that my friends differ widely from each other in temperament; most are of different nationalities, and all vary considerably in their objective knowledge of Christian origins, and in their special views of external Christianity. Moreover—though they all sincerely endeavour to be impartial on so important a matter, seeing that it touches the life of a Master for whom they have in a very real sense the deepest reverence—while some of them do not happen to be special followers of that particular Teacher, others, on the contrary, are specially attracted by that way, and might, therefore, be naturally expected to counteract in the interest of received tradition any tendency to apparent extravagance, which was not justified by repeated subjective experiences of such a nature as to outweigh their objective training and natural preconceptions.

Second, the very special consideration, that I have had the opportunity on many occasions of testing the accuracy of some of my colleagues with regard to either statements of a similar nature, or of a more personal character. And lest my evidence on this point should be too hastily put out of court by some impatient reader, let me briefly refer to the nature of such verification.

But before doing so, it would be as well to have it understood that the method of investigation to which I am referring, does not bring into consideration any question of trance, either

self-induced, or mesmerically or hypnotically effected. As far as I can judge, my colleagues are to all outward seeming in quite their normal state. They go through no outward ceremonies, or internal ones for that matter, nor even any outward preparation but that of assuming a comfortable position; moreover, they not only describe, as each normally has the power of description, what is passing before their inner vision in precisely the same fashion as one would describe some objective scene, but they are frequently as surprised as their auditors that the scenes or events they are attempting to explain are not at all as they expected to see them, and remark on them as critically, and frequently as sceptically, as those who cannot "see" for themselves, but whose knowledge of the subject from objective study may be greater than theirs.

Now, although it is true that in the majority of cases I have not been able to verify their statements, and doubt whether it will ever be possible to do so owing to the lack of objective material, nevertheless, in a number of instances, few when compared with the mass of statements made, but numerous enough in themselves, I have been able to do so. It can, of course, be argued, as has been done in somewhat similar cases, that all of this is merely the bringing into subjective objectivity the imaginative dramatisation of facts which have been normally heard or read, or even momentarily glanced at, and which have sunk beneath the threshold of consciousness, either of that of the seers themselves or of one or other of their auditors, or even some permutation or combination of these. But such an explanation seems somewhat feeble to one who, like myself, has taken down laboriously dictated passages from MSS., described, for instance, as written in archaic Greek uncials—MSS., the contents of which, as far as I am aware, are not known to exist—passages laboriously dictated letter by letter, by a friend whose knowledge of the language extended hardly beyond the alphabet. Frequently gaps had to be left for certain forms of letters, with which not only my colleague, but also myself, were previously entirely unacquainted; these gaps had to be filled up afterwards, when the matter was transcribed and broken up into words and sentences, which turned out to be in good construable Greek, the

original or copy of which, I am as sure as I can be of anything, neither my colleague nor myself had ever seen physically. Moreover, I have had dates and information given by these methods which I could only verify afterwards by long and patient research, and which, I am convinced, no one but an exceedingly widely read scholar of classical antiquity could have come across.

This briefly is the nature of some of the facts of my personal experience in this connection, and while others who have not had such experience may permissibly put it aside, I am unable to do so; and not only am I unable to do so personally, but I further consider it more honest to my readers to admit them to my privacy in this respect, in order that they may be in a better position to estimate the strength or weakness of my preconceptions or prejudices in the treatment of the exceedingly interesting problem which we are about to consider.

It will thus be seen at the outset that I am unable *à priori* to refuse any validity to these so-called occult methods of research; the ghost of my repeated experience rises up before me and refuses to be laid by an impatient "pshaw." But it by no means follows that, because in some instances I have been enabled to verify the truth of my colleagues' statements, I am therefore justified in accepting the remainder on trust. Of their good faith I have no question, but of the nature of the *modus* of their "seeing" I am in almost complete ignorance. That it is of a more subtle nature than ordinary sight, or memory, or even imagination, I am very well assured; but that there should be entrusted to an apparently favoured few, and that, too, almost suddenly, a means of inerrant knowledge which reduces the results of the unwearied toil of the most laborious scholars and historians to the most beggarly proportions, I am not quite prepared at present to accept. It would rather seem more scientific to suppose that in exact proportion to the startling degree of accuracy that may at times be attained by these subtle methods of research, the errors that may arise can be equally appalling.

And, indeed, this is borne out not only by the perusal of the little studied, but enormous, literature on such subjects, both of antiquity and of the present day, but also by the repeated declara-

tions of those of my colleagues themselves who have endeavoured to fit themselves for a truly scientific use of such faculties. They all declare that their great aim is to eliminate as far as possible the personal factor; for if, so to say, the glass of their mind-stuff, through which they had to see, is not most accurately polished and adjusted, the things seen are all blurred, or distorted into the most fantastic shapes. This "glass" is in itself of a most subtle nature, most plastic and protean; it changes with every desire, with every hope and fear, with every prejudice and prepossession, with every love and hate.

Such factors, then, are not unthought of by my colleagues; rather are they most carefully considered. But this being so, it is plain that it is very difficult to discover a sure criterion of accuracy in such subtle research, even for the practised seer, or seeress, who is willing to submit himself to the strictest discipline; while for those of us who have not developed these distinct inner senses, but who desire eventually to arrive at some certain criterion of truth, and who further believe that this is a thing beyond all sensation, we must be content to develop our critical faculties on the material accessible to us, and do all we can with it before we abandon the subject to "revelation."

Nor is this latter attitude of mind irreligious; for, if we are in any way right in our belief, we hold that the workman is only expected to work with his own tools. To use in an expanded sense a phrase of the *Gîtâ*, there should be no "confusion of castes"; or to employ the language of one of the Gospel parables, a man should lay out the "talent" entrusted to him to the best advantage, and if he do this, no more for the moment, we may believe, is expected of him. We have all, each in our own way, to labour for the common good; but a workman whose trade is that of objective historical research is rarely trusted with the tools of seership as well, while the seer presumably is not expected to devote his life to historical criticism. Doubtless there may be some who are entrusted with two or more talents of different natures, but so far we have not as yet in our own times come across the desirable blend of a competent seer and a historical critic.

We must, then, each of us in his own way, work together for

righteousness; hoping that if in the present we employ our single talents rightly, and prove ourselves profitable servants, we may in the future become masters of two or even more "cities," and thus (to adapt the wording of a famous agraphon) having proved ourselves trustworthy in the "lesser" be accorded the opportunity of showing ourselves faithful in the "greater (mysteries)."

Having, then, prefaced our enquiry by these brief remarks on the nature of the methods of research employed by those whose statements have lately brought this question into prominence in certain circles, we proceed to enumerate the various deposits of objective material which have to be surveyed and analysed, before a mind accustomed to historical study and the weighing of evidence can feel in a position to estimate even approximately the comparative values of the various traditions.

We have, then, in the first place to consider the apparently unbroken and consistent Christian tradition (that Jesus was born in the reign of Herod and was put to death under Pontius Pilate), and further to glance at the material from Pagan sources claimed to substantiate this tradition; and in the second to acquaint ourselves with the Talmud Jeschu stories which purport to preserve traditions of the life and date of Jeschu (one of these traditions confirming the 100 years B.C.), but totally at variance on every point with the Christian account; and further to investigate the mediæval Jewish Jesus legends, based for the most part on Talmudic sources, but also in one form retaining the Christian element of the Herod date. In the second part of our subject, moreover, it will be necessary to preface the enquiry by some consideration of the origin, growth, history, and nature of the Talmud itself.

That there are many better equipped and more competent than myself to discuss these difficult subjects, no one is more keenly aware than I am. But seeing that there are no books on the subject readily accessible to the general reader, I may be excused for coming forward, not with the pretension of discovering any facts previously unknown to specialists, but with the very modest ambition of indicating some of the outlines of the question for those who cannot find the information for themselves,

and of pointing to a few of the difficulties which confront a student of the labours of specialists, in the hope that some greater mind may at no distant date be induced to throw further light on the matter.

Finally, seeing that in the treatment of the Jewish Jeschu stories, many things exceedingly distasteful to lovers of Jesus will have to be referred to, and that generally, in the whole enquiry, many points involved in the most violent controversy will have to be considered, let me say that I would most gladly have avoided them if it were possible. But a greater necessity than personal likes or dislikes compels the setting forth of the whole matter as it is found. We are told that the truth alone shall make us free; and the love of it compels us sometimes to deal with most distasteful matters. Few things can be more unpleasing than to be even the indirect means of giving pain to the sincere lovers of a great Teacher, but the necessities of the enquiry into the question: Did Jesus live 100 years B.C.? primarily involves a discussion of the Jewish Jeschu stories, and it is therefore impossible to omit them.

G. R. S. MEAD.

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## "HIS WAYS PAST FINDING OUT"

[THE following is the translation of a hymn, written by a blind poet, who was, like many another, puzzled by the clashing of various rules given in the Scriptures of his faith with the acts of revered persons therein set down. The people named are well-known characters in India. Similar difficulties are met with in the Jewish and other sacred books.]

LORD of Pity! Thy ways are not seen!
From good deed Thou drawest riches, and from riches sins unclean.
Lord of Pity! Thy ways are not seen!

Scripture sayeth, he that giveth but one cow to help the poor,
Crossing death, his way he wendeth straight unto high heaven's door;
Yet King Nṛiga cows ten thousand gave to Brâhmans every day,
And for one small fault of judgment in deep hell for ages lay.
Lord of Pity! we see not Thy way!

Son that breaks the word of father stands attaint of grievous sin;
Yet when young Prahlâda doth it, he doth Thy approval win,
And that breach, slaying his father, Lion-man! Thou helpest in!
Lord of Pity! Thy ways are not seen!

Saints and Sages, in the Vedas, the high rites of Yajña sing,
Yet when, helped by holy Ṛishis, Bali, wisest Titan-king,
Holds them, into deep Pâtâla, him Thou dost for ages fling.
Lord of Pity! what shall solace to Thy blindest singer bring?

# AN ANCIENT CORRESPONDENCE ON VEGETARIANISM

THE April number of the *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society* contains the text and translation (by the Rev. D. S. Margoliouth) of an ancient (eleventh century) correspondence on vegetarianism, between a somewhat boastful but very pious poet and rigid ascetic of Syria, Abu'l-'Alā, and a Hibat Allah of Cairo, a serious common-sense philosopher of the period. The poet does not come very well out of the argument, but sticks to his preference in diet. Hibat Allah is, on his side, a courteous gentleman, and they part friends. Some of Hibat Allah's final letter may be of interest to our readers. He writes:

"I would have you know that I traversed the earth from the furthest part of my country to Egypt, and everywhere found people divided into two classes. There are the fanatical believers who are so enchanted with their religion, that if their religious records contained the statement that an elephant flew, or a camel laid an egg, they would believe it implicitly. They would regard one who thought otherwise as a heretic and a fool, who might be neglected. With such persons as these reason is at a discount. It is difficult to awake such a man to the fact that the light of reason must have sparkled from the religion which he professes ere its collar could have been placed on the neck or its bracelet on the wrist. How, then, can it be right to give the reason control at the first and to proceed to dethrone it?

"When my fortune brought me to Syria, and I heard of your eminence as a scholar and savant, I found that on that matter opinions were agreed and the evidence established irrefragably. But I found that men were divided about your religious position, and distraught about it, each speaker taking a view of his own. . . . I defended you, . . . saying that your well-known and confirmed asceticism cleared you of all suspicion. I was

convinced that you must have some esoteric religious knowledge, which you kept concealed from the rest of mankind. . . And so when I heard your verse, 'Are thy faith and thy understanding ailing? Come to me that thou mayest learn the true account of the matter,' . . . I approached you as Moses approached the mountain, hoping to get a light. . . . So I dropped in my bucket in the form of my question about a trifle, thus ascending from my own low level to one higher, and rising from my own littleness to one who was great. . . .

"Then I asked you why you abstained from meat, and you replied that you disliked hurting animals and causing them pain. I rebutted your plea, after you had dilated on it, by observing that if God empowers one animal to eat another, though He knows best what is wise and is most merciful to His creatures, you need not be more just and merciful to them than their Lord and Creator. You then changed your ground, and alleged your inability to procure animal food, because of the whole sum which came to you in the year the greater part went to your attendant, and only a little remained to yourself. This, too, I rebutted by pointing to a liberal source, one of those who never taunt those whom they benefit with their favours or insult them, who would provide you with an ample supply of the daintiest food and the most luxurious stores. This, too, you declined, declaring in your second letter that you disliked it, and would not have it, and could not abandon the vegetarianism which you had so long maintained. . . .

"Next you say that God has secrets that only the saints understand. It is just that secret about which we are hovering, and round the door of him who knows it that we are making circuit. And when we, arguing from your verse, suppose that you do possess it, seeing that you profess that your own religion and intellect are sound, whereas those of other men are ailing, you declare that you have no counsel to give! Assuredly in this matter your prose contradicts your verse and your verse your prose. So what is to be done?

"Then you say that the sense of the verse 'Are thy understanding and thy faith,' etc., is given by the following line of your poem, 'Then eat not wrongfully what the water produces,

nor eat the meat of beasts newly slain,' etc. Clearly, then, the sickness of faith and understanding must be due to eating meat and drinking milk and consuming honey, so that soundness of both is to be acquired by abandoning these practices. You must know that soundness of faith and understanding is not produced thereby. Hence the second verse cannot annul the first, so as to make the substance of your assertion that men require to be rendered sound in understanding and faith an exhortation to them not to eat meat or drink milk!

"Next you observe that the creatures of the sea dislike being brought on dry land, and that the reason cannot find fault with abstention from their flesh, though it be lawful for food, for religious men at all times abandon the use of certain things that are lawful for them. Now there is no animal on sea or land that is more honourable than man, the living, the intelligent. He dislikes death, yet he dies. He dislikes being eaten, yet the worms eat him in his grave. If this proceed from some wise principle, then what you say about the sea-animals belongs precisely to the same field; but if it be a cause of deflexion from wisdom, it is absurd that my Maker should be a fool, and I, His creature, be wise. . . . .

"When you complain of your weakness and difficulty of moving, and say you have no strength left to ask or answer questions, whether weak or strong you are still one of the glories of the age, and one whose praises travellers carry with them everywhere. However much fate may have wronged you, you have wronged yourself by depriving yourself of the pleasures of the world. And if you hope for pleasures which will compensate for them, pleasures of a better and more lasting sort, then you will have made no bad bargain, and the verse of yours which has been discussed will have been justified, though you may have incurred the reproach of stinginess in rejecting requests for aid and refusing those who ask you. If, on the other hand, you are torturing yourself without a clear reason, as you now assert, being one of the many who 'idly dispute' and founder in bewilderment, then you have wasted your life and wronged yourself. You will also in the verse that has been quoted have made an assertion which you cannot verify."

# CARDINAL NICHOLAS OF CUSA.*

A CERTAIN additional interest may perhaps attach itself in the minds of our readers to the name of Cardinal Nicolaus von Kues, or Nicholas of Cusa, the next in order among the mediæval mystics of Germany to engage our attention, from the fact that H. P. B. speaks of him as an "Adept" (*Secret Doctrine*, vol. iii., p. 367), and though the Editor of that volume remarks in a footnote that this term is "very loosely used by H. P. B.," and appears to mean here an uninitiated disciple, yet personally I remember H. P. B. telling some of us that Nicholas of Cusa was an initiated Adept who, in that particular birth, was to a certain extent resting and, so to say, taking things easy. However that may be, he was certainly a very remarkable man, and we shall find, I think, that Dr. Steiner's treatment of his writings will help to throw light upon that special conception of the mystic path which Dr. Steiner himself has formed, the elucidation of which forms the guiding thread running through the present series of articles.

Nicholas of Cusa, then, was born near Trèves in 1401, and according to some writers, H. P. B. included, was the son of a poor boatman, and undoubtedly grew up to become one of the most learned men of his time. In mathematics he was remarkable, in astronomy he anticipated nearly all the discoveries and views of Copernicus, frankly enunciating the doctrine that the Earth is a body moving in space, while even the famous Tycho Brahé, a hundred years later, still clung to the opposite conception.

Now, this same Nicholas of Cusa, who had thus not merely mastered all the knowledge of his time, but had also extended it by original work, possessed in addition, to no small degree, the power of awakening this knowledge into inner life, so that it not

* Freely rendered on the lines of one of Dr. Rudolf Steiner's addresses to the Berlin Theosophical Society. See review in February number, also articles "Meister Eckhart" and "Friends of God" in the March and April numbers.

alone renders more intelligible the external world, but also serves as a conductor, so to speak, for that spiritual life in man which, from the inmost depths of his soul, he needs must long after. If we compare Nicholas with such spirits as Eckhart or Tauler, we obtain a remarkable result. Nicholas is the scientific thinker, striving to lift himself from research about things of the world on to the level of higher perception, while Eckhart and Tauler are faithful believers, seeking the higher life from the basis of what their religion teaches them. Eventually, Nicholas arrives at the same inner life as Meister Eckhart; but the inner life of the former has a rich store of knowledge as its content.

The full significance of this difference becomes clear when we reflect that for the student of science the danger lies very near at hand of misunderstanding the scope of that species of knowing which enlightens us regarding the various special departments of knowledge. He can very readily be misled into believing that there really is only one single kind or mode of knowledge; and then he will either over or under-rate this knowledge which leads us to the goal in the various special sciences. In the one case he will approach the subject-matter of the highest spiritual life as he would a problem in physics, and proceed to deal with it by means of concepts such as he would apply to gravitation or electricity. Thus, according as he believes himself to be more or less enlightened, the world will appear to him as a blindly working machine, or an organism, or as the teleological structure of a personal God; perhaps even as a form which is ruled and pervaded by a more or less clearly conceived "World-soul." In the other alternative, he notes that the knowing, of which alone he has any experience, is adapted only to the things of the sense-world; and then he will become a sceptic, saying to himself: We can know nothing about things which lie beyond the world of the senses. Our knowledge has a limit. For the needs of the higher life we have no choice but to throw ourselves blindly into the arms of Faith untouched by knowledge. And for a learned theologian like Nicholas of Cusa, this second danger lay peculiarly near at hand as he had been trained up in scholasticism, which, however, in reality proved an assistance to him. But we shall best understand the Cardinal, who naturally had to write and speak

with due regard to orthodoxy, if we go rather beyond the point at which he appears to stop and look back, as it were, upon what his actual attitude implies.

The most significant thought in Nicholas' mental life is that of "learned ignorance." By this he means a form of knowing which occupies a higher level as against ordinary knowledge. In the lower sense, knowledge is the grasping of an object by the mind.* The most important characteristic of this form of knowing is that it gives us light about something outside of the mind, and the mind, therefore, in thus knowing, is directed upon something different from itself; or otherwise stated, the mind is concerned with things *thought of as outside itself*. Now what the mind developes *in itself* about things is the *being* of those things. The things are mind. We see the mind (Geist) so far only through the sensible encasement. What lies outside the mind is only this sensible encasement; the being of the things enters into the mind. If then the mind turns its attention to this being, which is of like nature with itself, then it can no longer talk of knowing, for it is not looking at anything outside of itself, but is looking at a thing which is part of itself; is indeed looking at itself. The mind no longer knows; it looks directly upon itself. It is no longer concerned with a "knowing," but with a "not-knowing." No longer does the man *grasp* (conceive) something through the mind; he "beholds, without conceiving" his own life. This highest stage of knowing is, by comparison with the lower stages, a "not-knowing."

But it is obvious that the essential being of things can only be reached through this stage of knowing; and thus Nicholas of Cusa in speaking of his "learned ignorance" or "learned not-knowing," is really speaking of nothing other than of knowing, come to a new birth, as an inner experience. He tells us himself, how he came to this inner experience. "I made many efforts," he says, "to unite the ideas of God and the world, of Christ and the Church, into a single root-idea; but nothing satisfied me

* The term used here by Dr. Steiner is "Geist," which in this connection appears to mean the "mind," but possibly "consciousness" might also express his meaning, or even "spirit." This word "Geist" in German is very apt to cause misunderstanding, and I am not quite certain what exactly Dr. Steiner means to imply by its use here.

until at last on my way back from Greece by sea, my mind's vision, as if by an illumination from above, soared up to that perception in which God appeared to me as the supreme unity of all contradictions."

To a certain extent this illumination was due to the influence of his predecessors, notably the writings of Dionysius the Areopagite, with which his scholastic studies had brought him into touch through Scotus Erigena. And the same influence is also traceable in Eckhart and Tauler, as well as in the greatest of the schoolmen, St. Thomas Aquinas.

We thus see that, from Nicholas of Cusa's point of view, there can be no question of there being only *one* kind or mode of knowing. On the contrary, for him knowing clearly divides itself into two, first into such knowing as mediates our acquaintance with external objects, and second into such as is itself the object of which one gains knowledge. The first mode of knowing is dominant in the sciences, which teach us about the things and occurrences of the outer world; the second is in us when we ourselves *live* in the knowledge we have acquired. This second kind of knowing grows out of the first. Now, however, it is still one and the same world with which both these modes of knowing are concerned; and it is one and the self-same man who is active in both. Hence the question inevitably arises, whence it comes that one and the self-same man developes two different kinds of knowledge of one and the same world?

The answer may be thus outlined. In the first place, man lives as a separated (individual) being amidst other separated beings. In addition to the effects which the other beings produce on each other, there arises in his case the (lower) knowledge. Through his senses he receives impressions from other beings, and works up these impressions with his inner mental powers. He then turns his mental gaze away from external things and himself beholds his own activity. In so doing self-knowledge arises in him. But so long as he remains on this level of self-knowledge, he does not, in the true sense of the word, behold himself. He can still believe that some hidden being is active within him, whose manifestations and effects are *only* that which appears to him to be *his own* activities. But

now the moment may come in which, through an incontrovertible inner experience, it becomes clear to the man that he experiences in what he perceives or feels within himself, not the *manifestation* or *effect* of any hidden power or being, but *this very being itself* in its most essential and intimate form. Then he can say to himself: In a certain way I find all other things ready given, and I myself, standing apart from and outside of them, add to them whatever the mind (Geist) has to tell about them. But what I thus creatively add to the things in myself, therein do I myself live; that is myself, my very own being. But what is that which speaks there in the depths of my mind (Geist)? It is the knowledge which I have acquired of the things of the world. But in this knowledge there speaks no longer an effect, a manifestation; that which speaks expresses itself wholly, holding back nothing of what it contains. But I have acquired this knowledge of things and of myself, as one thing among other things. From out my own being I speak myself, and the things too speak. Thus, in truth, I am giving utterance no longer only to my own being; I am also giving utterance to the being of things themselves. My "I" is the form, the organ in which the things express themselves about themselves. I have gained the experience that in myself I experience my own essential being; and this experience expands itself in me to the further one that in myself and through myself the All-Being Itself expresses Itself, or in other words, knows Itself. I can now no longer feel myself as a thing among other things; I can now only feel myself as a form in which the All-Being lives out Its own life.

It is thus only natural that one and the same man should have two modes of knowing. Judging by the facts of the senses, he is a thing among other things, and, in so far as he is that, he gains for himself a knowledge of these things; but at any moment he can acquire the higher experience that he is really the form or organ in which the All realises Itself. Then man transforms himself from a thing among other things into a form of the All-Being—and along with himself, the knowledge of things transforms itself into the expression of the very being of things. But as a matter of fact this transformation can only be accomplished through man. That which is mediated in the

higher knowledge does not exist as long as this higher knowledge itself is not present. Man becomes only a *real* being in the creation of this higher knowledge; and only through man's higher knowledge can things also bring their being forth into real existence.

If, therefore, we demand that man shall add nothing to things through his inner knowledge, but merely give expression to whatever already exists in the things outside himself, that would really amount to a complete abnegation of all higher knowledge. From the fact that man, in respect of his sensible life, is merely one thing among others, and that he only attains to the higher knowledge when he himself accomplishes with himself as a being of the senses the transformation into a higher being, it follows that he can never replace the one kind of knowledge by the other. His spiritual life consists, on the contrary, in a ceaseless oscillation between these two poles of knowledge—between *knowing* and *seeing*. If he shuts himself off from the *seeing*, he abandons the real being of things; if he seeks to shut himself off from sense-perception, he would shut out from himself the things whose being he seeks to know. It is these very same things which reveal themselves alike in the lower *knowing* and the higher *seeing;* only in the one case they reveal themselves according to their outer appearance; in the other according to their inner being. Thus it is not due to the things themselves that, at a certain stage, they appear only as external things; but their doing so is due to the fact that man must first of all raise himself to the level upon which the things cease to be external and outside.

BERTRAM KEIGHTLEY.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

# THE CEREMONIAL OF THE MASS

Too many men to-day, who are unable to raise themselves, refuse to use the staircase; forgetting that until the will is developed the lower forms are necessary, if the man is to rise at all.—*Path of Discipleship*, p. 97.

THE terms in the King's Declaration regarding the "Sacrifice of the Mass" must remain for the Protestant public a true description of this "adorable mystery," but for one explanation—that offered by the occultist.

Without it the *un*rational faith of the devout Catholic cannot be justified, and the non-Catholic would be correct when he calls that faith *ir*rational, "superstitious and idolatrous."

Rites are vehicles of energies, says the occultist. All outward ceremonial is designed to lessen the hold of the body upon the soul; to subtilise the nervous sensibilities; to quicken the response to the higher orders of vibrations; to turn the stream of human emotion to heavenly things by all the harmonious adjuncts that ages of culture have collected; and by the interplay and interlacing of all the fine arts to bring the senses into the service of the soul.

It is easy to say, as the Quaker says: "Oh, I go straight to God; I do not like forms and ceremonies;" but are there not some who do not respond to the appeal of beautiful ritual because their own vehicles are blunted, or perhaps quite unevolved, and do not respond on all the planes because they cannot?

Ritual instructs the mind, says the priest, and there are few who could follow the whole ceremonial of a Mass without being taught something. The ceremony is an open book; some may think it is over-illustrated and often crudely so, but it is designed for the children of men at all ages, and it may give food for thought to the older souls as well as to the youngest.

Surely the Sacred Heart which still beats behind the Catholic Churches knew something of the needs of His European children

when He devised a form of worship which was to retain its attractiveness for close upon 2,000 years?

If we take a book like Mrs. Besant's *Esoteric Christianity*, describing the sacraments from the occult standpoint, we find it, as it were, opening to us a Pandora box of ancient gems. Gems of gracious customs prompted by the instincts of centuries of true and deep devotion, clustering round the supreme sacrament. And with this point of view following a High Mass in either the Greek or the Roman Church in detail, we are startled to find proof after proof as of some mighty Hand working behind this gorgeous veil, some mighty Mind controlling the instincts of the faithful, though purblind, servants who obey, yet cannot reason out the necessity of the rites they feel compelled to guard in their smallest particulars with such jealous love.

The Mass begins by the entrance of the priest to sprinkle the church and the congregation with holy water. This is either a fitting act of practical occultism actually tending to purify and calm the surroundings, or else it is mere superstition and waste of time. In preparing holy water salt is put in, over which the priest has said: "Creature of salt, I exorcise thee by the living God, by the true God, that the places in which you are sprinkled may be delivered from illusion, from malice and from devilry."

This admits the powers of elementals, and the manner of addressing the salt seems to imply a recognition of some degree of conscious life on its side. Such exorcism is either practical occultism or an utterly useless form. The prayer "*Asperges me*" is in any case an appeal for purity of mind, and is an appropriate preparation for the seeking of higher states.

The priest is a celibate,* whose consecrated life gives him certain definite powers. Without venturing into the profundities of the occult value of celibacy, we may surely allow that personal power is much increased by an economy of energy, a singleness of aim, and the absence of all earthly ties and anxieties. And, also, purity is to the heart what concentration is to the mind. The pure in heart subdue the world by the intensity of a passion devoted to one object alone.

* In the Greek Church a secular priest need not be a celibate. In the Armenian Church a married man can be ordained, but an ordained man cannot marry, and only the son of a priest can be a priest.

The heart of the priest is turned to God, and as a burning-glass focusses the sun on the earth, so he should be a centre, drawing down the sacred fire to ignite that which is inflammable, and to consume all that is impure. And as he loses himself in that glory he draws other men after him. His drawing power is in proportion to his inner withdrawing; his uplifting on the spiritual plane is in proportion to his abasement on the physical plane.

His immediate attendants are also priests, worthy to assist him, and they protect his aura by standing the whole time between him and the people in uninterrupted mental prayer.

Then the choir, or *adytum*, is sprinkled. In this sit only the "elect," those bound by vows. The choir of a secular church is of course only a superficial imitation of the choir in a convent-chapel, where the nuns, or monks, sit in the habit of their order.

It is divided by a barrier of solid marble or wrought metal-work from the rest of the church, as a symbol of the adamantine bar between the esoteric and the exoteric.

In a Greek church there is an *iconostasis* with folding gates, called the Holy or Beautiful Doors.

After the *Asperges*, the priest calls upon the Holy Angels there present to guard each one of those there assembled, "to cherish them and to visit them." (See *Esoteric Christianity*, p. 343 and p. 333.)

The priest then robes himself in the various vestments connected with the story of the Passion, and while a *kyrie eleison* is sung, as an appeal for mercy, the priest reads a confession in secret upon his knees, mentally reviewing his unworthiness, and then incenses the altar.

The value of incense will be acknowledged by many non-Catholics, and it is worth remarking that the priest says to the incense, as if again addressing a conscious being: "Mayest thou be blest by Him in whose honour thou shalt be burned."

He then kisses the altar as a sign of his union with Christ the corner-stone, and invokes to his aid the merits of the Saint whose relics lie buried beneath it. (See *Esoteric Christianity*, p. 384.)

The Collect, Epistle and Gospel are read unintelligibly to

the "vulgar," as mantras, in fact (see *Esoteric Christianity*, p. 335), but are repeated in the vernacular outside the choir. In the Greek Church a little silver lectern is pushed out through the Holy Doors, and before beginning the Gospel the priest says: "Wisdom! Stand up, let us hear the Holy Gospel. Peace to all!"

And then comes the Expulsion of the Catechumens, which is usual also in the Armenian Church and in the most ancient of all Liturgies, the Greek St. James', now suppressed.* The formula in the Greek Church is:

"As many as are Catechumens depart!

"Catechumens depart!

"Let none of the Catechumens! Let all the Faithful!"

In St. James' Liturgy:

"Let none of the Catechumens!
Let none of the uninitiated!
Cast your eyes on each other!
The doors! all upright!"

In St. James' *alone* we find the word "uninitiated."

In the Clementine the "auditors, penitents, and infidels" are turned out.

In the Syrian Jacobite it runs: "Go in peace, auditors! Shut the doors!"

Then follows: Lift up your hearts! It is meet and right so to do"—called by the Nestorians the Cherubic Hymn.

They say: "Lift up your hearts to the region of the tremendous Glory, where the Cherubim cease not to wave their wings," etc.

In St. James' the priest says in secret: "Let all flesh keep silence, and stand with fear and trembling, and think no more of earth; for the King of Kings cometh, the Lord of Lords. The choir of Angels precede him with every Domination and Power. The many-eyed Cherubim and the Seraphim that have six wings covering their faces and chanting the hymn: Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!"

Then comes the oblation, and, at the kiss of peace, each priest says: "Christ is among us. He is and will be." And

* It is said to this day once a year on St. James' day in the Church at Jerusalem. The main fabric of it is said to be earlier than 200 A.D.

the deacon answers: "The doors! The doors! Let us attend in wisdom!" "With all wisdom and caution," is added in the Armenian.

And now follows the peculiarly sacred and solemn part of the Mass called the Canon, because it is never changed. (*Esoteric Christianity*, p. 363.)

It is a direct appeal for the presence of the Master. The utmost has been done in inward and outward purification, in adoration and supplication. The hearts of the people have been touched and their mental energies have been aroused by the consideration of the Life and Passion of the Lord. Every effort has been made to help them to associate worthily and intelligently with the inner spiritual intention of the external form. The ringing shout of the Hosannas suddenly ceases. The whole Church is still. The people wait in self-forgetfulness and in a spirit of profound reverence. Not a knee is unbent; the heads of even the children are bowed to the ground. This moment impresses every stranger.

The one who dares to invoke the sacred Name is fasting; no worldly thought has been allowed to enter that day; he is in perfect charity with the whole world. He has prepared the material nucleus. He offers himself as a living agent.

An intense silence reigns. Only the rising incense moves throughout the church; the breath is held in awe, and in the unspoken longing of the entire crowd to be partakers of the priest's privilege, and sharers in the one perfect life.

A great Presence fills the church. Mediator between God and man, in conscious touch by His perfected human senses with His worshippers and disciples on earth, yet dwelling in nirvâṇic consciousness transcending thought, He comes to suffer again and again the limitations of the sacramental form, "cabined and confined in the *ciborium*," and in each celebration of the Mass, He appeals again to the whole race to follow Him and become in their turn Fishers of men. He communicates His intenser and richer life to all souls that watch for Him, and the power of His presence is felt even by the ignorant who come to scoff, so that they say, like Jacob of old: "Truly the Lord is here and I knew it not,"

The sound of a small silver bell warns the people within, and outside the great bell heralds to the outer world the supreme moment.

"*Quod ore sumpsimus*," says the priest in a low voice, "that of a temporal gift it may become to us an eternal remedy."

In the Coptic St. Basil he says: "Cause Thy face to shine upon this bread and upon this cup. I believe, I believe, I believe, that this is the quickening body of Thy Son."

"Take the medicine of life," says the Nestorian. And in the Muzarabic the priest says in secret: "Be present, be present, Jesus! O good High Priest." (See *Esoteric Christianity*, p. 360.)

Avenues of continuous vibrations are opened up to higher and higher levels of life, merging into impenetrable perspectives of unseen yet living minds, and earthly affairs for the moment seem to be the unreal and the trifling things. The angels throng round in awe and reverence. Glimpses of the opening consciousness of which men hardly dream may dawn for an instant upon the receptive mind.

The Real Presence is understood as a real uplifting; it has become a fact of consciousness, and the devout believer says: "I will die rather than relinquish a faith which elevates me to the adoption of the Sons of God and makes me heir and joint-heir with Jesus." (*A Method of Hearing Mass*, "Crown of Jesus," p. 255. See *Esoteric Christianity*, p. 360.)

Occult science alone explains and justifies to the reason this attitude of the devotee, and his desire to express it on all the planes, and so make one moment in a rough-and-tumble existence an acceptable, supreme and full expression of his one diviner love.

And when the words "*Ite, missa est*" are said, the people rising throng round (it was the custom to gather round the priest) the happy celebrant to ask a last blessing, and an assurance of the great, unfailing source of safety and gladness, which he has helped to bring to their remembrance.

A. L. B. HARDCASTLE.

# SOME LEGENDS OF RUSSIAN ASIA

From the Arctic Ocean in the North to the hot sands of Central Asia in the South, where cities of the hoary past lie in graves of dust, from the triple peak of the Altaï in the East, and the Pamirs, the "Roof of the World," at whose feet lost civilisations await their hour of rebirth in the light of Science, to the Amon and the Syr-Darias rolling their deep waves through tiger-haunted jungles, all across Siberia, Ferganah, Turkestan, to the doors of Muhammedan Bokhara and Samarkand with their holy mosques and their rich antique libraries, full of Arabian wisdom, all over that great span of earth wander tribes of the fourth race—Mongols, Kirghiz, Kalmucks—re-confessing through all times the Law of the Buddha, in the midst of fierce Muslims, under wars and persecutions of all kinds. To some of their legends, as ancient as their steppes, which were old when Tamerlane was young, to some legends of both Buddhist and Muslim let us give an hour of study. The first two are of Mongolian tradition.

## I. The Birth of Fire

There was once a time when men on earth had no knowledge of the fire (*om*). Destitute was their life without it. They cried out to God to send them down the fire of heaven that warmed the skies with its flashing light. But God seemed not to understand the wish of their hearts. Out of the heaven He made the sun (*koûnj*) and the moon (*aï*). . . .

Among men on earth lived a very clever magician (*douana*), by name Frouk. He raised his voice and cried unto God saying: "Without fire life is not possible for us." And God answered: "I gave you fire. The sun shines on your days, the moon illuminates your nights on earth." "True," said Frouk. "Without sunlight, without moon-rays, no life would there be for mankind. But we pray for fire which we can kindle so as to bring

sun-warmth into our houses, to prepare human food as fit for man."

Then God bade the daring mage descend into Hell itself, and in the darkness he received what he came to seek—a spark, only a spark, of fire. But he who knew bore the spark up to mankind, and from that tiny spark he spread fire all over the earth of men.*

## II. The Birth of the World and of Man†

Before the World came to birth Chaos was empty.
To produce the exterior universe Three concentrated:
The Spirit-Founder.
The Perturbator of the Waves.
The Builder of the Corals.
In the beginning of things the First brought to bear from ten sides a strong pressure on the primary Chaos. By this concentrating force He produced a subtle, intangible matter of bluish tint; from this, two concentrations of the Perturbator of the Waves produced the great Cloud of Creation, from which He caused to come forth an uninterrupted and long-enduring rain, and so brought into existence the infinite Salted Sea. The Builder of Corals then made three concentrations, by which He produced a foam like curds in milk. Multiplying it seven times He made the first points; from the first points a grain of dust; from this a skin; from this the diameter of a hair; from this the length of a grain of wheat; of seven grains an inch; of it the greater measures and miles and leagues. Ever increasing its thickness He made the mountains, then the seas. . . .

In the centre of the universe, of the whole system of the worlds, arose the Great Mount Sumber. Round it there came forth four great Seas; that of the East was white, of the South dark blue, of the West red, of the North yellow. The circle around was in all 3,975,000 miles of 8 leagues each(?).

Round the [? encircling] mountains were placed twelve worlds, four of which were vast and with each of them two

* Communicated by Al. Ivanovsky. *Review of Ethnography* (1890). No. iv., p. 265.

† From the book of *Tihula Kehry Glykchi Teguss Othatu*, or *The most important Information on the Origin of All.* Translated from the Mongolian on the Anu river in 1812, *Messenger of Sion* (1817), Part iv., Bk. iii., pp. 356-62.

smaller ones. The Great Mount is in the north from us; we are on the world south of it (the world of noon).

And then came forth the contents of the universe. The human race and animals were thus born:

One of the kingdoms of heaven—the spirits—fell and was obliged to be reborn in human regions. In time they filled all worlds. Of celestial origin, these all lived at first 80,000 years. Believing in future bliss, and expecting it, they did not move as we, but wheresoever they would go, thither they travelled without effort by air or on clouds. Of pure origin, they ate no coarse food, but only purest ether. They had no husbands, wives, or children; they multiplied at first by ultra-natural force of transformation. There was then no visible sun or moon; but they had light from rays from themselves. Nor were they called men as yet, but spirits.

After some ages one of them, having found eatable substance, "butter of earth," tasted and ate; others followed his example. Their ethereal food was forgotten, the spirits could no longer fly; their body ceased to give out light-rays; they remained in utter darkness. From that night came the first evil, the limitation of the intellect in man—*ignorance*. In consequence of this the sun, and moon, and stars appeared in heaven.

After the lapse of further ages one of these spirits found a forbidden plant, *ovu*, and ate of it and gave to others. The sexes divided; *sense-pleasure* came, sons and daughters were born to them. Then one unworthy spirit found forbidden fruit, *salu;* through curiosity he tried it and gave again to others. All their former food disappeared, they had only *salu* to eat; one of them made a provision of it, it disappeared also. Then they had to work, planting fruits for food, and other things. From this arose *cupidity*, and coarse food came in use. Those who used it lost the pure colour of their faces; others had contempt for them, being more beautiful. From that came *pride;* then quarrels about land, needed for planting fruit-trees, then fighting, and *murder*. From the greater harvests of some came *envy*.

Then a beautiful, kind and wise spirit came among them; He chose the better from the others; to prevent disorder he gave to all an equal portion of the lands. Thankful, they pro-

mised Him obedience, swore it, and elected Him as Ruler. In Enechkek tongue He was called Mahâ Samâdhi Râjâ ; in Touhit tongue, Maihbaï Keourbi Khialbhza, which is "Tzar chosen by all." This first Ruler of Earth, believer in the God Samandabadana, was named by the holy name, "Possessor of the whole Universe," called Master and King of Chagravark [? Chakravartin]. From that time these beings, His people, were called only men. . . .

Thus is told the legend of the building of the world in the Steppes of Anu, where the hoofs of the tribe's horses raise the sunlit dust of forgotten civilisations, sisters of Atlantis.

## III. The Mountains of Prometheus

The Caucasus is a land that bows to Islâm. Of late the interest in things Muhammedan, the steadier wish to draw the Prophet's sons nearer to that heart of religions which bears the name Theosophy, becomes more and more marked. One who is born among Muslims, or who has lived long under the Green Flag, often grows to be a friend of that faith under whose conquering shield our European science, and even some traditions of the Inner Wisdom, found in the Middle Ages their only refuge.

When one rides through the sun-burnt perfumed steppe, wide as an ocean, at the feet of the Caucasus, on one of those golden-haired Karabach horses, which bear us on wings of wind through the desert prairies ; when on warm, scented, starry nights one sits on some hill with that desert beneath the eyes, lit by a great white moon, white tents of soldiers in the distance, throwing sharp black shadows on the hard soil ; the likeness with the desert where the Prophet wandered rises in the moon-rays, in the sun-glare, like a shadow of the heroical, poetical past of the Arab race. And the high summits on the horizon, with the full white mass of El Bruz, its giant, its Dawalaghin, call up the image of the mountains of Spain, behind which Grenada lay with that wonderful lacework in marble, that poem in stone, Alhambra, dream of the palaces in Baghdad, the city learned in magical arts and in hidden wisdom.

As the Arab women of old, so were the Circassian women of old, jewels of courage, of knowledge and of beauty. And the

races of the Caucasus were as sober and strong as the Arab warriors in their burning desert-sands, feeding on dates, milk and maize. Only, instead of milk, though camels and goats and horses are plentiful, the Caucasian had the pure native wine, dark and fragrant like the Damascus rose, the vines winding their green or golden grapes round rock and house. The banner of the Prophet had not yet waved in the land, nor had Arab or Persian warrior set foot upon it; no woman wore the Mussulmân veil which now separates her from the free world by its white folds.

Since then the Persians have left there the fire temple near Bakou; the Arabs, the Qurân and the harem. On these mountains, one of the oldest legends of the earth places the eternal prison of him who first dared to reach the "glory on high," and to bring humanity the "spark from heaven." These mountains are but the steps to the martyr-throne of Prometheus.

The local legends are many, and we may well study a few of them. In my native part of the range, in the Kabardah, the tradition pictures Prometheus as a venerable old man, chained down on the icy, radiant summit of the El Bruz. He is a Giant, and silent watchers remain for ever by his side round the summit. He is, as it were, in a lethargy. But sometimes he wakes to ask whether the earth still bears lambs, whether still the bamboo grows. The watchers answer: "Yea, all this still happens, but no end is yet to be hoped for thy tortures." Then despair seizes the old Giant. He sighs, he weeps, he pours forth his agony into the dark space; and in a wild attempt to free himself he shakes his chains. In the valleys below the storm rages, rain-clouds darken the sky, hiding the El Bruz in gloom; the earth shakes to its very bowels. And in the storm-heat, among the grey stones, the poisonous datura answers the plaint with the sweet venom of its perfume.

In the neighbouring land of Ossetia, Prometheus is known as the Giant Amîran, imprisoned in a cave because he oppressed men (and truly does the Inner Man oppress the frail human will and body till it can stand His presence).

He also bears in Georgia the name Amîran; but that graceful race has woven a more elaborate legend of his pains. He is

secured with iron chains to one of the rocks in the mountains. A faithful dog bites them in vain with his sharp teeth; for whenever a chain is on the point of breaking there suddenly appears a mysterious blacksmith who makes it stronger than ever with his magic touch. It is the custom of all the "clans" at the foot of the mount, on a certain day of the year, to strike three times on a smith's anvil in order to fasten closer the chains of the invisible martyr. The Abhazians alone do not follow this cruel usage; but none of them will dare to swear his innocence—if guilty of crime—over the anvil of even a village blacksmith.

The Armenians again have their own legend of Prometheus —"Artavadz." But the occult lore of Armenia merits a special study, as well as do some of the hoary sagas among other races round the Caucasus.

There is, apparently, no Muhammedan element mingled with these Promethean legends. N. D. Mansvetoff says that these popular legends come from the "divagations" of Gnostic sects, especially of Vardes (? Bardesanes), mixed with Jewish elements from the *Testamentum Salomonis*, which resembles strongly the Russian tale of the twelve "Shakers," the twelve sister-maladies patronised (?) by St. Sisyn. The disciple who brought the earliest Christian light to the people of the Caucasus was, according to tradition, a girl, by name St. Nina, who came from the Syrian or Arabian deserts. She was the first Caucasian martyr, the first-born from the drops of Prometheus' tears.

## IV. The Cave of Tchilok

In Abhazia, on the river Dubab, is the hamlet of Tchilok, and close by, near that earthly paradise called Soukhoum-Kaleh, rises the first range of the Caucasus. There on the hip of Mount Otchirdé is the chief of the legendary Prometheus-caves.

The best time for European visitors, unaccustomed to the sudden and perfidious changes of that southern climate on that beautiful shore which is the haunt of all the most malignant fevers, is May and June. The temperature of the cave itself is then about 18°-20° Réaumur, and 10° close to the water, before one penetrates into the cavern's depths.

You can enter it only by the bed of the stream which flows

from the inner cave—a blue sulphur spring which rushes in two streamlets, one hot, the other cold. Blind insects dance in the faintly lit cave over the mysterious waters. The approach of the cave is hidden, as in a fairy tale, by garlands of long, overhanging stalactites which close with their brilliantly-hued "clusters" the entrance to the first hall. The interior of the caves is a succession of halls with vast ranges of columns, rocky "beds" with crystal "curtains," whole tapestries of stalactites stretching their silver and emerald and ruby and sapphire strings into the darkness beyond. One of the halls forms a natural bath filled with blue sulphurous waves.

Inside this cave is chained to the top of a rock with horse and arms the Abhazian Prometheus. They call him Ablaskir, and their legends record that he was thus smitten for killing off on earth a "red-haired" race; for destroying a "weed" that prevented the harvest of men; and above all else, for never bowing his head to a "god." His earthly "brother," educated with him, Prince Beslan, once entered there; he "saw" . . .; but the help of earth was vain.

## V. Caucasian Magic

The reptile kingdom swarms throughout the Caucasian peninsula. From the triangle-headed black viper, not bigger than a child's finger, to the *yeltopuz*, the yellow-belly, which raised on its tail reaches up to a man's waist, sometimes to a man's height, many they are, the "shining, lovely, deadly nâgs," wherefor, in all Transcaucasia, especially in the savage, tropical Daghestan, and up to the Persian frontier, snake charmers are welcome guests. The only charm in use is the ever unchanged traditional song, a series of definite sounds, some of which have to-day lost their meaning to most of the charmers themselves. The *mantra* used has now words of Arabic mixed with it, but the intonation is no doubt the same which was born with the older words, the sense of which is now lost to us. Facing the place where the reptile is hiding, or where the charmer feels the snake to be hidden, the incantator begins his slow song:

"In the name of the prophet Souleïman (Solomon), I order thee to answer, Raise thy voice; do not fear; come out! Move quickly! I will take thy eyes! . . . *Z*ibir! *z*ibir! *z*ibir!"

The charmer hisses like a serpent. Then he pronounces these strange words of an unknown language. He strikes the ground with his stick. The snake shows itself. The charmer draws rapidly on the ground a sign with a stick: "In the name of the prophet Souleïman, come out!" The snake glides forward. The man draws a circle around it; the snake stops and remains quiet. It can now be handled with immunity by the charmer.

And this power of immunity from snake-poison can also be transferred to others by the same incantations. The man to be preserved is first entirely wrapped in a net of "rosaries." Then the charmer takes a piece of ordinary sugar, pronounces over the little white cube some slowly muttered formula, and makes the man swallow it, all the time whispering prayers or mantras. From that hour the charmed life has to fear no living snake; but the man must swear never to kill a snake himself or the "power" leaves him.

The chief magic art for the Caucasian "sorcerer," or "knower," lies in the power of sound. The writer's own grandfather was, in the Daghestan, saved from death from an attack of deadly malaria, akin to yellow fever, when given up by the European "faculty" summoned from Tiflis, by a plain village "knower," who, with a single piercing glance at the unconscious sufferer, pronounced recovery possible. Intoning a mantra over a cup of simple water-melon juice, he poured a few of the rosy drops into the mouth of the dying man: "Do it again at noon," he said. "He is saved." And two or three days after, the European doctors stared in amazement at their resurrected patient walking in the full sunshine of health.

But the rocks and the summits of the Caucasus live a life of their own. The rocks have souls, human souls imprisoned in them, sometimes for unlawful love, sometimes for evil use of supernatural knowledge. The distant, unconquered summits have intelligences abiding on their snowy heads, who "know" and dream, who love and destroy the children of men. And man, too, learns from elfs and titans, and works to save or to harm his brothers. For Prometheus still sleeps chained above the clouds on the Caucasus.

A RUSSIAN.

# THE TUMULTUOUS SHADOWS

The boy sat on the spray-splashed turf alone, and at his feet the sea fretted and leaped. He leaned on a granite rock embedded in the dry, barren earth; soil lodged in the crevices of the rock, and therein sea-pinks grew, and waved their blossoms above the boy's head. It matters not at all whether the tale I tell took place in modern times or in a country which has passed away, it is a story of the past, of the present, and, it may be, of the future, too. Therefore, let those who read, place it when and where they please; I shall phrase it in the words of the present, because it belongs to the present; though it may be it befell long ago.

This child, who sat by the sea alone, was fatherless; and his mother was foolish. He was born to the heritage of great riches, and also to the heritage of bodily beauty; he was born in a position and in surroundings, which made certain virtues and vices easy to be practised by him, and others hard.

His home was in a very rich, luxurious and vicious city; but when he was very young he fell seriously ill, and his mother, loving the life of the city more than her child, yet fearing the death of the boy, and the passing of his wealth to her sister-in-law's son, made speed to send him to a pure and simple place, where he lived in the sun and wind under the open sky from dawn to sunset. He was reared by simple pious people, and he was much alone.

Once, when he was seven years old, he rose at night and wandered, barefoot and half-clad, in the moonlight. By the rock where the sea-pinks grew he saw, sitting alone in the salt-smelling wind that sang over the sea and among the dry land-grasses, a woman round whose head an elfish flame was burning. When she saw the boy she laid her soft, cool hands on him and set him on her knee; she wrapped him fast in her long hair; and

sang to him from midnight to cockcrow in a language that he did not know, though its meaning was not strange to him. When the dawn came, she kissed his eyes till they closed, and laid him on the earth asleep, and she whispered in his ear: "This is thy first true dawn; at thy last sunrise we shall meet once more."

They found the child, when the sun was bright and hot, sleeping by the wash of the waves; and they scolded him for walking in his sleep. Many times he slipped out by night and went to look for the woman; but he never found her again, save once in an idle dream. It came to him on the night before that day when he sat at the sea-verge, after the manner I have told. It was of that dream he was thinking, and trying to remember it. He was now thirteen years old, and had grown tall for his age, and strong, and very comely. As for his soul, it was beginning to seethe within him after the long, dreamful sleep of his childhood.

His dream was on this wise. He stood in a cavern carved deeply in a mountain side, and in it were a great throng who wove a solemn dance; he was swept within their ranks, and danced as they. He seemed to know the measure well. They danced to music; whence it came he knew not. As they wove the dance he found that he was passed from rank to rank of dancers till he reached the end of the cave; and lo! there was the woman who had sung to him through the summer night. She was spinning, and the hum of her wheel throbbed through the cave and mingled with the music. Behind her was a circle of fire that lighted the cavern, and behind the fiery circle a great veil that shook and trembled like a glowing mist of pure gold. From within the ring of fire came the music, and he wondered whether or no the musician stood within that circle of brilliant, flashing, many-hued flame. He went to speak to the woman, and sat down at her feet. She looked at him and smiled.

"You are too old now for lullabies," she said. "So, you are tired of the shadow-dance, are you?"

"Why do you call it the shadow-dance?"

"Because it is one. Look!"

As she spoke, he looked; and behold! all who danced were shadows. They were moved hither and thither by the threads

the woman spun. Fine shining threads were they; he could not perceive whence she drew them.

"Why! they are all shadows," he cried.

"Shadows they are," she answered. "Shadows, and the shadows of shadows."

"Who casts them?" he asked.

"The Maker of Shadows," she answered.

He strained his eyes to see whether the Maker of Shadows stood within the flame-circle. He looked till his eyes streamed with tears, and his heart beat till he thought it would burst asunder; but he gazed in vain; and though, in his mind, he was sure there was a form within the circle of light he could not perceive it, nor know whether it were shadow or substance. He could only see the spinning woman, the great cave, and the shadows as they danced. With a shudder he thought that he, too, must be a shadow like the rest. The woman laughed and answered his thought:

"Not so," she said. "You are the shadow-caster, child of the Maker of Shadows; but this you must learn for yourself in the land of the tumultuous shadows, those who rule rather than obey."

"Is there really any country ruled by shadows?" he asked in surprise.

"You will see," she replied, still laughing. "I will, moreover, tell you something further. In that country it will be your fate never to meet with any, either man or woman, who is not of less age than yourself; older there be, but them you will not meet. You will find it hard to believe this; in fact neither you, nor those you encounter there, will believe it at all; but in that strange country nothing is, nor can be, as it seems."

"It is not surprising in a land where shadows rule. The men there must be mad. How shall I find the way there? Very hardly, I fear, if I shall have waxed so old before I reach it."

"That is not the question," she answered. "Ask rather: How shall I find the way out? But do not ask it; because those who, like yourself, are native to the land, have to find the way for themselves."

"It will be very difficult to find?" he asked.

"Very," she replied. "And yet, so they say, the simplest matter in the world. In truth, you will never find it."

"Then it is useless to search," he said.

"You cannot find what you have never lost," she answered.

Thereupon he woke and heard the birds twittering in the crimson-blossomed rose-tree that climbed above his window; he rose, bathed in the river, and went to the rock by the sea; there he sat and tried to remember, and make sense of the tumult of his dream. I set it down as it unfolded itself to him in his waking hours, and not as it really befell.

As he sat thus, musing, he saw one who ran to seek him, calling his name. He found that his mother had sent for him at last, and his life under the open sky and among the simple, pious folk was ended.

He went to the city, and there he learned to live the life of the city; there, five years later, the foolish mother, who flattered and spoiled him for his beauty, died, and he was left alone in his dawning manhood, a boy, eighteen years old. He was soon surrounded by a little court of men and women who followed him for his wealth, and flattered him for his comeliness and strength. It was an evil, pleasure-loving city, sunk in sloth and luxury.

This youth dwelt there and felt the pressure of its seething, feverish life. The tides of youth, and love of joy and beauty, ran high in him; he had the weaknesses of his strength, the weaknesses that beset the many-sided, richly gifted soul—the soul of many powers, of infinite capacities. He sought everywhere to increase the swell of the tides of life that he might feel their restless motion, their ebb and flow, and thus rejoice in his youth, in his strength, in his powers of feeling, and thinking, and enjoying. He was flattered and praised; he was master of his wealth, and he held a jocund court for the youth of the city, who followed him and imitated his speech, his dress, and his bearing. He sought pleasure in the paths of virtue; and, with little or no sense of guilt, he sought it also in the paths of vice. Thus he lived for some years after his mother's death; nor did he guess that he was living in the country of the tumultuous shadows. He never thought about his dream at all, till he was twenty-five.

The city was the capital of a great province in a vast empire. It lay on the borders of another state, and there were rumours of war. The governor of the province was withdrawn from his post, and another, and a stronger man, was sent in his place. This man, who was given almost unlimited power, was a great soldier and politician, he was at once a clear thinker and a bold and practical man of action. Above all else he was a patriot; one who set his country's weal above his own advancement, above love, above friendship, or any of the desires that commonly draw the hearts of men. Hence he was called harsh and cold; those who were libertines and pleasure-seekers mocked at him for his strictness of life. He was a distant cousin of the young man who once dreamed of the dance of shadows; in years much his elder, and in his whole life more ordered, discreet, and purposeful than he.

When he came to the city as its ruler his young kinsman hastened to visit and welcome him. The governor was, at the time, too busy with state affairs to receive him, therefore he went to the house of his cousin to explain the unintentional slight. The younger man was surrounded by his accustomed associates; they were talking flippantly and laughing loudly when the governor was announced.

Now this new ruler of the province was a man of the world, one who felt no dismay at the sight of the idle and profligate. He greeted his young kinsman and his friends very graciously, and fell to gay talk of such things as would please them; he spoke of the public games, the scandals of the city, and the beauty of the new dancer who held the youth of the province in her silken web. When this strong man, great patriot, and brilliant soldier entered the young man's house, a strange mood fell upon his host; for, on a sudden, the hall in which they sat, the splashing fountains, the flowering shrubs in the open court without, the men, the wine-cups and fruit on the board, and his own strong shapely body, warm with life, and thrilling with sensation, became as shadows to him; and a voice swept through the hall, crying faintly: "Shadows are they, shadows—the shadows of shadows!"

From that day the young man began to seek his kinsman's

presence more and more frequently, drawn, as it seemed, like a moth to a steady flame set in some sheltered niche. The times were very troublous; and the new governor soon perceived that a fruitful cause of trouble and danger was the sloth, profligacy and effeminacy of the young men of the land, especially the wealthy and those of noble birth. At first, deeming him to be a careless fool, he heeded his young kinsman and his ways very little. He greeted him kindly, and was not a little won by a certain power he possessed of gaining the hearts of others. But as he began to perceive that he was not the mere weakling he had at first believed him to be, he saw him as a plague spot, and a source of danger to the state. Therefore he grew very angry; he determined to speak strongly and sternly, and to reproach him bitterly for his life of sloth and self-indulgence.

On a certain day the young man visited the governor, who at first refused to see him, and then, hearing who his visitor was, admitted him. When the young man came in, he saw his kinsman plunged in a great press of business, and he paused on the threshold:

"You are busy," he said. "You should have refused to see me."

The other answered him by an enquiry touching a light woman of the city; he answered in a tone of such biting contempt that his guest winced.

"You did not let me in to ask me *that*," he said.

"I let you in that I might speak what is in my mind. I am your kinsman, your elder by many years, and the governor of this province, I have a right to say to you what I am going to say."

The other laughed; one who was quick to see would have perceived that his lip quivered as he laughed.

"May the powers above assist me!"—he said lightly. "This seems to be serious. What do you intend to say?"

"You will know in a few minutes." The governor began to speak; and now he did not speak either with anger or contempt, but very quietly and coldly. The anger of his heart did not show save by a certain clearly cut mercilessness of speech. Since he was fiercely and deeply in earnest, and saw but one method

of construing his cousin's indifference and sloth, he really expressed some measure of that which was in his mind. The young man listened quietly and very attentively; he turned his face to the window, so that his reprover might not see the tears in his eyes. At last he said in a mild, laughing voice:

"You do not mind giving pain, do you?"

"Not when a man is worth paining; I don't give it needlessly."

"Oh, thank you!"

"I wish I could pain and shame you in good earnest. But that seems to be impossible."

"I should not trouble myself seriously upon that score, if I were you."

He spoke with a light gentle sarcasm, and clasped the arm of the chair in which he sat, because his hand was shaking, and he wished to hide the fact from his companion.

"If you were a nonentity I should say nothing. But you are not. Is it not disgraceful you should be a mere pleasure-seeker in times like these, when the country needs men such as you might be if you would? It is criminal; for you have the power of drawing others to you; and where do you lead them? Into a fool's garden of delights!"

"I am not a mere pleasure-seeker. I do not seek pleasure."

"What do you seek then?"

"I don't know. I think—myself."

"You look for yourself in queer company then."

"I do, sometimes. Very queer. But I am sorry to say I generally think I see myself as much there as anywhere else. And I am inclined to believe that if I were not there, or at any rate a piece of me, I shouldn't be able to see my fool's garden at all, nor the things I chase in it."

"It is a pity your father died."

"Don't you think he was spared a good deal in his son?"

"I do. But he might have given you some sense of duty."

"Is it possible that you are rather hard upon me?"

"Not so hard as you deserve."

"That may be. But is it my fault that we live in a world of shadows? You treat them as real,"

"The world is real enough."

"Is it?"

"You have been too prosperous all your life. That has been your ruin. You should have had to fight your way."

"Do you think I look as though I had no fighting then?"

His companion glanced at him quickly:

"You look— Why, what is it? Is life real after all?"

"Can't you see I am sick and tired; and miserable to the core of my heart?" said the other under his breath. "Is it so easy to fight phantoms, to chase shadows? To seek not knowing what you seek? To be ashamed of yourself without seeing why you should be ashamed. To have a mind you can't govern, to be in a state of anarchy, body and soul. That is to find your fool's garden a peaceful playground, is it not? To have no honest griefs nor difficulties to explain your misery, so that in order to be a reasonable mortal and account to yourself for it, you must make them for yourself, like a hysterical woman!"

He broke off with a laugh.

"Laugh!" said the other quietly. "I know you are in earnest now."

"It is a fact, that of late the world has been a land of shadows to me. I have not chased them for themselves, but for something else which escapes me; I call it—myself, because I do not know what else to call it. I see it in every shadow, and when I grasp at it, it has gone, and only the shadow remains. It is true that once I sought sensations; I did not know it at the time, because I did not think; but I know it now. But those sensations were only worth having because they brought a sense of something which I never reached; I wanted sensation—mind you—not experience. You will laugh at me for a fool, because I am young. Young as I may be, I've never known a new experience. I know it all; each thing I grasp, I have known. I think there is no weakness, no folly, I do not know."

"More shame for you, then!"

"You do not understand. I do not mean I have tried them all. I mean I know them."

"I think you are talking nonsense. You do not know much, yet, of human strength and duty."

"I wonder if that is true," said the other, dreamily. "Because I feel as though I knew these also. I danced the shadow-dance through. I ought to know it. If I could remember the figures . . . . "

"Now, you have gone back to your shadows! You are impracticable."

"At any rate, you are the only shadow I ever wanted to emulate. I shall try to obey you. Perhaps you know more than I do; in spite of my boasting, I know you can hardly know less."

From that day he changed the whole manner of his life; he cast aside his luxury, his pleasure-seeking and his sloth; his old associates and haunts knew him but seldom. Soon afterwards a war broke out between his country and the land that lay on the borders of his native province. Joining, with many followers, the host commanded by the governor, he became a very keen and ardent soldier, and it befell that in this war he so distinguished himself by a most valiant action in an hour of great danger, that he received special honours and decorations from the governor's own hand, and the streets, ringing with shouts as the victorious army entered the city, rang their loudest as he passed by. In that hour, when flowers were flung under his horse's hoofs, when the city echoed with cries of joy, when music clashed, and the flags waved, when he saw the face of his friend and kinsman glowing with the deep joy of a man who has served his country selflessly to the uttermost, and seen his service add to her glory and her praise—even in that hour there fell on him a chill fear lest the city and the crowds, the flowers and cries of triumph, his leader and himself, praise and glory, duty and honour, were also shadows; and a sense of unreality, as of a waking soul recalling the world of dream, smote upon him. He put the fear from him; none of all the throng around him shared his dread. The governor, older, wiser, nobler, every way more serviceable than he, declared that duty and loyalty, the love of country, the sacrifice of ease and pleasure to a wider life, the desire of conquest, the building of a noble race, these were the realities of realities, the goal of every true man's effort. This man, greater and stronger than he, was surely right; the strenuous struggle of war was real; the battlefield was no shadow.

He was his kinsman's right hand, his most trusted servant, both in the government of the province, and of those new lands that had accrued to them by the power of the sword. He was sent, young as he was, to a post of much trust in the turbulent, newly-acquired country. Living in the pictures of the restless mind, as all men live, it came to pass that the forgotten pictures of the past had sudden power over him, and blotted out the pictures of the present, and of the to-come.

There came to him from without the touch of a power like unto those shadows he thought had fled from him for ever. Some say this power was sent to him by one who was an enemy of the Maker of Shadows; some that it came from the Maker of Shadows Himself. But howsoever that may be, it came—came in the likeness of a long dead sin; and that which was like unto it in the forgotten pictures of the young man's mind rose up and rushed forth to meet and greet it. He became the prey of the tumultuous shadows, who so glamoured him that he believed them to be his very self. Thus it befell that in an hour of great bewilderment he betrayed his trust, in carelessness rather than in deliberate intent. The city he should have guarded, fell; and the lives of many were taken by the sword of treachery. When it was all over and past retrieving, the tumultuous shadows fled back to the land whence they came, and the man, their victim, fled in great bewilderment from the ruin he had wrought, and rode back alone to the capital to own his sin. Before he could reach it he was seized and brought thither as a prisoner; if the soldiers had not ringed him round the people would have killed him in their wrath.

They tried him as a traitor; for three long, sultry summer days they patiently sifted and questioned concerning his guilt. Because they knew he was guilty they were the more patient and zealous to give him every chance to escape condemnation if he could; for such was the temper of the rulers, who were patient because they were inexorable. He admitted all their charges, and yet he pleaded not guilty. His kinsman, the governor, sat in judgment upon him, and when he was found guilty it was he who spake the words that sentenced him to be hanged when three days had come and gone. For in this matter

there could be no difference between noble or peasant, freedman or slave. A traitor's due was death, death by the hangman's rope, a public death of shame before the eyes of the people.

After he was sentenced they placed him in secure ward; and they spoke gently to him, bringing him willingly aught for which he asked; nor did the people hoot him much as he was led from the court to the prison, because they knew he was to die, and death, in their judgment, closed all accounts, whether for good or ill.

Throughout the first day he sat musing and bewildered; he was greatly puzzled. His mood was that of a child who is lost in a strange place, and is as yet too much amazed to cry for help. For he knew his will had never consented to what he had done; he knew that the things which, so far as he knew it, represented his very life, were the things he had betrayed. He sat as one stunned.

At night he fell a prey to the tumultuous shadows, and these of a kind hitherto unfamiliar to him; the fear of bodily death fell on him, and he sat all night sick and trembling with physical dread; while at the core of his heart, the voice of one who was not afraid, reasoned with him, and asked whether indeed he, who had met death again and again right heartily, was, after all, a coward.

On the second night he slept, and dreamed that he was free. The prison door stood wide open, and the long stretch of desert sand without lay blanched in the moonlight. He stood at the door and saw the sentry lying on the ground asleep. He ran past him and fled over the pale sands; upon him was a great lust of life. In the distance was a group of palm trees, and under them stood one who watched him. Afar off this figure looked like himself; but when he reached it, it was a man of so evil an aspect, that, sick at heart, he turned and ran from him, preferring rather the prison and the death at sun-rising to his comrade-ship. As he re-entered his cell he woke, and seeing the door barred and escape impossible, he momentarily gave God thanks, because of the memory of the dream-man who had watched him from under the palms, and his humble knowledge of his own weakness and folly.

At last the third night came, and with it a sense of great loneliness against which the human longing for comradeship and comfort rebelled. He hid his face on his arms as they rested on the table, and felt the tears smarting in his eyes. He heard the guard without challenge, and heard a voice answer, that made his body shudder while he remained unmoved. Then the door opened slowly, and in the silver stream of the moonlight stood the governor of the province, who visited thus by night the traitor who was to hang at sunrise, because he was his kinsman and his former friend. He stood there silently for a few seconds; then he said:

"Shall I disturb you? Do you want to sleep? Say so, if you do."

"No."

The other sat down, and shivered.

"This place is cold," he said. "Are you not cold?"

"I believe I am. I hadn't noticed it."

The governor of the province caught his breath sharply; he rose and flung wood in the grate, and lit it. It began to crack and sparkle; the days were very hot, but in the early hours of morning it was chilly.

"Do you know from whom I have just come?"

"No."

"From my mother's house."

"She wants you to use your prerogative of pardon, I suppose?"

"She does."

"You refused, didn't you?"

"I did refuse."

"Quite right. Two hours more then."

There was a little silence, which the fire filled by cracking and spluttering.

"You think me merciless, do you not?"

"You? Merciless? No!"

"No? Harsh, at least?"

The prisoner smiled.

"If a man should be judged by his feelings, I don't think you merciless at all."

The other shrugged his shoulders impatiently, perhaps he disliked his feelings to be gauged.

"A man is judged by his actions," he replied.

"Just so. Therefore, what can you do but hang me? If you did not, you would run your head into a hornet's nest. All the same, I should like you to notice I am not a traitor, only a great fool."

The governor answered by a nod of assent, and a half sigh.

"If you pardoned me, you would be a fool, too. I am not sure you would not also be a traitor. I don't mind—much."

He watched the fire thoughtfully, and his companion watched him. Presently he said:

"I don't mind at all."

"You're right," said the other, his voice shaking a little. "What could you do with a—a branded life?"

"That's your view. It's not mine. Life eludes you. How can you see the brand-marks on it? You figure to yourself the scars that might, or should be there, and then insist they are there. Nonsense! Because you think me a traitor, you hang me. Now, I *know* I'm a fool. Does your thought invalidate my knowledge? Do I carry *your* brand?"

"Then, why don't—you care?"

Because he could have chosen life for the man, and had chosen death for him instead, he could not finish the sentence, though his judgment and his sense of duty assured him he was right.

"When you rebuked me for idleness, and for running after pleasures when there were duties to be done, I told you that I ran after pleasure at first for the sake of pleasure, because I was young; and sometimes I found it where I had better not have looked for it. I told you I was looking for myself; I saw my shadow in all I seized. The shadow always—never the substance. I looked always in the same groove, because we are such creatures of habit. You pulled me out, and for that I thank you. You set me hunting on another line; again I saw myself, a less familiar self, in the things I chased. The old shadows I thought were past and done with got hold of me. You know how my chase has ended. Now, if you were not going to hang

me in two hours' time, I should still chase the new shadows; and after them, perhaps, another set. And I am tired of shadows; sick and tired of shadows, especially when they're stronger than myself."

He leaned back and shut his eyes. Neither spoke, till he unclosed them, leaned forward, smiled and laid his hand half pleadingly on his kinsman's knee.

"You think me very hardened, eh? Flippant? With no sense of my present position? I grant the last proposition, because I really don't quite know what my position is. But the first and second I deny. I'm not hardened, and I'll take my oath I'm not flippant."

His former friend laid his own hand on that of the man whom he had condemned to die, and answered more gently than he had ever spoken in their days of closest friendship:

"What right have you to say I think you either? I wish I had left you in your groove."

"I am glad you did not; but you could not have done it, even if you had tried. It isn't in you to leave a man alone when you think you can make him useful elsewhere. I hope you will not think me impertinent when I say you are a perennial fountain of practical utility that plays because it can't help it. I am taking the death-bed privilege of free-speech. I admire you more than anyone I know. Wish you'd left me in my groove! Great Powers! I should be there still, living to a green old age. Do you know it is getting light? You ought to go now. People will see you."

"I do not care—you are right, they had better not see me."

He laid his hands on the prisoner's shoulders, turned him to the light and looked earnestly at him.

"Is there no bitterness on your side?"

"None. You are doing perfectly right."

"There is none on mine," said the other, his voice breaking suddenly. "Do you believe it? *Will* you believe it?"

"I do. Thank you!"

"We can part as friends, and—and—we—shall—meet as friends—perhaps—somewhere—"

The prisoner looked at him with musing, dreamy eyes.

"I felt anger against you," pursued the other earnestly. "It has passed. If it had not passed I would have saved you; I should not have dared to do otherwise. I have tried to do my duty. No one knows what it costs me. If we ever meet again ——"

"We shall meet in peace," said the younger quietly. "Thank you. Good-bye! I don't mind dying; I think I should have chosen another death, but that's childish, for it can't last long, painful or painless, can it? You'd better make haste. The stars are nearly gone. I hear people astir in the city."

Thus these men, who loved each other greatly, parted. The governor went to his palace, a prey to the tumultuous shadows; the prisoner marched between his guards to the scaffold. The sky was pink; the desert sand, without the city, shone; a line of trees on the horizon miles away seemed to be close at hand. The people were very quiet, so quiet that a bird's song, in a bush without the city gates, could be heard. The prisoner heard it; but now all things, people, houses (he saw his own house glimmering far away on a tree-planted hill), desert, sky and himself, were shadows—the shadows of shadows. As he walked his mind grew very clear, and all that had ever befallen him in his life began to be perceived by him, not as memories but as ever-present facts untouched by time. At this point a change seemed to take place in him, without effort of his own; he marvelled at it, with what seemed to be the past dying consciousness of a dreaming brain; barely touched by this wider, clearer sense that was beginning to dawn in him. All that he knew and perceived seemed to be equally valuable; this was true of his actions too, not as to their results, nor in their righteousness or unrighteousness—but in themselves. In his consciousness they stood level; some actions far-reaching in their consequences, some comparatively trivial; but this importance, or slightness of nature, was in the world without, not in the world within. That world within—his very self, it seemed—saw them unmoved; saw them as facts unrelated to itself, facts that affected it not at all. Nothing seemed to be hateful, nothing dear, in the sense of hatred or love as he had, till now, known them. All things were present at the same time in his mind, and all were alike most clear. Nothing was

past—nothing was far—nothing was near—everything was equi-present—equi-distant.

He knew he was standing on the scaffold now; they were making some preparations. He did not heed what they were doing; he was intent upon this new experience—a new experience at last, he said to himself. He remembered nothing like . . . .

"I suppose you think you have found your way out," she said, laughing. "But you are wrong!"

It was the woman who span; she sat at the foot of the rock where the sea-pinks grew, and he sat beside her.

"I begin to think," he answered, without astonishment, for the thing seemed natural enough, "that all my life I have been seeking in the wrong direction. Why did you say I could not find what I had never lost?"

"I wondered when you would remember that. Let me ask you a question. Can the bounded ever know the Boundless? Can that which is without, know that which is within?"

"Cannot the Maker of Shadows know both?" he asked.

"Who shall answer that?" she replied. "Consider only this: Behind the Circle of the Flame there hung a Veil."

"But I—" he said, "I, too, am a weaver of shadows. I, the shadow of a shadow, make and unmake; I rule and am enslaved in a shadow-world of my own fashioning."

"When you perceive that, in deed and in truth," she answered, "when you know the Ruler from the ruled, you shall find your way out; or else you shall find you never entered in. Know yourself—the shadow of a shadow. Know yourself—the weaver and beholder of all shadows. It may be in that day you shall perceive there is indeed but one shadow, one substance, and one Shadow Maker, Source of all that is woven before the Veil."

"Now I dream that I perceive your meaning," he replied. you cannot find what you have never lost. . . . . ."

Suddenly he saw that in the sand without the city there was an open grave; they laid within it the body of one whose face was hidden; they laid it down gently, and began to cover it with the dry dun sand.

MICHAEL WOOD.

# DANTE'S SYMBOLISM

## Which things are an allegory.

"WHETHER or not the Divine Comedy be, as the great seer believed, or be not, the revelation of a real material heaven, hell and purgatory, it is, at any rate, a tremendous and impressive embodiment in sensible phantasmagoria of inner and ethical order. So do men suffer for sin; such discipline must they undergo, such reward receive. The wheel of Ixion, the stone of Sisyphus, the burden that crushes to earth, the whirlwind of unsatisfied desire, the very bleeding tree—what awakened conscience knows them not? And may not sense-fantasy body them forth hereafter according to their very essence? For truth in the concrete, in the body, is more real and living than truth in the abstract, remaining uninfluential without manifold expression of life, without a countenance radiant as from a vision of God upon the mountain."*

If it be possible that truth embodied is more living than truth in the abstract, then symbols must play an important part in the history of mankind. Carlyle tells us that through symbols men, consciously or unconsciously, live, work, and have their being; those ages being accounted the noblest which can best recognise symbolical worth and prize it the highest. The sacraments of a religion, which are an "outward visible sign of an inward spiritual grace," or the emblems of some national or individual feeling, are all symbols, and have therefore a double existence, for they belong to the world of fantasy as well as the world of fact, and show what really exists but is intangible to the senses.

When a visible object represents an idea or feeling shared by a large body of people, it often attains an immense importance, and men will risk their lives for the square of canvas that

* Noel, *Essay on Spenser*.

stands for the honour of their country. Symbols seem to be an almost necessary part of the machinery of religions; each sect possesses its own, easily read by the initiated if unintelligible to the outsider, and rituals survive long after all comprehension of their original purpose of expressing some doctrine has ceased to exist. Another kind of symbols are the signs used by men associated together for definite objects, sometimes preserved with great secrecy, more frequently open to whoever cares to decipher them; as, for instance, figures in mathematics, or badges and coats of arms of families and trades.

Allegorical works putting forward abstract ideas in some form of fable have always been a favourite method of imparting instruction; such *tours de force* were in high favour in the Elizabethan age; we find for instance Spenser's *Faerie Queen* is throughout an allegorical phantasmagory, representing virtues, vices and spiritual events in striking personifications. This was preceded by Sir Thomas More's *Utopia*, which describes the government of an ideal state; but the most familiar instance of an allegory to English-speaking people will be Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, of the succeeding century. Here the inner meaning of every scene and character is made clear by the author; it is in fact a religious drama as well as a tale of adventure. In so far as it tells the history of a pilgrimage it resembles that great allegorical work, Dante's *Divine Comedy*. Both books describe a mystical journey, beginning with the City of Destruction and ending with the City of God, but Dante explains elsewhere* that his main intention throughout is to show forth the work of justice.

Now this much-discussed question was thoroughly thrashed out in Plato's *Republic*, where it is finally concluded that "without introducing the rewards and reputations which justice confers, as Homer and Hesiod do, justice taken by itself is best for the soul also taken by itself." Dante, however, does not treat the subject in any such ordinary or straightforward manner; he gives a series of vivid pictures of the life after death, beneath which inner meanings may be discerned, for the whole composition and imagery of the poem are evidently symbolical. The whole story

* *Letter to Can Grande.*

is elaborately set in the framework of Catholic theology, and as a devout son of the Church, the poet must have believed in some part at least of his various scenic representations; but the religious doctrine is closely interlaced with a vast crowd of metaphors and symbols which never cease from the beginning of the *Inferno*, where Dante finds himself in a thick wood signifying this life, until the end of the *Paradiso*, when he sees all the universe as drawn up into a point in the highest heavens.

Many of these metaphorical expressions are comparatively easy to decipher, others are more abstruse, but in any case a very cursory examination soon shows that the poem is entirely written in the language of symbolism. Some few of these symbols seem to be intended to be read only by those who have special keys to the meanings which appear to be conveyed under various familiar forms of expression. It has, therefore, been suggested that Dante was a member of some secret school, or society, and wished to put forth truths to the world in a veiled form that could not have been taught openly at that time, using for this purpose images with more than one meaning. And, indeed, there are peculiarities of construction in the *Divine Comedy* which might justify such a theory, such as, for instance, the special numbers which run all through the poem. It is entirely built on variations of such significant figures as three, seven and ten. This is to be seen in the triple verse (*terza rima*); the three books, each containing thirty-three cantos; and the three worlds described, these again being severally divided into three, seven and ten. The *Inferno* is in three main divisions, the *Purgatorio* has seven circles, and the *Paradiso* numbers seven heavens called planetary, with three higher, making ten in all. The hundred cantos of the poem form the square of the perfect number, ten; and it can also be divided into a prelude and ninety-nine cantos. Nine, the square of three, is also a number to which Dante attaches great importance, being especially associated by him with Beatrice. He says in the *Vita Nuova*, that it was friendly to her, because the nine heavens were in conjunction at her birth; and that she was herself the number nine, "that is, a miracle whose root is the blessed Trinity."*

* *Vita Nuova.* The nine heavens here exclude the Empyrean, or heaven of rest, which contains all.

Dante and Beatrice first met at the beginning of her ninth year, and at the end of his. The thought of her death came to him on the ninth day of a nine days' illness, and she died on the ninth day of the ninth month, "when the perfect number ten was nine times completed in that century." It seems, then, hard to doubt that what commentators call Dante's "favourite mystic numbers" were intended to convey some hidden meaning by the systematic manner in which they are grouped together.

All the component parts of the *Divine Comedy*, whether lines, verses, or cantos, fit in exactly with each other, and are as carefully placed as bricks in the walls of a house. The reader feels that any change, even the smallest, would be an impossibility, and that this elaborate literary edifice must be designedly arranged in this set form. The subject matter as well as the style is clearly meant to be symbolical of the different meanings conveyed, as is seen, for instance, in the shapes of the worlds described in the poem. The increasing despair and misery of the *Inferno* is as well expressed by the constant descents therein, as is the struggling upward of the penitent soul by the ascent of the steep terraces of the mountain of Purgatory.

The different heavens appear in the *Paradiso* in such forms as the cross of living light in Mars* where "the soldier saints burn upwards, each to his own point of bliss,"† the eagle of Divine wisdom in which the heaven of Jupiter is shaped,‡ the ladder of Saturn where are the contemplative souls,§ while the highest heavens are seen as a rose whose petals are formed of the troops of the blessed.‖ The rose was a well-known emblem of blessedness in the Middle Ages, and the great rose-windows so common in cathedrals probably represented the state of absolute happiness in Paradise.

Emblems such as the cross, the eagle, the ladder and the rose could hardly have been chosen entirely at haphazard, and the geometrical figures that occur so frequently in both the astronomical and theological parts of the book are also doubtless mystically significant. Interesting instances may be observed, such as the point,¶ the intersecting lines forming crosses and

* *Par.*, xiv. 102. † "Statue and Bust," Browning. ‡ *Par.*, xviii. 107.
§ *Ibid.*, xxi. 29. ‖ *Ibid.*, xxxi. 1. ¶ *Ibid.*, xxviii. 15.

other mathematical figures,* the moving circles in which the universe is arranged,† with the spheres, sparks, patterns of dancing lights, and involved figures composed of revolving wheels within wheels in which the beatified souls group themselves.‡

The treatment of the results of various sins often typifies their nature. Thus Dante finds the discontented in the *Inferno* buried in the thick mud, as they were "gloomy and sad when the sweet sun shone on them."§ This muddy fen is a part of the river Styx, surrounding the city of Dis, where the heretics lie awaiting the Judgment Day in burning tombs, but with unquenchable spirit; as shown by the impassioned words of the Florentine patriot, Farinata, who seems to "hold hell in high scorn" (*come avesse l'Inferno in gran dispitto*), when recalling how he stood alone in defence of his beloved native town, and saved her from destruction.‖ Farther on the Styx becomes a river of burning blood, in which the violent are immersed,¶ typifying mad rage and homicidal crimes; while in the *Purgatorio* the corresponding sin appears in the milder form of anger, atoned for in a densely suffocating fog.** Here the proud are crushed by heavy weights, as if burdened by that lower self which they formerly so exalted;†† the eyes of the envious are wired up, as they could not behold the joy of others without sin,‡‡ and the avaricious cannot raise themselves above the ground, for they would not look upward when they might have done so, but gazed only on earthly possessions.§§ The sinful lovers who were tossed about by the winds for ever without home or rest in the *Inferno*‖‖ burn out their passions in flames, fierce as these once were.¶¶ It is remarkable how the sin of the hopelessly bad is distinguished from that of those whose evil was intermixed with good, and who were drawn in consequence to the purgatorial hill. There is so little humanity left in the souls that have attained to Paradise, that these retributive distinctions become impossible for lack of substance through which to express them, though many degrees of advancement exist in the different heavens.

Another point of interest is the manner in which colours are

* *Ibid.*, i. 38. † *Ibid.*, xxviii. 25. ‡ *Ibid.*, xxiv. 13. § *Inf.*, vii. 118.
‖ *Ibid.*, x. 32. ¶ *Ibid.*, xii. 46. ** *Purg.*, xvi. 1. †† *Ibid.*, x. 115.
‡‡ *Ibid.*, xiii. 69. §§ *Ibid.*, xix. 118. ‖‖ *Inf.*, v. 28. ¶¶ *Purg.*, xxv. 112.

treated. The language of colour was well recognised in former times, and we find that the great allegorical poets assigned definite positions to different colours, whether taken separately or in groups. Special representative colours have always been made use of by the Catholic Church and the artists of the pre-Raphaelite School have done much to revive interest in this question at the present day. One of the greatest of these, Dante Rossetti, carried symbolical representation to an almost inconceivable extent in his studies of mediævalism, real and supposed, and among other developments devotes much attention to the colours that are intended to express certain ideas and feelings. His rhymed and painted interpretations of the greater Dante have probably done more to elucidate the poet than many of the more prosaic commentaries.

The beautiful colour descriptions in the *Divine Comedy* are almost entirely confined to the *Purgatorio*, and much stress is laid on different colours, which form an important part of the environment of the story. The *Inferno* is generally sombre and colourless, even the atmosphere having a brown tint, though cases where colour is emphasised occasionally occur, as in the first round, where are the distinguished men who were not Christians, but who are held in honour, dwelling in a noble castle with seven portals, signifying the Trivium and the Quadrivium, the seven branches of the education of that time. These great scholars and poets walk on a meadow of fresh verdure, almost the only tolerable spot in the *Inferno*, and Virgil, who guides Dante in the perilous journey through the under worlds, has his abiding place here. The *Paradiso* appears in a blaze of light, white and shining, showing little differentiation of colour, as all is seen in completed form, unlike the *Purgatorio*, which shows only imperfect parts, life being incomplete and struggling. Light there is divided into its component parts, and the seven colours come prominently forward, becoming indistinguishable later when merged in the fulness of light in Paradise.

The systematised manner in which Dante makes use of emblematic imagery, will be more fully realised if some leading idea is considered as a central point, such as the deliverance of the soul and its ascent to higher life. A connected story can

then be discerned by means of the symbols that conceal and yet reveal the meaning. Beginning with the cleft in the rock, itself a well-known symbol of the narrow way, by which alone man can escape from spiritual death, we find the tired travellers emerging to the light after their imprisonment in the stifling atmosphere of the *Inferno*, where materiality is at its densest.* Most striking is the contrast of the fresh air, the rising sun, the distant sea, and the peace and calm pervading all on this Easter morning, with the gloom and misery which they have endured for the last two days and nights, when they began their long journey on Good Friday.

Cato, the guardian of Purgatory, receives them above ground. He is a typical figure appearing as the sun, his face shining with the light of the four stars of the Southern Cross, which represent the cardinal virtues.† Dante and Virgil treat him with great reverence, and though as a heathen he was unable to enter Purgatory, still as the apostle of liberty he is worthy of being guardian of the place where true liberty is obtained.

The cardinal virtues will be seen once more at the mystical appearance of the Church Triumphant in the Earthly Paradise, when seven virtues surround the chariot in which is Beatrice, personifying Religion or the Church, clothed in white, green and red.‡ These symbolical colours stand for the three theological virtues, faith, hope, and charity, which are added after the passage through Purgatory to justice, fortitude, temperance and prudence, associated with Cato, and all he could possess, as he had not the fuller light. The reed of humility, the only plant that grows on Cato's island, all others being instantly destroyed by the waves, is a suggestive emblem. He directs Dante to cleanse the defilement of the Inferno, and to gird himself with this reed before starting on his pilgrimage, thus showing the grace that must be the first learnt by the penitent, for "before honour is humility."§

An interesting sub-group of symbols includes the three stairs leading to the Gate of Purgatory, coloured white, purple and red, which signify confession, contrition and penance. The

* *Inf.*, xxxiv. 136. † *Purg.*, i. ‡ *Ibid.*, xxix. 43.
§ *Ibid.*, i. 94. *Proverbs*, xviii. 12.

angelic guardian is found seated on a stone like a diamond and in attire the colour of ashes or dry earth, whence he draws the keys of authority and wisdom.

" Whenever faileth either of these keys
So that it turn not rightly in the lock,"
He said to us, " this entrance doth not open.
More precious one is, but the other needs
More art and intellect ere it unlock,
For it is that which doth the knot unloose.
From Peter I have them ; and he bade me err
Rather in opening than in keeping shut."*

There is the branding of the penitent on the forehead, with the seven P's, to be erased one by one by other angels as the seven circles of Purgatory are successively left behind, and finally that most mystical ceremony of the initiation to the Earthly Paradise, the culminating test for him who has overcome. Before Dante can attain to this initiation he must pass through the fire to complete his purification, when he can gain his heart's desire, the sight of Beatrice. In Beatrice we have once more the double meaning of the religion or grace, in which the soul finds satisfaction, symbolised here by the figure of the woman whom he had idealised on earth.

Virgil, who has guided him so far, and who represents Human Philosophy, explains that Dante must now take his own will for his guide, and is therefore *crowned and mitred over himself*. These are Virgil's parting words :

" Expect no more or word or sign from me;
Free and upright and sound is thy free-will,
And error were it not to do its bidding ;
Thee o'er thyself I therefore crown and mitre."

This means he is now King and Priest, Law and Gospel to himself, and needs no more direction from the powers that formerly ruled his life. Outward restraints can only be safely removed when a man has gained complete self-mastery, and is in no more danger of being led away by temptation. The impulse to action will henceforth come only from within, as he has gained true freedom ; all bonds being broken and that wisdom attained, which will guide him now the outside helps are gone. He can

* *Purg.*, ix. 76.

at last enter Paradise, having traversed Hell and climbed the steep mountain of Purgatory with much labour and suffering.*

It is quite possible that the *Divine Comedy* may be intended to represent a drama of Initiation, for the protagonist descends to the depths, rises again on the third day, and after passing through many well-known tests is crowned and mitred, and enters Paradise.

This series of emblems running right through the *Purgatorio* is of very great interest, and might be treated as a scaffolding to aid in building up an interpretation of the whole book. We thus see how symbols can be classed together in groups as well as considered individually, and how the poem is a vast network of inner meanings which well repay close study. Dante had a marvellous facility of manipulation of words, which is shown by the ease and skill with which he deals with the materials at his disposal. The skilful weaving of contending elements into the vast web of his great work is no less remarkable than his masterly treatment of the many and various metaphorical expressions he employs. These he draws from many sources: classical or contemporary literature, old traditions, the common use of his day, the veiled language of secret societies, or his own supreme originality. But throughout all these fantastic combinations of words, lines and rhymes his main subject is never obscured nor the meaning left uncertain. He tells the story fully and clearly, with few digressions, and with a command of language that is almost unparalleled. It is related of Dante that he said that "never a rhyme had led him to say other than he would, but that many a time and oft he had made words say in his rhyme what they were not wont to express for other poets."†

CAROLINE CUST.

* *Purg.*, xxvii. 130 (Longfellow's translation).

† *L'Ottimo Comento*.

# TO THE LAND OF IDEALS

## A Vision

I was sorely tried, weary with disappointment, aching with the uselessness of all effort, when, throwing myself down on the green, fresh, grassy sward, a sudden languor, exquisite in feeling, took possession of my whole being.

It was as though a spirit had thrown over me a curtain of sleep, for every fibre of my body seemed to cease its functioning for the nonce, and I was bathed in rest.

It was as though I were losing my hold upon this world, with its cares, its false friendships, its assumed interest, its bitter disappointments, its self-satisfaction stifling all progress, its threateningly overpowering obstacles thrown in the face of earnest, right-seeking workers; and I breathed with a sense of freedom, that all such powers of evil were passing from me, that never more—for this I felt—should I have to think and toil and suffer, the while I was striving to work, in the highest sense, and for the best of motives.

But no seeming success had attended my efforts. I loved peace; the whirlpool of strife had surged around me till I had well-nigh lost my hold upon the cord of faith.

Happiness, brightness, earnestness, even helpfulness, were looked upon as unnecessary virtues, if not out-and-out faults, by the friends in whose midst my lot had been cast, and had been so discouraged, that gradually the spirit that longed for such was burnt out, and all desires had smouldered to nothingness. All these phases of my life flitted across my brain as I lay in the warm embrace of sunlight.

Quietly and gradually my intense weariness fell from me, and a strange sensation pervaded not myself, but more the atmosphere around me,

I was perfectly awake, yet shadowed by sleep. My limbs were at rest, yet I was moving. It seemed as though a sheet of air had been slid between myself and the ground on which I lay, and was gradually uplifting my body from its resting-place.

No! this light, airy substance that curtained me was nothing of flesh and blood surely; for did not the sunlight, as I rose, pierce through my being? I beheld myself, as it were, in a raiment of cloudy whiteness, moving rhythmically to music heard in the far distance, but on all sides. And gazing wonderingly around, I knew I was among the clouds, in the blue and boundless ether I had so often soared to in spirit. Spirit! that was it. I was no longer a body, but a spirit, flawless, delicate, yet powerful, able to ascend or descend; to alight on a billowy, feathery cloud, and be whirled through space; to challenge the wind in swiftness. Oh! the intensity of this etheric region! I drew in deep breaths of life, and stretched out my arms to embrace the purity of space.

"It is beyond thee," said a golden voice at my side.

Turning, I saw no one, only heard the voice.

"Where am I?" I asked. "Or rather, whither am I going?"

"To the land of your Ideals," the voice answered.

* * * *

Finding myself in what was a strange, yet withal a familiar land, I wandered on in search of—I know not what; and presently, feeling I was not alone, I turned to see who had joined me. As I gazed I throbbed with joy, for at last my eyes beheld one in all the true majesty of manhood. Ah! how often had I tried to imagine such an one in the life I had passed through; and what terrible substitutes I had found!

Clothed as myself, in flowing robes of white, his whole presence embodying power, truth, courage and helpfulness, the man at my side was truly ideal.

In thankfulness I laid my hand in his, saying: "Why have we not met before?" In my heart there was no doubt as to what he was to me—all in all, from this moment, on and on until—but who can count the until?

In calm assurance, he smilingly answered;

"We could never meet on earth, that land of vain longings and bitter disappointments; where the seed of all greatness is trodden under foot, lest it should grow and bear fruit; where poverty is deemed a crime, deeds of kindness weakness; where the only true success is wealth; where the people in power oppress the weak, and kneel to money, thereby preparing for themselves a hell, rather than the heaven intended for them by a loving Creator. No, thank God, I have been granted the blessing of bringing you here, rather than the pain of dwelling amongst the poor blind ones on earth."

"But I am afraid my life has been a mistake. Surely I have lived in vain!"

"You will see you have not!"

"Have I not?" I cried, eager to hear more. "But none would listen to me. The good I endeavoured to do, ever turned out a failure. I was misunderstood, and passed by on all occasions; I ——"

"Yes, I know it all."

"You know it all! But how? You—you have been here, whilst I—! It is a mystery; I do not quite understand."

"No? Then, know this, that it has been my willing and pleasurable mission during your life on earth to watch over you, to guide you, to help, sustain and comfort you, and finally to bring you here at the Master's command, when your battle was well fought out."

"And you have always been expecting me here, and awaited my coming with a loving welcome?"

"Assuredly." And, with a winning smile, "Are you satisfied?"

"Satisfied, yes."

"And no 'mystery' remains?"

"Alas! yes. How have I come; why am I here? Surely ——?" Then a gentle light cleared my cloudy mind, and I again questioned my companion. "Tell me, am I what is known as dead?"

"To the earth, and those on earth—yes; but alive really; alive to all the beautiful thoughts and wishes you have ever conceived?"

"But my wrong thoughts, my selfish desires, my mistakes, have they come with me?"

"Evil repented of is dead for all time."

Anxiously, inquiringly, I looked up at him.

"Who am I, you wish to know?" he said.

That was my unspoken thought.

"I will tell you. I am your helpmeet, as you are mine. Created by God to watch over you, to be ever by your side, to cheer and love you."

"And I," I cried, clinging to him in ecstasy, "have found my Beloved. Thank God," I cried again, "as you are to me, so will I be to you. For all time, *we* are one!"

* * * *

We now stopped before a gate of pearly whiteness, which opened on to a lawn of the purest green, beautifully even and refreshing in its life-giving verdure. Trees bounded it, such trees as hitherto existed only in my imagination. As I looked, spell-bound with their beauty and strength, I saw birds of every imagined colour flit in and out. They almost risked a breakage of their wondrous throats in their blithe welcome. They had no fear, but would gather at our feet, or perch on our hands in careless confidence.

"Does no one ever slay them for their plumage?"

"None ever. Here all are thankful to God for His mercies and gifts. We could not be so base, so unworthy, as to destroy what He has so wondrously created."

"Then beauty appeals to you?"

"Certainly, and you will find here all your longings for the beautiful, in whatever form, have been provided for; all beauties await your pleasure, for beauty is an attribute of Heaven."

We now entered the place which was to be our future home. Peaceful, happy quietude reigned everywhere, and my Beloved, seated by my side, began to unravel the mystery surrounding my new life.

All work was here "well paid." Those who, by dint of greater perseverance and knowledge had attained to positions of power, strove to encourage their weaker neighbours.

Art was encouraged for its own sake. All had a free and

equal chance of success, and the greatest success was to the greatest artist, who in his turn was expected to help on by wise counsel his less fortunately gifted brothers and sisters.

Animals had their duties as on earth. Their owners loved them, and handled them gently. Thus their faculties were trained; and in return for this kindness their masters reaped from the noble creatures quiet obedience to their commands. They formed no part of the diet of the people, who were sustained by the life-giving qualities in the atmosphere, supplemented by fruit and vegetables, which grew in abundance for the requirements of all.

"Is it possible," I asked, "to re-visit earth, and tell them all this?"

"Your earnest desire to do them good will work its effect. However, you are permitted to visit it in spirit, and you can impart comfort to them there simply by the sending out of good and helpful thoughts. Look into this. What do you see?"

"A funeral! and oh! how sad they all look! They—they are, yes, surely they are my own people. Oh! why are they so sad?"

"It is your own funeral."

"Oh, but I must, I must speak comfort to them; I am so much, so very much happier and satisfied here. Speak! can I not let them know that we shall meet again!"

"Can you not see that you have already spoken comfort? Look, they know and are happy."

"Yes, indeed you are right. There is no need for earth's children to mourn the departed."

"Beloved, your thoughts have reached them. In the days before you, you will know you have not lived in vain, for none do that, who, by prayer, ask God's blessing on their earnest endeavours daily. Be the task great or small it is the same; for in God's sight the smallest deed becomes great, if done in love, and the greatest least, if without love."

L. B.

# OBLIGATION

## A Study in Ethics

I. *The moral principle; some erroneous views thereon.*

Many have been the attempts to describe the nature and trace the origin of moral action, or discover the principle whereby man comes into possession of what are called moral ideas, and feels himself impelled to realise these ideas in his conduct. Some with Hobbes and Helvetius regard the pursuit of self-interest, motived by the principle of self-love, as the cause that schemes of morality have been fabricated and are carried into effect by the individual. This view, however, is untenable because at variance with the facts it is adduced to explain, the most prominent trait of moral action being the feeling on the part of the agent that he should act thus even though he be a loser thereby. Others like Hume consider benevolence, or like Schopenhauer compassion, as the principle leading man to do what is helpful and avoid what is harmful to the well-being of his fellow-creatures, and to value from a kindly interest in the species all qualities likely to contribute to the happiness, or lessen the suffering, either of their individual possessor, or of others with whom he comes in contact. This view, though far less at strife with the facts of moral consciousness than the repulsive egoism of the Hobbes' school, and though directly appealing to the softening and ennobling instinct of humanity, must nevertheless be regarded as incorrect, because it leaves out of account the fact that the sense of duty is different from the feeling of a desire to benefit our fellow-creatures arising out of a love to them and a consequent wish to promote their interests.

We clearly recognise duties as owing to those who for some reason cannot become objects of our affection, and in some cases are the very reverse; besides, the sense of duty is unlike any inclination leading us to gratify a taste or to do something

we have a liking for, and even where duty and natural propensity, like the Rhone and Rhine at Geneva, happen to flow together, the individual agent easily perceives the difference in the streams. Indeed had morality to depend upon such a varying principle as taste or good pleasure, its practice would be very insufficiently ensured, for in nothing do men differ more than in their tastes and likings, and especially in those that have regard to their fellow-creatures.

II. *The moral principle not definable as an inclination.*

The views above discussed agree in referring the source of moral action to a natural impulse on the part of the agent, Hobbes defining it as love of self, Hume as love of others.

Such an impulse, however, would exactly resemble all other impulses of our nature in being merely a propensity towards an object. But the sense of duty has the peculiarity of making us regard the gratification of all our natural propensities as subordinate to its own claims, thus often happening to cut across one or other of our inclinations, say the desire of revenge or the love of drink; and since on such occasions the propensity in question is the force naturally inclining us to act, whereas the sense of duty, as the principle opposing this propensity, is the force compelling us not to act, it follows that the latter is not an inclination—*i.e.*, a structural tendency seeking to realise itself—but a compulsion—*i.e.*, something interfering with the exercise of such tendencies. Nor does the fact that as the moral character improves, the sense of duty operates without our feeling so distinctly its magisterial and compulsory nature, prove that it ever becomes an inclination; for the increased ease with which it is obeyed arises from the feeling of its authority having been developed by the habit of obedience, whilst the repeated subordination of the particular propensities has lessened their natural force. Nor, again, can it justly be said that the interference of the sense of duty with the exercise of an inclination resembles the interference which often occurs between one inclination and another, for in the rivalry of inclinations liking is common to all, but the one liked most gets the preference; whereas when the sense of duty opposes a particular inclination the difference is between the authoritativeness of the former and the agreeableness of the latter.

III. *The moral principle a law announced through the sense of duty, but evidenced by and grounded upon reason.*

The foregoing remarks show that the sense of duty should be regarded not as an inclination, but as the expression of a law supreme over all inclinations. If it be said that as men often disobey the moral principle, it is not universally operative, and therefore cannot be regarded as a law, because lacking the criterion of universal effectiveness common to all natural laws, it can be replied that the character of moral law differs in one respect vitally from that of all natural laws, and thus puts it out of comparison therewith; for, unlike the latter, it is a law not of *things* either living or inanimate, but of rational beings, and, therefore, it could not be regarded as inoperative, or its native authority as impaired, even though such beings conspired to ignore it, since in spite of their disobedience it would still remain valid in reason, as the standard by which they *ought* to regulate their conduct. Hence the fact that the determining principle of moral action is grounded in reason, and does not spring out of the idiosyncrasies of human nature, secures for it, despite all contrary appearances, that character of universality which is one of the distinguishing marks of a law; and the perception of this character is the reason why a moral agent realises that the claims of duty have nothing whatever to do with his individual likes or dislikes, but that the latter must either square with the former, or be left out of account altogether. This, again, enables us to see the difference between moral and other kinds of action. For in the former case the action is prescribed to the agent by a law existing apart from himself, and claiming allegiance irrespectively of its bearing upon his personal interests or inclination; whereas in the latter the source or motive of action is within the agent, being really nothing more than his particular nature seeking to realise what is congenial to it. Hence to moral action is applied the term obligatory, as implying something laid upon, or exteriorly determining the agent with respect to his conduct; whilst other kinds of action are spoken of as purely natural, in the sense that they are but the outcome of inherent tendencies. Thus the gratification of any propensity is a natural action flowing out of the very constitution of man; but the effort made by an indivi-

dual, endued with such a propensity, to limit the gratification thereof, so that it shall not injure others, or violate the economy of his personal being, is a moral action originating from the restraint imposed upon him by a law valid in reason to define the bounds and general conditions to which the gratification of the propensity should be subjected.

The essential nature of obligation, therefore, is the claim of reason over a reasonable being in compelling him to consider as the ultimate test of actions, not their fitness to gratify his individual desires or further his particular interests, but their congruity with universal principles empowered to prompt, restrain, or prohibit the several acts composing, or capable of composing, not his conduct alone, but that of all other beings situated like himself.

The apprehension of this truth teaches a moral agent to regard as the final motive of conduct, not the realisation of his private ends or personal desires, but the obedience of a law dictating, restraining or prohibiting his individual actions, as well as those of all other beings existing in the same circumstances. Hence the true source of obligation is in the reason, being the connection between a moral agent and the conduct which as a reasonable being he knows to have been antecedently mapped out for him by the nature of things.

Apart from this, obligation is impossible. There may indeed be forces impelling conduct such as the natural desires, but these forces rule *de facto*, not *de jure*, they have no validity in reason and their authority ceases with their activity, while that of obligation remains even when inoperative.

IV. *The moral principle as expressed and enforced by the sense of duty, or the difference between obligation and the phenomenon of its perception in our consciousness.*

But although obligation be thus grounded in reason, yet its authoritative force is expounded to our consciousness by other means than reasoning processes. A man perfectly reasonable would infallibly perceive the obligation of acting in accordance with the general ends prescribed by reason, and of allowing them their due supremacy over his own private interests and desires; but owing to the constitution of human nature it would not necessarily follow that we should find the man in question yield-

ing a practical obedience to the obligation thus perceived. For the strength of his natural impulses might be so great, or his will to be good so feeble, that he could not put forth the necessary effort to fulfil the requirements of the obligation. Now, as a safeguard against such a breach in the coincidence of reason and will, the emotional nature of man affords with respect to duty, a counterpart to what is afforded by his rational nature. Through reason we are compelled to recognise the validity of moral obligation; by the sense of duty we are impelled to fulfil that obligation. For as our active nature is governed by our emotional, the sense of duty is the mode whereby moral law interprets itself to the latter, so as to enforce its claims upon the former. The sense of duty, therefore, is to one part of our nature what the perception of obligation is to another; and hence they are but two different phases of the self-same law. This fact accounts for the likeness visible in the two expressions. We perceive the validity of obligation, feel the authoritative force of duty, and realise in both instances the character of a law. In this simple manner Locke's statement that moral law is only conceivable as a positive command deriving validity from the rewards and punishments backing it up, is at once seen to be fallacious. For moral law appeals to man through his twofold capacity as a rational and emotional being, and its dictates as based upon the nature of things are reasonable and not arbitrary; hence such a law has all the marks of interior validity, and can only accidentally require the support of external agencies such as rewards and punishments.

V. *The moral principle as viewed disjunctively in relation to its form and content.*

After thus obtaining a general idea of the moral principle as a law of conduct grounded in reason and brought to bear upon the human will through the sense of duty, we may now proceed to a closer examination of its form and content.

The perception that the conduct of the individual ought to be governed, not by his particular idiosyncrasies, but in accordance with universal principles, and the sense of duty accompanying and expounding this perception, constitutes the universal form of the moral principle.

The phrases, "it would not be right," "it would not be reasonable, and so I feel it ought not to be done," convey a popular expression of the manner in which the sense of duty and its correlative emotion are everywhere experienced. The same phrases show likewise that what first and most frequently comes to our consciousness is not the abstract conception of moral law, but its practical embodiment in individual precepts, under which it appears as the form with the content, or as the universal inherent in the particular. Ordinarily we experience the sense of duty in connection with individual acts, with the particular precepts to which these acts are severally referable, or with the dispositions arising from the habitual obedience to such precepts; these dispositions being regarded as qualities of the mind and termed virtues. In reality, however, the sense of duty has only a vital union either with a precept or a virtue, as its connection with individual acts results simply from the associative principle; for being so many applications of a given precept or expressions of a particular virtue, these acts in time become invested with the character that properly belongs only to the precept or the virtue that gave rise to them. Inattention to this important truth has been manifoldly injurious both to moral theory and moral practice.

For on the one hand ethical sophists have often sought to undermine the validity of moral law, by pointing to the fact that the sense of duty prompts to actions diametrically opposite in their character, whereas the truth is that these conflicting actions are usually only different applications of the selfsame precept; as for instance in countries where population increases out of all proportion to the means of sustenance, the sense of parental responsibility causes infanticide, whilst in more happily situated lands it leads to the careful nurture of children.

On the other hand, the fact of the sense of duty having been transferred from a precept or a virtue to certain acts whereby under specific circumstances the precept was correctly applied or the virtue rightly exercised, has occasioned various misfortunes and placed many stumbling-blocks in the path of civilisation, especially in connection with social and political institutions; though perhaps its worse effect has been in preventing men from

seeing that, although the fundamental precepts and cardinal virtues are necessarily unchangeable, the application of the one and the exercise of the other ultimately depend upon the nature of particular circumstances. As to the content of the moral principle, this is made up of those several precepts and their corresponding virtues which are not referable to other precepts or virtues as means to ends, or as subordinates to a common species. All such precepts and virtues, owing to their being the actual content of the moral principle, participate in its universal form and hence possess unconditional validity over all beings subject to the law in question.

As regards the application of these precepts, reason has to decide, from the nature of the particular circumstances, what conduct is most agreeable to them. The results of this decision constitute what is termed morality, which being merely a current mode of approximately applying the moral precepts, is necessarily variable in its character, because dependent upon conditions a change of which would involve a re-adjusted application of the self-same precepts. Hence the genesis of morality and the nature and conditions of its development can be historically and scientifically traced with more or less accuracy; whereas to seek an origin for the moral principle itself would be as fatuous as to seek one for the principle of gravitation, since though we may hope to get behind a phenomenon and discover the laws that determine it, as Newton did in the case of the falling apple, yet we can never hope to reach the back of Beyond, and find out how a law becomes a law, but have to rest satisfied with knowing that it must either be *à priori* respectively to the persons or things it governs, or else be involved in their nature as a reality necessarily co-existing with them and defining the mode of their activity. The fact that morality is of a changing character does not imply any uncertainty respecting the manner in which the moral precepts should be applied.

For as regards any individual case there must exist in reason a given course of action which relatively to that case is the best possible, in the sense of being the most correct application of the particular moral precepts to which the decision of the case is referable. This best possible course is determined by the laws

of reason, just as inevitably and universally as any particular phenomenon in nature is caused by the operation of given principles upon given conditions.

That the course which thus actually exists in and is defined by reason, very often remains unknown to man, no more disproves its reality, than the ignorance of the savage respecting mathematical truths invalidates the reality of those truths.

Hence moral law contains not only the supreme precepts, such as justice, benevolence, self-restraint, and so forth, but also the full scheme of adjustments wherein these precepts and all others subordinate to or dependent upon them find their proper application as regards the various relationships of life.

In conclusion be it said that the question whether with respect to man the moral principle be autonomic or heteronomic, cannot be answered categorically but only hypothetically. For, since moral law is identical with reason and man is a reasonable being, this law must be regarded as an autonomic principle of his nature. Since, however, he does not always act upon it, and yet in spite of this it retains authority over him, it must in all such cases be regarded as standing in an heteronomic relationship to his will. Hence respectively to man as man, the moral law is an autonomic principle ; whilst respectively to the individual, it may become heteronomic. To secure that this autonomy, the divine birthright of man, shall be universal and eternal, and that through the perfect identity of reason and will all trace of heteronomy shall be for ever banished, is the one supreme aim consciously or unconsciously animating every moral and religious system that deserves the name. Every act of self-sacrificing devotion to duty, no matter however fatuous or mistaken its end may be, is an effort in the same direction, and contributes its share to the final triumph of that day when the individual shall be lost in the universal, and the life of self with its pitiful strivings, endless as the surge of a moaning and unrestful tide, shall lie at peace for ever within the calm unfathomed ocean of the Eternal Will.

C. C. Dove.

# THE STORY OF AN ÂKÂSHIC RECORD

The Lords of Fate sat in consultation. The question concerned the rebirth of a soul. It was no ordinary individuality; it had been through many incarnations and had benefited but little thereby. It now stood shivering on the astral plane awaiting a new etheric double. The Lords of Fate eyed it in some perplexity.

"Come hither, O man," said one of them, and his voice was translated into the astral colour language by means that will readily be understood by the advanced Theosophical student (and I write not for the ignorant). "Thou hast been here before."

"Many times," said the soul.

"Who art thou?" said the second Lord.

"An Assyrian scribe, a Pharisee, a Parobolanus of Alexandria, a Schoolman of Rome, an Inquisitor of Spain, a Tractarian of Oxford, and several other things," said the soul.

"Summon the Arch-Elemental of the Latin Race," said the third Lord.

A councillor touched an astral bell at his side. Its ring was accompanied by earthquakes, railway accidents, etc., on the physical plane (a phenomenon well-known to the Theosophical student). The Arch-Elemental appeared. "Brother," said the fourth Lord, "knowest thou this man?"

"I do," said the Arch-Elemental.

"He has been on thy current in many incarnations, I believe," said the fifth Lord.

"He has," said the Elemental.

"Is it true that he had much to do with the formulation of the Substance and Accident theory?" said the sixth Lord.

"He had, bless him!" said the Elemental.

"Art thou sure, or dost thou *think* so?" said the seventh Lord.

"We *never think* on *our* current," said the Elemental, and flames of pride played vividly in the astral plane.

"What in thunder do you do then?" said all the Lords.

"We *formulate*," said the Elemental.

"Stand down," said the first Lord.

A councillor turned sadly to the âkâshic records:

"It is so, my Lords," he said. "It is indeed."

The Lords of Fate turned to the soul:

"Listen, O man," they said. "The Law of Karma is inexorable. Thou hast hitherto preferred definition to thought, systematisation to research, formulation to enquiry. *Now* the power of thought is forbidden thee. Thou hast in one of thy mediæval incarnations stated that whereas a man's head could be passed into a rabbit hole, the *bigness* of his head could *not*. Now, therefore, thy foolishness shall enter men's minds, but the hugeness of thy foolishness shall not dawn on them. Thou hast hitherto formulated orthodoxy, now thou shalt formulate heresy. What thou hast stated as untrue without knowledge, thou shalt now define as certainly true—also without knowledge. Thou hast advanced many dogmas in bad Latin—thou shalt advance many more in bad Sanskrit. Thou art a Theosophist. Next case, please."

X. Y. Z.

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# REVIEWS AND NOTICES

## China and the West

Letters from John Chinaman. (London: R. Brimley Johnson; 1902. Price 1s.)

Four of these eight letters were published in *The Saturday Review* at the time of the recent outburst in China. They purport to be the views of a Chinaman long resident in Europe on the reasons for the fundamental antagonism between Eastern and Western civilisation. They would be of greater value if we could really assure ourselves that they were written by an actual Chinaman; but of this we can hardly persuade ourselves. They are written from a standpoint and

in a style that seems to be not unfamiliar to us, but which is hardly that of an Eastern. Nevertheless they put forward views which in the main an educated Confucian might be very well supposed to hold by one who had greater sympathy for other nations than for his own people. There is undoubtedly truth in some of the writer's main contentions, but in others, and on many subordinate points, there is great need of taking into account many other factors before we can arrive at a really impartial judgment.

In the first letter "John Chinaman" is made to put his case as follows:

"Our civilisation is the oldest in the world. It does not follow that it is the best; but neither, I submit, does it follow that it is the worst. On the contrary, such antiquity is, at any rate, a proof that our institutions have guaranteed us a stability for which we search in vain among the nations of Europe. But not only is our civilisation stable, it also embodies, as we think, a moral order; while in yours we detect only an economic chaos. Whether your religion be better than ours, I do not at present dispute; but it is certain that it has less influence on society. You profess Christianity, but your civilisation has never been Christian; whereas ours is Confucian through and through. But to say that it is Confucian, is to say that it is moral; or at least (for I do not wish to beg the question), that moral relations are those which it primarily contemplates. Whereas, with you (so it seems to us) economic relations come first, and upon these you endeavour, afterwards, to graft as much morality as they will admit."

Most of this has been said of our Western civilisation *ad nauseam* for many centuries by hundreds of thousands of its members; and if we are not mistaken, the same criticism has been made on the conditions in China by enlightened Chinamen for even a longer period. As to "stability," is it to be preferred to growth? There are young nations and old nations, and the just comparison lies between nations at similar periods of their life-spans.

In his second letter our author proceeds: "Left to ourselves, we should never have sought intercourse with the West. We have no motive to do so; for we desire neither to proselytise nor to trade. We believe, it is true, that our religion is more rational than yours, our morality higher, and our institutions more perfect; but we recognise that what is suited to us may be ill adapted to others. We do not conceive that we have a mission to redeem or to civilise the world, still less that that mission is to be accomplished by the

methods of fire and sword; and we are thankful enough if we can solve our own problems, without burdening ourselves with those of other people."

This is written from the supposed standpoint of the Confucian rationalist, the official ruling caste of China. We are in entire sympathy with this non-proselytising attitude, but, if we remember rightly, it was not Confucius but Chuang Tsŭ, the later disciple of Lao-tzŭ, who preached the doctrine of "letting alone," and averred that all the trouble in his time had arisen from the hysterical activity of the followers of the Confucian doctrine of "charity and duty to one's neighbours." Again, the "left to ourselves" is indicative of some confusion of thought; the individual may attempt to leave others alone, but it seems opposed to the very nature of things that humanity should leave him or his nation alone. Together we must stand or fall; such appears to be the "higher socialism" of the leaders of humanity.

In his fourth letter our pseudo John Chinaman proceeds to paint a picture of the "average English citizen." We admit his imperfections and his *bourgeoisie;* but surely there is something more in him than this? He cannot rightly be despised, for he is the backbone of the nation of which for the moment much is expected. But hear the verdict of what seems in this instance to resemble the self-confidence of a youthful student of human affairs rather than the nature judgment of a really instructed mind. "When I review my impressions of the average English citizen, impressions based on many years' study, what kind of man do I see? I see one divorced from Nature, but unreclaimed by Art; instructed, but not educated; assimilative, but incapable of thought. Trained in the tenets of a religion in which he does not really believe—for he sees it flatly contradicted in every relation of life—he dimly feels that it is prudent to conceal under a mask of piety the atheism he is hardly intelligent enough to avow. His religion is conventional; and, what is more important, his morals are as conventional as his creed. Charity, chastity, self-abnegation, contempt of the world and its prizes—these are the words on which he has been fed from his childhood upwards. And words they have remained, for he has neither anywhere seen them practised by others, nor has it ever occurred to him to practise them himself. Their influence, while it is strong enough to make him a chronic hypocrite, is not so strong as to show him the hypocrite he is. Deprived on the one hand of the support of a true ethical standard em-

bodied in the life of the society of which he is a member, he is duped, on the other, by lip-worship of an impotent ideal. Abandoned thus to his instincts, he is contented to do as others do, and, ignoring the things of the spirit, to devote himself to material ends. He becomes a mere tool; and of such your society is composed. By your works you may be known. Your triumphs in the mechanical arts are the obverse of your failure in all that calls for spiritual insight. Machinery of every kind you can make and use to perfection; but you cannot build a house, or write a poem, or paint a picture; still less can you worship or aspire. Look at your streets! Row upon row of little boxes, one like another, lacking in all that is essential, loaded with all that is superfluous—this is what passes among you for architecture. Your literature is the daily press, with its stream of solemn fatuity, of anecdotes, puzzles, puns, and police court scandal. Your pictures are stories in paint, transcripts of all that is banal, clumsily botched by amateurs as devoid of tradition as of genius. Your outer sense as well as your inner is dead, you are blind and deaf. . . ."

And so on, all a very pretty exercise in invective for a youthful Western professed reformer, who is himself striving to get out of the conditions he paints in such glowing colours; but surely written by no Chinaman, and surely not an unprejudiced picture of our many friends who are just ordinary average Englishmen. They, we know, are made of sterner stuff within; they are not artistic, it is true, but on the average in honesty and straightforwardness they can compare favourably with any other of the world's citizens. If they were nothing but what "John Chinaman" depicts, England would long ago have ceased to be a dominant factor in the immediate counsels of the nations.

Ere closing this lengthy notice, we must reproduce the views of our author on Confucianism and Christianity. Prefacing his remarks with the admission that "among the masses of China superstition is as widely spread as among those of any European country," and that "Buddhism and Taoism lend themselves with us to practices and beliefs as regrettable and absurd as any that are fostered by Christianity among yourselves," he continues:

"Confucianism, it is sometimes said, is not a religion at all; and if by religion be meant a set of dogmatic propositions dealing with a supernatural world radically distinct from our own, the statement is, no doubt, strictly true. It was, in fact, one of the objects of Confucius to discourage pre-occupation with the supernatural, and

the true disciple endeavours in this respect to follow in his master's footsteps. 'Beware of religion,' a Mandarin says, meaning 'beware of superstition'; and in this sense only Confucianism is irreligious. Again it is said that Confucianism is merely an ethical system; and this, too, is true, in so far as its whole aim and purport is to direct and inspire right conduct. But, on the other hand—and this is the point I wish to make—it is not merely a teaching, but a life. The principles it enjoins are those which are actually embodied in the structure of society, so that they are inculcated not merely by written and spoken word, but by the whole habit of everyday experience. The unity of the family and the state, as expressed in the worship of ancestors, is the basis not merely of the professed creed, but of the actual practice of a Chinaman. To whatever other faith he may adhere—Buddhist, Taoist, Christian—this is the thing that really matters to him. To him the generations past and the generations to come form with those that are alive one single whole. All live eternally, though it is only some that happen at any moment to live upon earth. Ancestor-worship is thus the symbol of a social idea, immense in its force to consolidate and to bind. Its effect in China must be seen to be believed. . . .

"This, then, is the first and most striking aspect of our national religion; but there is another hardly less important in its bearing on social life. Confucianism is the exponent of the ideal of work. Your eighteenth century observers, who laid so much stress on the ritual of the Emperor's yearly ploughing, were nearer to the heart of our civilisation than many later and less sympathetic enquirers. The duty of man to labour, and primarily to labour on the soil, is a fundamental postulate of our religion. Hence the worship of Mother Earth, the source of all increase; hence the worship of Heaven, the giver of light and rain; and hence also that social system whose aim is to secure a general access to the soil. The willing dedication of all, in brotherhood and peace, to labour, blessed by the powers of heaven and earth, such is the simple, intelligible ideal we have set before our people, such is the conception we have embodied in our institutions. And if you seek more than this, a metaphysical system to justify and explain our homely creed, that too we have provided for our scholars. Humanity, they are taught, is a Being spiritual and eternal, manifesting itself in time in the series of generations. This Being is the mediator between heaven and earth, between the ultimate ideal and the existing fact. By

labour, incessant and devout, to raise earth to heaven, to realise, in fact, the good that as yet exists only in idea—that is the end and purpose of human life; and in fulfilling it we achieve and maintain our unity each with every other, and all with the Divine. There, surely, is a faith not unworthy to be called a religion. I do not say that it is consciously held by the mass of the people, for in no State does the mass of the people reflect. But I claim for us that the life of our masses is so ordered and disposed as to accord with the postulates of our creed; that they practise, if they do not profess, the tenets of our sages, and that the two cardinal ideas on which every society should rest, brotherhood and the dignity of labour, are brought home to them in direct and unmistakable form by the structure of our secular institutions."

This is all very good and an admirable ideal; but surely the West is also laborious enough in all conscience! *Laborare est orare* was and is also even a monkish ideal in the West. Such is the ideal of Confucianism, as it is said to appear to an educated Chinaman. The writer then proceeds to give his view of the relation of society with religion in the West.

"While, on the one hand, your society has evolved on a purely material basis, on the other religion has not ceased to be recognised among you. Only, cut off from its natural root in social institutions, it has assumed forms which I cannot but think to be either obtuse or dangerous. Those who profess Christianity—and there are few who, in one way or another, do not—either profess it only with their lips, and having in this way satisfied those claims of the ideal from which no human being is altogether free, turn back with an unencumbered mind and conscience to the pursuit of egotistic ends; or else, being seriously possessed by the Teachings of Christ, they find themselves almost inevitably drawn into the position of revolutionists. For those Teachings, if they be fully accepted and fairly interpreted, must be seen to be incompatible with the whole structure of your society. Enunciated centuries ago, by a mild Oriental enthusiast, unlettered, untravelled, inexperienced, they are remarkable not more for their tender appeal to brotherly love than for their aversion or indifference to all other elements of human excellence. The subject of Augustus and Tiberius lived and died unaware of the history and doctrines of imperial Rome; the contemporary of Virgil and Livy could not read the language in which they wrote. Provincial by birth, mechanic by trade, by temperament a poet and a mystic, he enjoyed in the course of his brief

life few opportunities, and he evinced little inclination, to become acquainted with the rudiments of the science whose end is the prosperity of the State. The production and the distribution of wealth, the disposition of power, laws that regulate labour, property, trade, these were matters as remote from his interests as they were beyond his comprehension. Never was man better equipped to inspire a religious sect ; never one worse to found or direct a commonwealth Yet this man it is whose *naïf* maxims of self-abnegation have been accepted as gospel by the nations of the West, the type of all that is predatory, violent, and aggressive. No wonder your history has been one long and lamentable tale of antagonism, tumult, carnage and confusion! No wonder the spiritual and temporal powers have oscillated between open war and truces as discreditable to the one as to the other! No wonder that down to the present day every man among you who has been genuinely inspired with the spirit of your religion has shrunk in horror from the society which purports to have adopted its principles as its own! It is the Nemesis of an idealist creed that it cannot inform realities ; it can but mass together, outside and in opposition to the established order, the forces that should have shaped and controlled it from within. The spirit remains unembodied, the body uninformed. So it has been and so it is with this polity of yours. It purports to represent a superhuman ideal ; in reality, it does not represent even one that is human. It is of the earth, earthy ; while from heaven far above, cries, like a ghost, the voice of the Nazarene, as pure, as clear, as ineffectual, as when first it flung from the shores of Galilee its challenge to the world-sustaining power of Rome."

Surely this was written by no Chinaman! There is truth in it, that is to say, some points are well taken ; but there is a far greater proportion of those half-truths which are more dangerous than falsehoods. Could we really persuade ourselves that these letters had been penned by a genuine Chinaman, our judgment would be different and we should value at greater worth some of the points brought forward ; but, as it is, we regard the criticism as written by a Western hand, and this very fact is an indication of the superior practicality and determination of the Western intellect over the lethargy of modern China, though we cannot but regret that these qualities in our author are considerably discounted by the lack of straightforwardness concerning his own identity. We are eagerly anxious to understand the real John Chinaman and his point of view,

and doubtless our pseudo "John Chinaman" has brought forward many points of service in this connection, but we should prefer to hear our Chinese brethren speak for themselves.

G. R. S. M.

## Man's Life History

Man's Place in the Universe. A Summary of Theosophic Study. By the Author of the *Story of Atlantis*. (London and Benares: Theosophical Publishing Society; 1902. Price 2*s*.)

This little book is intended to offer to the enquirer a fairly simple and complete exposition, according to Theosophy, of the nature and evolution of man and his relations with his surroundings. It is meant to serve as an introduction to more abstruse works, and thus to smoothe the first somewhat rugged steps over which the would-be student is a little apt to stumble. We think, however, that it is not so suitable for the beginner as for the fairly advanced student, to whom it gives a very useful summary of our present knowledge.

Brief explanations of the terms Spirit and Matter, and of the general working of the Law of Karma, form an introduction to the first chapter of the book, "Man's relation to God." This gives a luminous expositio nof the nature and work of the Three Logoi, as illustrated in the activities of the triple Solar Logos of our system, and the three outpourings of the Life—the Life-Waves now familiar to the theosophical student. The second chapter on "The Planetary Chains" will prove a very difficult one for the ordinary reader, and we could therefore almost wish that it came at the end of the book instead of at the beginning; it speaks with much detail on the seven chains, and thus touches points on which theosophical students are much divided.

Students will find much to interest them in the two succeeding chapters on the "Downward and Upward Arcs" and the "Karma of failure." These four chapters cover the outline of human history on the large scale, and from this our author turns to the evolution of the individual. Under the heading, "Vehicles of Consciousness and Reincarnation," we have first the definition of "the real man," and then the description of the veiling of this man in successive sheaths, formed out of the matter of the planes on which he is to function. These "sheaths" become "vehicles of consciousness," and these are transformed into "bodies," *i.e.*, forms that can be used by the man for active functioning on the planes to which they belong. This

nomenclature is, we think, new, in the West, in the precise definition given to each term, and in this precision lies a distinct advantage for the student, though it may add to the initial difficulties of the casual reader. Our author next traces the evolution of consciousness and its relation to its vehicles during and after a physical life, and its return to this globe to carry on its evolution.

The sixth chapter describes the "After-Death Conditions," and explains the various states of the man in Kâmaloka and Devachan. The devachanic life is singularly well described, and its value is rightly insisted on.

Chapter VII., entitled "The Goal of Humanity," is a lucid and inspiring description of the self-realisation of consciousness on the nirvâṇic plane, and of the steps which lead thereto on the Path, trodden by the more eager aspirants. These show in their characters a growing "aloofness from earthly interests, while yet all earthly duties are being discharged to the full," and the attitude of the aspirant is well described, as regards his emotional development, in the following passage:

> Now, this love is no mere sentimental goodwill, no mere vague and undefined affection for humanity in general. It is a personal love for each, a perfect recognition of the claims of man as man on all we have and all we are; a passionate giving out of our best in practical response to each personal claim, just as though the one person whose claim may come before us, at any given moment, were our nearest and our dearest, our closest and our best. It means, in fact, the widening of personal or individual love, till it embraces *all*, so that to one who needs us is freely given all that before was given but to the one or to the few.
>
> Such a love fitly crowns the edifice of wisdom and power. It is the culminating achievement, the final and crowning result of the effort of ages.

Personally, I should prefer to eliminate the word "passionate" in the above description, as passion—connoting, as it does, whirl and disturbance—has no place in the serenity at which we aim; but, with this slight exception, the passage is both true and beautiful, and the aspirant may test his progress by the extent to which he realises this ideal.

May this little book aid the struggling steps of the learner, and thus realise the wishes and reward the labours of the author.

ANNIE BESANT.

## Eastern Teachings

A Study of the Bhâgavata Purâṇa, or Esoteric Hinduism. By Purnendu Narayana Sinha, M.A., B.L. (London and Benares: Theosophical Publishing Society; 1901. Price 4*s*.)

Few works have come from the pens of our theosophical brothers in India that deserve more careful study than this weighty volume. It is scarcely a book that one can recommend to the general reader, as it is one which demands slow reading and sustained thinking; but the student of Eastern thought can scarcely afford to be without it, and it offers a good example of the value shed on ancient Scriptures by theosophical teachings. The writer is a man learned in the Shâstras, drawing on a mind well stored with Hindu doctrines; he is also well versed in theosophical thought, and the combination—only too rare—gives its peculiar value to this work.

The plan of the book is simple and well designed; a translation is given, "reproducing the text in its essential features," omitting all non-essential. This has the advantage of giving us a consecutive account, but, on the other hand, some of the loveliest portions of the original disappear. The author adds his own comments and explanations within brackets, and it is these, as said above, which give this book its great value.

The object of *Shrîmad Bhâgavata* is to arouse Bhakti, devotion, by describing the actions of Bhagavân, the Lord, named herein Vishṇu. It is intended to lift the devotee to the higher planes of existence, beyond the Trilokî, the three worlds in which men revolve on the wheel of births and deaths, and to this end it fixes the heart on Bhagavân and His supreme abode. This is the secret of its perennial popularity, of its hold on the hearts of Hindus. It is the Purâṇa which awakens, stimulates and nourishes spiritual love.

It is Nârada, the typical devotee, who urges on Vyâsa the writing of this Purâṇa; having, by devotion to Bhagavân, gained the Nirmâṇakaya vesture, he does not perish with the three worlds: "The mind fixed in Me is never destroyed in creation or pralaya, nor does the memory fail." He, in his deathless body, is indrawn when Brahmâ sleeps, and comes forth on His awakening. In order to help others to gain this state, Nârada bids Vyâsa write the *Bhâgavata*.

After a chapter on Yoga, an account of the creation is given, and it is interesting to see here how the *Bhâgavata* with its Three Purushas confirms the theosophical teaching of the three life-waves

—a point, we may note in passing, that is even more plainly put in the *Devî Bhâgavata*, a work full of occultism, never yet, so far as we know, translated. Students should read very carefully the comments, pp. 21-23, on the manifestation of the Logos in man.

The part of the tâmasic and râjasic attributes of matter in the work of creation is illustrated by the allegory of Hiraṇyaksha and Hiraṇykashipu, the tâmasic and râjasic representatives of Jaya and Vijaya, the ingoing and outgoing Prâna of the Lord. The tables constructed with great care, and partially explained, will repay study, remembering that they are not the mere genealogies they appear to be, but a history of kosmic evolution. The student may be aided to understand the Paurâṇic system by noting the explanation given by Nârada of the story of Puraṇjana, as well as by assimilating the valuable comments of our author, who has well worked out the limited principles given in the Purâṇa itself.

Out of these Paurâṇic stories, also, arises the great lesson of the content which accepts the Law whether it gives gain or loss. The sages come under a kârmic curse; they work it out as readily as a kârmic blessing. Nothing shakes them, for their wills being fixed to reach Viṣhṇu, they quarrel not with the incidents on the way, nor dream ever of failure, whatever may befall.

The Tenth Skandha and our author's illuminative comments should be reprinted separately as a pamphlet for Indian circulation. We have seen nothing more likely to defend Indian youth from the misapprehensions of this Skandha which arise from modern prurience and alien suggestions.

Our author concludes with an admirable summary of evolution, that will repay most careful study, a final proof of the value of the blending of Paurâṇic and theosophical learning. And of one thing we feel sure: they who study this book most carefully will be those who will value it most highly.

ANNIE BESANT.

## OBSCURE PROBLEMS OF KARMA AND RE-BIRTH

Transactions of the London Lodge of the Theosophical Society No. 36; April, 1902. By A. P. Sinnett. (London: Theosophical Publishing Society. Price 1s.)

UNDER the above title Mr. Sinnett publishes the substance of a series of lectures given to the London Lodge during the months of February and March of the present year, and deals chiefly with such enigmas

as sex in incarnation and idiot births. We congratulate our Vice-President on the intelligent way in which he has sketched a number of most interesting problems connected with these subjects, and on the care with which he protects his readers from falling into those crudities of thought which usually characterise the earlier stages of theosophic study. Mr. Sinnett is as usual ingenious and interesting and very able in drawing deductions from the investigations of our "clear-seeing" colleagues. As he implies himself, however, we have not as yet sufficient data to enable us to work out even a tentative solution of most of these "obscure problems," and we should like to add that much of the data to hand also requires very careful revision.

G. R. S. M.

## Mrs. Besant's Adyar Lectures

The Religious Problem in India: Four Lectures delivered during the Twenty-sixth Annual Convention of the Theosophical Society at Adyar, Madras, 1901. By Annie Besant. (London: Theosophical Publishing Society; 1902. Price 1*s.* 6*d.*)

Mrs. Besant's recent lectures at Adyar are practically in continuation of her series *Four Great Religions*, in which she treated of Brâhmanism, Buddhism, Zoroastrianism and Christianity. To these she has now added lectures on Islâm, Jainism and Sikhism, and has rounded off the whole with a fine exposition of that Wisdom which unifies all faiths.

The key-note of our colleague's method is given in her own words on p. 20: "Judge a religion by its noblest and not by its worst, and then we shall learn to love each other as brothers, and not hate each other as bigots and as fanatics." We have, then, before us eloquent panegyrics on the founders and teachings of the great faiths under consideration, and what is most astonishing is that Mrs. Besant, who was almost too weak to stand, should have been able to speak with such marvellous spirit as is displayed in her lectures on Islâm, Sikhism and Theosophy, and even on so sedate and philosophic a theme as Jainism.

In pursuit of her purpose our colleague has naturally sought in Syed Ameer Ali's eloquent defence of Mohammedanism her authority for that ideal "Spirit of Islâm," which was doubtless intended by the giver of that Faith, but which, as was to be expected, owing to the common imperfection of human nature, the followers have but seldom realised. In the lecture on Jainism there is some interesting informa-

tion on the inner discipline of the disciple, gleaned from personal conversation with Jaina friends, and also from translations from the Prâkrit made for Mrs. Besant by our colleague Babu Govinda Dâsa. The lecture on Sikhism is also rendered specially useful by a large number of extracts from the *Âdi Granth*, classified under headings, on which Mrs. Besant had asked for specific Sikh teaching. The passages were translated by Sirdars Umrao Singh and Harbans Singh.

The Martha of "history" who is troubled with much "critical" serving, has not such an easy time down here as the Mary of devotion who sits at the feet of the Lord and sees all things *couleur de rose*. One supplies the food of the intellect and the other the food of the spirit; the story, however, tells us that they were *sisters*, and that *both* loved Him. Our colleague has now told us what her Mary has to say, and say most beautifully, concerning these seven great religions, and we hope that some day she may be induced to let us hear what her Martha has to tell about so many things which puzzle us in the origin and history of the world-faiths.

In any case these lectures are a fitting sequel to the four previous ones which gave so much pleasure, and the whole eight might very well be printed together in a subsequent edition. G. R. S. M.

## Some Essays

Philosophy and Life, and Other Essays. By J. H. Muirhead, M.A. (London: Swan Sonnenschein and Co., Ltd., Paternoster Square; 1902.)

The essay which gives the title to this volume is a plea for the study of philosophy—rightly separated from psychology as a department of thought—and defined as a speculative science of mind, or the theory of reality. Its value is alleged to be that it keeps us in touch with the whole, however much we may otherwise specialise. "To do this on easy terms, and superficially, is what is commonly known as culture; to do it seriously, systematically, deeply and effectively, is what we mean by philosophy."

The second essay deals with Professor William Wallace, and the third expounds pleasantly R. L. Stevenson's philosophy of life. Of the remaining, the essay on "What Imperialism means" is perhaps the most interesting and useful.

The last four essays, distinguished as "logical" from the preceding nine "ethical," will repay reading. Annie Besant.

## Magazines and Pamphlets

*Theosophist*, April. "Old Diary Leaves" are brought up to the end of 1892. In his retrospect of the ten years the Colonel says: "Although attention has been called before to the fact that the history of the Society proves that its strength is quite independent of personalities, I think that it is profitable to emphasise this instructive truth from time to time. . . . . Even under the staggering blow of H. P. B.'s sudden removal, statistics show that the Society went on its way as unimpeded as the stately frigate is by the ripple that spends itself against her bow. For my part the knowledge of this law gives me constant pleasure, for I thus know that when my time, or even Annie Besant's, comes to leave this plane the only shock that will be felt will be in individual hearts, and not in our corporate entity." S. Stuart concludes his practical and valuable paper "Concerning Occultism"; G. Ramachandra Rao commences a series in which, under the title of "The Temple of God," he "attempts to deal with the very fundamentals of the philosophy of religion, especially of Hinduism"; Mrs. Hooper gives us an interesting statement of the Hawaiian Creation Myth, showing, as the creation stories of savage tribes so often do, strong resemblances with the account in the *Secret Doctrine;* W. A. Mayers concludes his treatment of "Jesus, called the Christ," with chapters on "The Martyrdom" and "The Theophanies of the Master." "The Weird Snake Dance of the Mokis" is concluded, and Mr. Tepper's "Nature of Gravitation" advanced another stage; whilst "Thoughts on the word Zoroaster" and a brief notice of the "Institut Psychologique International" complete a good number.

*Prasnottara* for April, besides the usual Activities, has the continuation of "Stray Thoughts on the *Bhagavad Gîtâ*," and brief papers on "The Status of the Kshattriya," "Adwaita Yoga," and "The Destruction of Personality."

*Central Hindu College Magazine*, April, announces a series of school books on the Hindu religion under the title of *Sanâtana Dharma*, which should find a sale here amongst our members as well as in India. We think and speak much of Hindu religion without noticing how very fragmentary our knowledge of it usually is. Hitherto it has not been entirely our own fault, for the materials of such small study as most of us can give to it have been wanting; but this new text-book should bring it within the reach of all. Mr. Harry Banbery furnishes a valuable paper entitled "How do we differ from other

Colleges?" which should be read by those of us who desire to understand the importance attributed to this work by Mrs. Besant and the others who take part in it.

Also from India: *The Dawn*, containing a paper on the "Training of Youths in Ancient India," up to the time when "Buddhism arose as a cloud to darken the bright prospects of Hinduism." The author (a Professor of Hindu Law) honestly confesses that "at that time the Hindu social leaders discarded as not of Vedic origin all those customs which destroyed the distinction between a Hindu and a Buddhist, and without the least hesitation excluded from the curriculum of studies all those Smṛitis which were held in contempt by the hostile Buddhists as evincing proofs of avarice, deceit, ignorance." In other words, as always happens, the Religion, in presence of opposition, re-organised itself as a Sect. *Awakenev of India; Siddhanta Deepika; Dharma;* the *Indian Review*, which contains an appreciative account of the article in our March number on Râmakṛishṇa Paramahamsa; *East and West*, and the Fifth Report of the Rangoon T.S.

*Vâhan*, for May, contains a correspondence with Mr. Leadbeater on the question whether the Law of Karma allows us to conceive of "undeserved suffering." The "Enquirer" is mainly occupied by a long answer from B. K. to the question "What is meant by 'sinking into unconsciousness'?"

*Revue Théosophique*, April, is a very solid number, having Mrs. Besant's paper on "The Power of Thought," the continuation of Dr. Pascal's "The Great Instructors of Humanity," and T. H. Martyn on the Bible; only relieved by a short anecdote by M. Largeris, and answers to two questions by C. W. L.

*Théosophie*, May, has Mr. Leadbeater's 1900 lecture on H. P. B., and Guymiot's "Science and Religion."

*Theosophia*, May, besides translations from H. P. B.'s "Occultism or Magic," Mrs. Besant's "Thought Power," and A. Fullerton's "Theosophy the Religion of Jesus," gives us original papers by H. Ceroop Koopmans-Waller on Theosophy for little children, and by J. van Manen on "Theosophical Propaganda-writings," in the shape of a detailed criticism on M. Boissevain's *Introduction to Theosophy*.

*Teosofia*, April, has a lecture given by Mr. Leadbeater, at Rome, on "The Possibilities of Human Consciousness," "Some Problems of Religion," by Mrs. Besant, and "Wisdom and its Adorers."

*Teosofisk Tidskrift*, April, has an address delivered to the Stockholm Lodge on Idealism, and A. Besant's "Limits of Evolution,"

*Sophia*, April, contains translations from Mrs. Besant's *Esoteric Christianity*, and "*How Isis Unveiled* was written"; Sr. Arturo Soria gives us a singularly original and thoughtful paper entitled "Spiritual Mechanics—Education"; A. F. Gerling (Mexico) contributes a study on the ancient Greek text of the Pater Noster; "A Fragment of Flaubert" introduces us to a dialogue between the Buddha and SS. Antony and Hilarion; whilst the number is completed by a "Legend of the Azores" and more of H. P. B.'s *From the Caves and Jungles of Hindustan*.

*Theosophy in Australasia*, March, contains the farewell of the late Secretary, Mr. H. Arthur Wilson, who is leaving Australia for India. The articles are: "Practical Theosophy," by E. G. Russell; "Justice and Faith," by M. J. Whitty; "Necessary Virtues," by J. M. Davies; and "Prayer," by F. C. Ramsay.

*New Zealand Theosophical Magazine*, March and April. The General Secretary's Report to the Convention announces that the numbers of the Section have risen from 194 to 209, but that "a great many annual dues are still unpaid." His experience is the universal one; everywhere so much could be done if we only had the means.

*Theosophic Messenger* for April continues Mr. Leadbeater's Amsterdam lecture on clairvoyance, and reprints some answers from the *Vâhan*. We note that the next convention is fixed for September 28th, and that Mr. Leadbeater is to be present.

We have also to acknowledge: *Theosofisch Maandblad; Revista Teosofica; Modern Astrology; Light; Metaphysical Magazine; Mind; Humanitarian; Il Nuovo Risorgimento; La Nuova Parola; Notes and Queries; All Nations; Light of Kosmon; Psycho-Therapeutic Journal; Sierra Leone Weekly News; Animals' Friend; Rosa Alchemica; Review of Reviews.*

*The Gospel according to Gautama* (Northern Publishing Co., Bolton, price 1s.), consisting of four short poems, is not a booklet we can recommend. It challenges *The Light of Asia* in its title, and *In Memoriam* in its metre. The challenges are not successful.

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ERRATUM.

IN the review of Mr. Clarke's work *The Eternal Question* in our last issue, the place of publication should have been given as *Bolton*, not *Boston*.

G. R. S. M.

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THE

# THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW

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## ON THE WATCH-TOWER

How rapidly is the idea of reincarnation making its way, so that it appears here, there, and everywhere, as a hypothesis, a possibility; and with it, of course, goes there cognition of the law of karma. Here is a paragraph from *Science Siftings*:

Changes in Thought

### IS SANTOS-DUMONT RE-INCARNATED?

Is Santos-Dumont a re-incarnation? A French journal gives a portion of a letter from a Brazilian to the King of Portugal, bearing the date 1709. His name was Santos, and, strange coincidence, he was likewise an aeronaut. His ideas seem almost contemporaneous, although he lived two centuries ago. He says: "I have invented a machine by means of which one can voyage in the air more rapidly than on land or sea. It will travel more than two hundred leagues in a day and be invaluable to send dispatches to armies in the most distant countries. Thanks to the aerial navigation we may discover the North Pole and such remote regions." The inhabitants of Portugal were not then ripe for such advanced ideas. They considered poor Santos a friend of witches, and he was banished from the country into Spain, where he died in the Seville hospital.

From the other side of the Atlantic comes the voice of Madame Calvé, the singer, writing in the *Metropolitan Magazine*.

I sometimes think that the rôle of *Carmen* is a sort of karma, too—a punishment for some of my inordinate cravings and my vanity in another existence. I laugh; I dance; I sing; I am cruel, heartless, and a coquette, as *Carmen*. I understand the character so well. And yet *Carmen* is a creature wholly foreign to me. She is never I. She is my enemy, and yet she is my triumph. Is there not a grim humour in this incongruity? . . . . Who am I that I should be exalted, petted, praised, while humanity all around me is crying piteously for aid, for light, for life? So I still believe, according to the laws of karma, that I am carrying out a self-selected destiny. Some time, in some place, I must have longed inordinately for the stage, for applause, for the poor little baubles of Madame Calvé. And now that I am Calvé and hold the toy for which that other self cried out, I hope to return in another æon or two, and find myself on some terrestrial planet where there is no singing, no opera house.

The lovers of the WISDOM may well rejoice as they see the ideas they are labouring to spread appear in such diverse quarters.

* * *

Wanted, some Critics

THE American Presbyterian Church seems to be extraordinarily out of touch with modern thought, and its ministers appear to be thinking along lines that might have been deemed impossible. Can no one transplant thither some healthy saplings of the Higher Criticism, or, perhaps better, of the Lower? Not long ago we had a committee recommending such a revision of the doctrinal standards as might allow American Presbyterians to believe that children dying in infancy were not doomed to everlasting torture. And now we have the following:

A professor in the Princetown Presbyterian Seminary has recently made an astounding statement. He does not know, and never has known, a professor in any Presbyterian seminary who does not believe that the story of Adam and Eve in Genesis in all its details is literal history. In certain presbyteries in America opposition has lately been made to the approval of candidates for the ministry on the ground that they regarded the Eden story as legendary, and the Conservatives are entrenching themselves behind the General Assembly of 1899, which unanimously resolved that "to hold that the Holy Scriptures are in any respect historically inaccurate is to oppose the teaching of the Confession, chapter i., section 4."

On this the *Christian World* comments;

Some ten years ago the late Dr. Bruce declared that the American Presbyterian Church was in "deep, dogmatic slumber." With here and there some signs of stirring, it seems to be so still.

The trend of western thought is so strongly critical and intellectual, that it is astounding to find such a condition of things in an educated community. There is most valuable mystic truth conveyed by the story of Adam and Eve, but in its purely historical aspect it can scarcely be accepted by any thoughtful reader.

* * *

The Love of Hell

But error dies hard. The terrible doctrine of everlasting torture has so firm a grip on the Wesleyan Methodist community that Prof. Joseph Agar Beet, D.D., one of the ablest theologians among the Wesleyans, has been refused re-election to the Chair of Systematic Theology in Richmond College, held by him since 1885, because he expressed in a guarded way some doubt as to the everlasting torment of sinners. He by no means expresses any terrible heretical opinion that sinners also are God's children and will be saved, but merely doubts if they will suffer for ever. He wrote as follows, this being a modified re-statement of his views, made to meet the criticism to which he had been subjected:

> To many godly and thoughtful men the doom of endless suffering, involving endless permanence of evil, has seemed irreconcilable with the love and even the justice of God. And some of them have for this reason, vindicating, as they think, the character of God, dismissed the theory before us as inconceivable and impossible. This objection demands respectful consideration. For throughout the Bible God claims, even in His punishment of sin, the approval of men. And the homage paid by our moral sense to the character and teaching of Christ is an all-important witness to His supreme authority. In all ages the profound mystery of the existence of evil has perplexed the mind of man. But this difficulty is somewhat lessened by our observations that frequently suffering and even temptation to sin have been a means of moral discipline, and thus of benefit to those who suffer and are tempted. The theory before us involves the immensely greater difficulty of the endlessness of suffering. It implies that God will inflict on the wicked a punishment which will perpetuate evil in the form of suffering and in some sense of sin, and maintain an existence which has become an unmixed and unspeakable curse for endless ages after His purpose of mercy has been fully accomplished,

Even this has proved to be too strongly heretical, and Dr. Beet has lost his chair. It is evident that we need some Theosophists in the Wesleyan community, who will teach the inevitableness of suffering treading on the heels of evil, "as the wheels of the cart follow the ox," but also its remedial and purificatory character.

* * *

An ancient Art Gallery

THE earth truly gives up her dead, and by them teaches the living something of her past. Within the last few years a cave has been discovered in the district of Périgord, France, which contains a number of drawings on its rocky walls, a kind of pre-historic art gallery, open to the public of some 200,000 years ago. M. Emile Rivière has devoted the last three years to the study of these ancient pictures, and has issued copies of many of them. They transplant us into the life active in France two thousand centuries ago, and show us a dwelling of that time—resembling a charcoal burner's hut in the same part of France at the present day —with numbers of the then living animals, drawn with much force and spirit. A lamp of red sandstone has survived through the ages, and shows that the people of that far-off day loved to have their household utensils beautiful, for the lamp is decorated with the carven likeness of a goat, with long horns curling backwards. The drawings in the cave are by no means of equal merit; some are remarkably life-like, a figure of a running goat, for instance, being full of energy; others are evidently the work of inferior artists. Strange in modern eyes would be the surroundings of those old artists, who lived and loved and drew and died far back in the shadowy past, leaving their handiwork to be found and criticised in to them far-off ages. The human consciousness, ever evolving, knows past and present as but stages in its life, and it may be that the same artist mind, which guided its then hand to draw these ancient animals, has in these days guided the hand of Rosa Bonheur, with the greater skill and power gained during its long unfolding.

* * *

Two hundred thousand years are but as yesterday when compared with the ten million years from which another visitor has come

A Visitor with a Past from Old Russia

forth to greet us. This common ancestor of the reptiles and the mammals is of a really respectable antiquity, and, if he had had time to have evolved into a man with a memory, he would have been good-naturedly amused with Archbishop Usher's 4,004 B.C. He is called a Parieasaurus, and one of his relatives left some tracks on the New England rocks, but was not obliging enough to leave his bones. Perhaps he could not; he may have been eaten by a contemporary. Fragments of other relatives have been discovered in South Africa, but this is the first one of the family to introduce himself complete to the pigmy modern reptiles as their ancestor. He is ten feet long and two and a half feet high; of legs he has the orthodox four, the front legs longer than the hind ones, so that he looks as though he were trying to climb into a giraffe. His jaw is hinged like that of a snake, and he has that creature's flattened head. His teeth are strong, broad and flat, evidently accustomed to business, and he has very large and heavy claws. He was buried in the sandstone banks of the Northern Dwina, in the steppes of the Ural mountains, and was dug up by Professor W. P. Amalitzky of Warsaw, rewarding two years of hard work.

* * *

QUITE modern is a tomb in the Roman forum, lately discovered by Commendatore Boni, dating only as far behind Romulus as Romulus is behind Augustus. (But surely Romulus is not allowed now-a-days?) The tomb contains some incinerated human bones in a two-handled clay jar, an Olla, a small vase of black clay, and a cup with a perforated handle. The Olla is modelled in the form of a hut, thought to represent the human dwellings of the period.

Quite Modern

* * *

A VALUED correspondent sends us the following:

A corner of the veil that hides from the physicist evidences of the existence of the living forces that surge into the atoms of the chemical elements has been lifted, and "the manifestation of sub-atomic chemical change" in certain phenomena of radio-activity is recognised as the result of an elaborate research on "The Radio-

Lifting the Veil

activity of Thorium Compounds," and on "The Cause and Nature of Radio-activity."* The radio-active and emanating constituent of thorium compounds (ThX) is found to be, at least to a great extent, separable by chemical means; but, the thorium compounds continue to reproduce the ThX. The authors state that "the source of the energy required to maintain the radio-activity of thorium over indefinite periods is . . . to be found in a chemical change producing new types of matter." Meanwhile ThX is subject to undergo a secondary change, one product of which is a gas belonging to the argon group, which in the radio-active state constitutes the emanation. The thoria from which ThX has been separated is still radio-active, but the rays partake of the character of the Röntgen rays in being non-deviable and travelling in straight lines; whereas the radio-active gaseous emanation is capable of being diffused or deviated. The spectroscope revealed to us many secrets, both astral and mundane, but in this magnificent research one instrument, in a particular direction far more delicate—the electrometer—has revealed something of the slow operations of nature in her womb, which must have remained undiscovered by coarser means. It is the property of radio-active substances to render a gas capable of discharging electricity, and this effect is so exactly measurable as to exceed, by a quantity of the order of $10^{-12}$ (or $\frac{1}{10^{12}}$), that detected by the balance, and therefore altogether beyond its range. Thoria, mixed with many thousand times its weight of *z*irconia, can be accurately detected and measured, by means of its emanation, by an electrometer.

* * *

Miracles, or Natural Printing Processes?

THE discovery of the existence of radio-active bodies is suggesting all kinds of interesting physical explanations for phenomena supposed by most to be either fraudulent or "super-natural." May not human—and other—bodies give off emanations which may affect sensitive surfaces? May they not thus imprint themselves on objects in quite unexpected ways? May not astral bodies thus photograph themselves in a tied-up parcel

* *T. Chem. Soc.*, April, 1902, and *Proceedings*, May 15th, 1902. Authors, Prof. Rutherford and F. Soddy.

of sensitive plates, producing positives instead of negatives? May not certain pictures, believed to be miraculous, be thus explained? If so, might not the tradition of S. Veronica's handkerchief, for instance, have a basis of fact, rapid impressions being made by the utilisation of astral energies to quicken radio-activity, while the physical, left to itself, would require a longer time to produce a similar impression?

* * *

THERE has been much speculation about the ether of late years, ether, the immaterial matter that eludes observation and yet demands recognition by the necessity of its existence. Sir John Herschel regarded ether as "an adamantine solid," dense beyond earthly densities. Then Lord Kelvin upset this theory by proving that only if the density of the ether were infinitely small could radiant energy be transmitted through space. Mr. Fraser has now written a paper, published in the *Proceedings* of the Edinburgh Royal Society, in which he describes the atom as "a veritable ethereal bubble," the bubble having as film a layer of ether particles in rapid rotation. It is known that the resistance of a solid can be obtained from non-solid matter by setting it in extremely rapid movement; and may not this fact reconcile the two opposing theories?

Vortex or Particle or Both?

* * *

THE researches of Professor Jagadish Chandra Bose, M.A., D.Sc., of Calcutta, are arousing much interest in the western scientific world. He has published his lecture given last year at the Royal Institution on "The Response of Inorganic Matter to Stimulus," and is now lecturing on his later discoveries of the response of plants to similar stimuli. He has demonstrated the important facts that the response to a stimulus of metals, plants, and animal muscle, as shown by the curves traced on a revolving drum, is identical in each, the curves yielded by one not being distinguishable from those given by another. A pinch on a piece of cabbage and a pinch on a man's hand give identical curves of response; if the one response be that of life, so is the other. Life

Life in Minerals

is present in both or in neither; matter is not "living" in animal and plant, while it is "dead" in mineral. Thus is another ridiculed statement of the *Secret Doctrine* becoming justified by the advance of science.

* * *

Artificial Crucibles *v.* Natural

DIAMOND manufacture is again to the fore, and seems to be within measurable distance as a "commercial success." Mr. E. G. Atcheson, a pupil of Edison, is working near Niagara Falls—utilising the astounding amount of electricity obtained from "the harnessing of Niagara"—at the manufacture of splendid crimson gems, hard as diamonds and of the colour and sparkle of rubies. At a temperature of 6500°F. he produces these crystals, melting together, in the process, the bricks of his furnace. With the crystals he has also made pure graphite, and hopes to obtain the octohedral crystalline form of carbon—diamond. The means of applying the requisite pressure remains to be discovered.

* * *

From India

MANY of our readers, old friends of Dr. Arthur Richardson, of Bristol—now the much-loved and respected Principal of the Central Hindu College, Benares—will be glad to hear that he has been elected a Fellow of the Allahabad University, and has been appointed one of its Examiners. Dr. Richardson is rapidly building up a name for a deep experimental knowledge of chemistry, and for a rare power of imparting knowledge to others, and of inspiring his pupils with enthusiasm in its pursuit. Speaking of the College, we may add that a modest way of helping it is by subscribing to the College Magazine, which can be ordered through the T.P.S. at 2*s.* a year, post free. Just now a series of tales by Mrs. Besant is appearing, under the title of "The Ways of the Râjaputras," drawn from the old Annals of Râjputâna, tales of warrior daring and chivalry, showing something of the way in which fought the old warrior stock of India.

# THE MYSTERIES AND THE "BOOK OF THE DEAD"

In dealing with a subject like that of the *Book of the Dead*, it is impossible to arrive at any definite conclusions without first stating certain considerations connected with the study of theology, as dealt with by the great thinkers of the past, that is to say; not as it was believed in among the people, but as it was conceived among the wise.

Let us premise then that theology of old, among the wise, was a science, and, as such, recognised no prejudices, and one might also say, no dogmas; a dogma being defined, for the purpose of this paper, as "an authoritative statement, resting on faith alone for proof." The great thinkers of antiquity were philosophers, not dogmatists, as witness Hermes Trismegistus, Plato, Proclus, Aristotle, and others, who built up the fabric of their theology by adding argument to argument, and reason to reason, requiring no man to believe what could not bear the most critical examination.

Moreover, to comprehend the philosophic and symbolic theology of the ancient world, it is necessary to recognise one primary difference between natural and theological research. It is evident that the natural scientist deals with effects and the theologian with causes; the natural scientist with the finite, the theologian with the infinite; and, therefore, the outcome of their studies must be of necessity in the case of the natural scientist of a positive nature, and of the theological scientist of a negative nature. For example, if a natural scientist be asked the question: "What is a mathematical figure?"—if it be in his line he will be able to speak for hours, with great precision of fact, upon the constitution and utility of mathematical figures. But ask a theologian what God is, no answer that he may make can be complete, or anything like complete; and that for the very

simple reason that it cannot be possible for finite symbols, such as words, to define that which is infinite. Whereas if instead of asking what God is, you asked what God is *not*, the answer would be somewhat simplified, for you may mention any concrete or definable thing within the entire range of your experience, and, with the certainty of concrete fact, you may say God is not that thing mentioned, thus establishing what may be called a negative fact. Even in natural science the more that is known, the more do we see the limitations of knowledge; and so, reasoning from the lesser to the greater, it becomes evident that all we can really know about the Final Cause is of a negative nature. Wherefore, also, anything pretending to be positive knowledge of the infinite must be of a contradictory description.

It is so finally in natural science; how much more then even on the border-land of infinity. To give an astronomical example: most educated people are under the impression that they know something about the path of the moon through space; yet it is not possible to settle the question with real exactness, for according to the points of view of the observers so will their ideas on the subject be diverse or contradictory. From the point of view of our planet the moon's path is an ellipse; from the point of view of the sun the moon's path is a thirteen-sided polygon with rounded angles. But there are yet other points of view, and from every point of view a new and different path; for not only are the movements of the moon controlled by its orbit round the earth, and by the earth's orbit round the sun, but the sun itself is moving, and who among men can state the position and distance or relation to our sun of the centre of all things? for that centre is not necessarily the star that controls our sun.

The search for some satisfactory explanation of the great Cause of all existence has been the one pursuit that the learned of all ages have never given up. From the earliest days of man on earth, so far as archæological science can trace him, this has been his great quest, and out of it has arisen every religion that has ever been upon this planet. The learned men of the ancient world appear to have soon arrived at the conclusion that the Absolute was in its essence utterly incognisable; they, therefore, sought to build a fabric of symbol, in order that the aspiring soul

might have a ladder up which his reason could climb, until his spirit, entering into the great Peace, could realise what his reason was incapable of grasping.

From these symbolic systems of ancient learning have come down to us what we call myths. A myth is not necessarily an historical untruth, or indeed an untruth of any kind; it is merely a record of possibly physical circumstance for a spiritual end, as opposed to the relation of what is commonly called profane history. Now there are almost invariably to be found curious links and connections between the myths of all nations and times; and the student of what may be called the undercurrent of philosophy, which runs through all the civilisations of the nations of antiquity, seems gradually to be coming to the conclusion that the fundamental ideas which lie hidden beneath all religions and all myths are, to all intents and purposes, the same. This philosophic system has been called the ancient "Wisdom-religion." To expound this Wisdom-religion and bring it down to the level of the intelligence of the ordinary man, the symbol was invented. A symbol may be simple or complex, and from these old religious symbols I have very little doubt that we in our day get all that makes social law and adorns the crudities of life.

It may have struck some as curious concerning the various writers of the books of the Old and New Testaments, how that everything, from the cosmic elements down to the Roman games, including animals, food, human customs, and costumes, is utilised for the illustration of things divine; but, probably, few have thought of the possibility of, say, the Roman games having been originally planned and constituted for this very purpose, that is, to be a divine symbol, and the same with customs and even with costumes.

It is a tradition of Freemasons that all the comforts and amenities of civilisation arose out of their craft, the outcome and result of the Masonic art. Personally, I have no doubt whatever that in Freemasonry we in Europe possess the direct descendant of the Mysteries of Egypt, Chaldæa, Palestine, Greece, and Rome, changed if you will, deformed out of all recognition, except to the intuition of the most persevering student, yet to that student still carrying the birth-mark of its origin.

What, then, were these ancient Mysteries at the time of their strength? There can be but little doubt that they were the presentation and explanation of the symbols of the Wisdom-religion. They were Mysteries, because comprehensible only to minds of considerable development. They were secret, that they might not miss their object through their not being comprehended, for thus would their symbols be profaned. Here, then, we shall find a clue whereby we may attempt to seek the origin and meaning of the *Book of Epiphany*, more commonly known as the *Book of the Dead*.

This book contains in reality more than one work. But as the earliest portion consists of a number of chapters having the Egyptian name of "Chapters of *Per em Hru*," translators have taken these words as the title of the whole book. These words are now commonly translated "Chapters of Coming-forth by Day." Earlier translators have used the word "manifestation" as an equivalent for the Egyptian word "*Per*," which in reality has the double sense of "coming" or "going *out*" of any place or thing, and also of "appearing" or "manifesting out" of the void, as we would say of a ghost or spirit, in the same sense as a man who opens a door and comes out may be said to manifest his presence to those who are outside that door. The Egyptian word "*em*" certainly has the meaning of "by," but also "in," "into," "with," "from," etc.; and after a careful study of the use of the expression in the actual text of the chapters so named, I have come to the conclusion that the whole sentence "*Per em Hru*" is the Egyptian equivalent, nay, even possibly the true origin of the Greek idea expressed by the word ἐπιφάνεια, epiphany, "coming to light," or to give the Egyptian conception of the symbol, "coming forth into day."

In my opinion, this expression refers primarily to the manifestation of the light of the Mysteries to the Initiate who had been pronounced fit to receive them, and this identical idea of "coming to light," as concerning the Initiate in relation to the Mysteries, is still to be found among Freemasons. For these reasons I prefer the title of *Book of Epiphany*.

But there is another use of the expression *Per em Hru* which seems to have confused our Egyptologists; it referred to the

power which the blessed Dead were believed to possess, of manifesting their presence in the Elysian Field, or to whom and in whatsoever place they desired. Professor Budge, Keeper of the Egyptian Department at the British Museum, says:

"We first touch solid ground in the history of the *Book of the Dead* in the period of the early dynasties, and if we accept one tradition which was current in Egypt as early as B.C. 2,500, we are right in believing that certain parts of it are, in their present form, as old as the time of the first dynasty. The lxivth chapter, which is admitted on all hands to be exceedingly old, exists in two versions; the rubric to one of these declares that the chapter is as old as the time of Hesepti, the fifth King of the Ist Dynasty, about B.C. 4,266, and says that it was found beneath the Ḥennu boat by the foreman of the builders; and the rubric to the other states that it was 'found' at Hermopolis, inscribed upon a block of ironstone, by Herndādāf (the son of Khufu or Cheops, the second King of the IVth Dynasty,) about B.C. 3,733, when he was inspecting the temples throughout the country. These opinions find expression upon the coffins of the XIth and XIIth Dynasties, and in papyri of the best period, that is to say, from about B.C. 1,600 to B.C. 1,000; and though one makes out the chapter to be some six hundred years older than the other, both agree in assigning to it a date which is coeval with the Early Empire."

That is to say, that the Egyptians themselves ascribed a date to one special chapter, as early as 4,250 B.C. Certain chapters are also attributed to the reign of Menkau Rā, the Mycerinos of the Greeks, the fourth King of the IVth Dynasty, and on the coffin-lid of this king, which is now in the British Museum, we have, I believe, the earliest extant actual text taken from the *Book of the Dead*, B.C. 3,630; for even in the few lines thereon there is evidence of identity. The dead King is symbolically called by the name of Osiris, and so is said to be conceived of Nut, the great mother of the divine powers, called the "Mystery of Heaven," and Osiris is spoken of as "of the Seed of Earth."

The next text, found in the pyramid of Unas, dates B.C. 3,330, and from that date to B.C. 3,160 there are four other texts extant; but it cannot be supposed that any or all of these six

texts contain anything like the whole book as known even at that period. This first known recension is called the recension of On or Ánnu, the Heliopolis of the Greeks, the "City of the Sun," which has such great symbolic importance in almost every chapter of this ancient book.

Now it has been considered a remarkable thing that all these texts are connected with royal burials; and though at the end of the VIth Dynasty many tombs have been found decorated with both scenes and texts, none but royal tombs at that time contain any portions of the *Book of the Dead*. This is remarkable, for it must certainly have been a simpler and cheaper thing to rule a number of parallel lines and write texts between them, than to design and paint scenes and decorations, which needed the employment of a much higher form of talent; but I hope to throw some light on all these questions during the process of working out the problems of the origin, contents, and the process of editing.

After the VIth Dynasty there is a gap in the history of the *Book of the Dead* of about 500 years, and then it crops up again, but now it has left the walls of the tomb, and is written on the actual wood of the coffin.

From the XIIth Dynasty to the XVIIIth there is yet another gap, and then we find the book written on papyrus and placed in the tombs of the priests and priestesses, mostly of Amon-Rā. Because this form of it has been found principally at Thebes, it is called the Theban recension.

It is this recension specially which is the subject of the rest of this paper, and which will I hope be the subject of other papers in the near future, for there is one great difference that I believe has not yet been noticed between this latter and the Heliopolitan recension, a difference which makes the Theban recension of immeasurably greater value for our present research. A very carefully edited text of the Theban *Book of the Dead*, taken from a selection of the best papyri, has recently been published by Dr. Budge, thus bringing a complete hieroglyphic text within the reach of all students.

We must now attempt to grapple with the problem of the origin of this, perhaps, the most ancient book on earth; and in

making this attempt we must note that because of its immense antiquity, all external evidence is unsatisfactory, unless we can find confirmation within the book itself. The first thing then to be done is to subject the actual text to a very searching, critical examination; only when this is completed can we allow the threads of legend and tradition to be gathered up and used as evidence. And naturally in a paper such as this I cannot go through the entire evidence, but can only point out the general drift of it.

The first curious thing, then, that strikes the critical examiner is that apparently the Egyptian in his contemplation could get so far detached from his bodily individuality that he became a little uncertain whether to address himself as "I," "thou," or "he"; and the question arises: What is the real significance of this strange muddle of personal pronouns? If we examine the chapter headings, we find almost invariably the legend, "Osiris shall recite," or "'Such a name' shall recite"; showing that the chapters were intended to be recited by one person for his own special benefit.

But on closer examination we decide that these headings, and also the rubrics, are the work of an editor and not part of the original scheme, for we find in certain chapters plain evidence of more than one speaker; as, for example, in the xcixth chapter, where, under the usual heading, "So and So shall recite," there suddenly breaks into the chapter a whole chorus of voices; for the parts of a ship, mast, sail, rigging, rudder, deck, hull, crew and all, suddenly start into active life, and begin asking questions, each of which the original reciter answers, with an assurance which shows that he quite expected it. Again, the scene of the weighing of the heart is evidently dramatic; so also cxxvth chapter, the Chapter of the Negative Confession.

After noting all this we return again to the muddle of personal pronouns before mentioned, and ask ourselves: Can the *Book of the Dead* be of the nature of extracts from some sort of dramatic work, edited in such a manner as to be capable of assisting the religious meditations of a single individual? We then naturally ask further whether there was in very early periods

anything which may be said to have been of a dramatic nature, anything, that is, out of which the drama may have taken its rise.

We recall the Masonic tradition, that all the amenities of civilised life arose from the Masonic art; we recall the idea that Masonry itself is the offspring of the ancient Mysteries; we recall that much of what is known of those Mysteries shows them to have been originally of the nature of dramatic representations of the great historic myths.

It is now an easy step to the question: Does the origin of the *Book of the Dead* lie buried in those very ancient dramatic symbols, handed down from mouth to ear, as Masonic tradition asserts they should be, from long before they were done into writing, and so preserved to our day?

It is to be noticed that the idea of these chapters having been handed down orally before they were written, has been arrived at by other Egyptologists as the logical conclusion arising out of quite another train of thought from that which I have just developed; indeed, internal evidence seems to justify the conclusion that they were not put into writing until it became absolutely necessary to do so, in order to preserve them from further corruption, there having arisen variations of opinion even in those very early times as to the true reading of certain parts, as witness the commentaries on the original text of the xviith chapter, which commentaries have got so much incorporated into the text that restoration is by no means easy.

Starting, then, from the basis of dramatic Mysteries, let us turn to the book itself and see if this idea will in any way fit into it, whether, that is to say, the theory is a workable one. Premising, then, that we all know that the numbering of the chapters is merely a modern convenience for students, we will analyse the first two sections, known respectively as "The Scene of the Weighing of the Heart," and as chapter i.

Unfortunately the first of these Sections is very incomplete, and we must turn to other chapters for some indication of the action which took place previous to the actual Weighing of the Heart; among others the cxxvth chapter gives us such an indication.

In the introduction to this chapter we read, beginning about a third of the way down, line 12 :

"I have been in Dadu.

"I reduced myself to silence.

"The God who strengthens the feet has given me strength.

"I have been in the House of Anubis.

"I have seen him who rules in the temple.

"I have entered into the House of Osiris.

"I took off the head-dress of him that was there.

"I entered in at the Gate of Paths. I saw the mysteries which were there.

"Though I was shrouded I found a passage.

"I was taken up to the southern door-post of the Hall of Truth.

"I put on the garment which was there, because of my nakedness.

"I was anointed by women in the circle of the Initiates.

"And it was demanded: 'Tell me the proving?'

"And I said: Let me be weighed by Him who is in the midst of us."

To analyse this and reduce it to some modern conception of symbolic action we must realise that every place in Egypt was a symbol of some basic notion connected with the progress of the soul from ignorance to knowledge, and therefore also of the entrance and advance of the Initiate in the Masonic art.

Dadu is no exception to this rule, and while to the mind of most Egyptologists it is simply an Egyptian city, or rather two cities, it is ideographically represented by means of two Dads or pillars of stability, and pictorially any person or God spoken of as being in Dadu is represented as standing between these two pillars. This same symbol was carried over into Hebrew symbolism, and in the days of Solomon these two Dads, or pillars of stability, were known to the Jews as Yākīn and Boaz, and stood in the porch or entrance of King Solomon's Temple; I shall, therefore, give them their symbolic sense, and instead of "in Dadu," I shall use the term "between the Pillars."

Here, then, "between the Pillars," at the threshold of entrance to the Holy Place, it is most necessary for the Initiate

to reduce himself to silence. Further, symbolically he cannot pass beyond the Pillars until he has learned from a moral standpoint to control his footsteps. He must be able to walk upright and straight; therefore here must the "God who strengthens the feet, give him power." After this he may enter the antechamber ruled over by Anubis, the guide and guard, and so pass on until he comes into the presence of the Great Balance, where the Heart is weighed by the Master of the Lodge, the Grand Architect of the Universe, "Him" who being everywhere is "in the midst of us."

There can be but little doubt that in the scheme of Egyptian Initiation all this was dramatically represented, the Initiate himself being the principal character in the drama, though in a sense it may be said that he alone of all the actors was not acting.

But to continue our analysis: we have brought our Initiate to the point at which the section opens, which is called the "Scene of the Weighing of the Heart." I have already spoken of the idea that all the amenities of life were developed from these dramatic Mysteries; but as this next scene of the drama opens with such an amenity, I will preface it by saying that the further one dives into antiquity by the light of this idea, the more one finds that there is hardly anything in the whole social fabric which has not originated in these Mysteries; even the restless changes in the fashion of a lady's hat probably began in the symbolic head-dresses of these old wisdom dramas. Court ceremonial and presentations, knighthood, military etiquette, the rites, customs and superstitions of marriage, baptism and burial, the sprinkling of rice, of water, or of earth, had all, I believe, the same origin, down to the most trivial and amusing details.

The tradition now dealt with is that of trial by jury, a jury of twelve. Thus it was that the Egyptian of old expected to be tried in the Judgment Hall of God. In the papyrus of Ani, the names of the jury are given as Harmachis, Temu, Shu, Tefnut, Seb, Nut, Isis, Nepthys, Horus, Hathor, Hu, and Sa.

The Section under notice does not contain anything like what I should imagine to be the whole of even one act of the drama, but merely five short extracts, such as the editor might think would be useful for the assistance of one individual in his

private meditation. These are simple and almost explain themselves; I will append them, giving the name of each character.

The Initiate stands before the Balances and addresses his own heart:

*The Initiate*: "My Heart, which is my mother, my Ego of my incarnation, arise not against me in judgment! Let there be no hostility unto me from the judges! Be not a traitor to me before the keeper of the scales! For thou art my Ka within my body, the former and preserver of my parts. Thou comest forth to the beautiful place to which we are going! Let not my name be made to stink by the princes of the wheel, who place mankind according to their stations. Speak not lies concerning me before God, but speak good things. Thou hearest (me)!"

*The Counsel for the Defence*: "Listen ye to these words. In very truth the heart of Osiris has been weighed. His Bai has arisen as a witness concerning him at his judgment on the great Scales. It has not been found that he has done any evil; he has not taken the bread from the house rows of the poor; he has not diminished weights and measures; he has not gone back from his word to those who were below him, while he was upon earth."

*The Verdict of the Jury*: "Our judgment in this matter is: That which has proceeded from thy mouth is exact truth concerning this Osiris. He has done no evil; he has not been made to stink before us; it is not allowed to the destroyer to have rule in him. Let nourishment be provided for him, and a manifestation before Osiris Himself, and an abiding habitation in the field of offerings; even as is done to those who follow Horus."

*The scene changes from the Hall of Truth to the Inner Shrine.*

*Horus, son of Isis, speaks*: "I have come unto Thee, O Onnophris, to bring unto thee this Osiris. His heart is just coming forth from the Scales. He has not done evil before any God or Goddess. Thoth has inscribed in writing what the circle of the Gods spoke concerning him, with perfect exactness: that there should be accorded to him meat and drink, and a manifestation before Osiris, and that he should be as one of those who follow Horus for ever."

*The Initiate*: "Behold! I am before Thee, O Lord of

Amentet. There is no evil in my body; I have not knowingly told a lie, no, not at any time. Grant that I may be as the favoured ones who are in thy train!"

Here it will be noticed that there are two Osirises spoken of; they are first the God, the great archetype of perfected humanity, and second the man, for whom in a sense the God is substituted, and who is therefore called by the name of the God.

To return to our drama; we have seen the Initiate led into the presence of the Grand Master, and heard him address himself to that Master. In Chapter I. we find the continuation of this new scene, which has now been shifted from the Hall of the Balances to the Inner Shrine. I will append the chapter, beginning with the last lines of the previous section, and indicating each change of speaker.

*Counsel for the Defence:* "Thoth does homage unto Thee, O Bull of Amentet, King of Eternity!"

*Osiris the God:* "Behold Me! I am the Great God within the Shrine!"

*Counsel for the Defence:* "I have done battle on account of Thee! I am one of those Gods of the Supernal Court, making true of voice Osiris to His opposers on the Day of the weighing of words. I am of Thy kindred, Osiris. I am among those Gods who are the offspring of the Heavenly Abyss, who work vengeance on the opposers of Osiris, imprisoning the fiends of matter on account of Him. I am of thy kindred, Horus! I have done battle on account of Thee, I have endured on account of Thy name. I am Thoth, making true of voice Osiris to His opposers, on the Day of the weighing of words in the great Temple of the ancient One who dwelleth in the city of the Sun. I am the dweller between the Pillars, the son of Him that dwelleth between the Pillars, my conception was between the Pillars, I was brought forth between the Pillars. I am with the mourners who mourn Osiris in the upper and the lower world, making true of voice Osiris to His opposers."

*Osiris:* "Thoth won these things of Rā, to make true of voice Osiris to his opposers, and what was won Thoth did for me."

*First God of the Great Circle:* "I am with Horus on the Day

of the Bandaging of the material form of Osiris, to open the caverns of purification of the motionless Heart, and to expound the mysteries in the Paths."

*Second God:* "I am with Horus to protect the left side of Osiris, when he is in the Place of Forgetfulness; I enter in and I manifest as the Dweller of the Day, to wipe out the fiends of matter which are in the Place of Forgetfulness."

*Third God:* "I am with Horus on the Day of the festivals of Osiris, to make offerings on the sixth day of the Festival of Separation in the City of the Sun."

*Fourth God:* "I am the Priest between the Pillars, even Rā who dwells in the House of Osiris, who lifteth up the Earth."

*Fifth God:* "I am He who sees the mysteries of that path."

*Sixth God:* "I am He who reads the Book of the Soul from between the Pillars."

*Seventh God:* "I am the guiding Priest in the doing of his duties."

*Eighth God:* "I am the great Master of ceremonial, on the day when the Seker boat is set in motion on its sledge."

*Ninth God:* "I am He who grasps the plough handle, on the day of the Ploughing of the Earth in Nekhen Suten."

*The Initiate:* "O ye who cause souls made perfect to enter into the House of Osiris, cause ye my perfect soul to enter in with you to the House of Osiris! May it hear as ye hear, may it see as ye see, may it rise up as ye rise up, and sit down as ye sit down!

"O ye who give meat and drink to souls made perfect in the House of Osiris, give ye meat and drink at the two seasons to my soul which is with you!

"O ye openers of the path and guiders of the tracks of souls made perfect in the House of Osiris, open ye unto my soul the path, and guide ye the tracks of my soul which is with you! May it enter in in strength, and may it come forth in peace in the House of Osiris! Let there be none to repel it, let no one turn it away, let it enter in favour, let it manifest at will! Let it be true of voice! Perform ye its commands in the House of Osiris! Let it journey and let it speak with you! Let it be glorious with you, for there has been no defect found in it, and the Balance has been taken down after its use."

Here we have a drama which it is possible required, including the Initiate, twenty-two actors, some of whom, I might point out, were not priests but priestesses. There were the twelve members of the jury, consisting of seven Gods and five Goddesses, and there were the representatives of the great circle of the Gods, nine in number, amongst whom we must, I think, place the judge and the counsel for the defence, Osiris himself, and Thoth. These nine are divided into a three and a six by the distinction "I am with Horus." Finally there is the Initiate, making the twenty-second.

This dramatic origin of the *Book of the Dead*, once realised, becomes a wonderful key; it opens up, rendering from nonsense into sense, a very large proportion of the whole book. For as soon as we are prepared to look for it, we find that over and over again there suddenly breaks upon the ear a voice from out of the void, which, when recognised as such, changes the incomprehensible into the plain and simple.

But one other key there is, already mentioned, without which it is useless to approach the *Book of the Dead* with the idea of discerning any of those gems of wisdom for which old Egypt was so famous. Why our scientific Egyptologists do not recognise it and utilise it, passes my comprehension; for the knowledge of its existence is no recent discovery: it is simply that ancient nations such as the Egyptians, Chaldees, and Jews, had a system of symbolic geography, a system to which our Christian theologians and commentators appear by common consent to shut their eyes. Nevertheless, I believe they are still hoping to elucidate one day the Apocalypse of St. John, and to find the exact geographical position of the four rivers of Eden.

The Jewish and Egyptian priestly caste endeavoured to map out their lands in accordance with their symbols of spiritual things, so far as the physical features would permit. This symbolism of mountain, city, plain, desert and river, extended from the various parts and furniture of the Lodge, to use Masonic phraseology, up to the spiritual anatomy, as it were, of both macrocosm and microcosm.

Thus in the Jewish Scriptures it is not difficult to distinguish, in the prophetic battles of the nations that were to rage round

about Jerusalem, the same symbolism as we have more directly expressed in a little old book called *The Siege of Mansoul*, the author of which was the John Bunyan of *The Pilgrim's Progress*, a man who could well grasp the excellence of geographical symbolism.

I cannot, of course, here enter at length into the geographical symbols of Egypt, it would take too long; but as I have given Jerusalem as an example, I may say further that Jerusalem as a symbol corresponds to the Egyptian On, or Heliopolis, and so astronomically to the centre of the world and of the universe, and in the microcosm to the spiritual Heart of Man.* But there is one difference between the Hebrew and Egyptian city; for whereas the actual Jerusalem corresponds among the Hebrew prophets to that Jerusalem that now is, and is in bondage with her children, Heliopolis corresponded among the Egyptian priesthood to that city which was to come, the Heavenly City, the New Heart, that should be given to redeemed mankind.

As with the names of Egyptian places, so also with the names of the Gods. I have recently been reading *The Egyptian Pantheon*, by Champollion Figéac, an old work and out of date for modern Egyptology, seeing that it was published in 1823; nevertheless I was most agreeably struck by the fact that the very founders of the science of Egyptology had arrived at the conclusion, now apparently lost again by our modern scholars, that what are commonly called the Gods of Egypt were not the Gods of Egypt, but only the symbols of the attributes of the Gods of Egypt. Moreover it is not difficult for the student of divine symbolism to perceive that even the Gods themselves, unsymbolised, are yet but the symbols of the attributes of the One, who is beyond all symbols and all conceptions of the mind of man.

M. W. BLACKDEN.

* There is an old map of the world in the British Museum which demonstrates both these. †See also Mappa Mundi, "Ebsdorf," 1284; and that in Hereford Cathedral made by Richard of Haldingham, one of the Prebends, 1290-1310.

# THE ABIDING PRESENCE

O God, Who art the author of peace and lover of concord, in knowledge of Whom standeth our eternal life, whose service is perfect freedom: defend us Thy humble servants in all assaults of our enemies; that we, surely trusting in Thy defence, may not fear the power of any adversaries; through the might of Jesus Christ our Lord.—The Collect for Peace.

Often have many of us listened to these venerable words with the ears that hear not, passively acquiescent in the formula taken from the old Roman Missal; conscious, perhaps, of the singular felicity of phrases sacred by the use of ages; but never for one moment dreaming that every sentence had a definite and vital meaning. It is no small part of the vivid interest with which some comprehension of the Esoteric Philosophy endows life, to try to throw its radiance on to such clusters of jewels as this collect, and see them sparkle in the light of knowledge.

We believe that the unknown author had wisdom, and that he embodied it in this majestic invocation to the abiding Presence within, which manifests to the man of flesh through his own immortal Ego. The Ego is the source of life to the personality, as the Christos is to the Ego; so, in the mouth of the average man, this sublime prayer applies first to his Ego, and later, when consciousness has withdrawn into that vehicle, to the mystic Christ developing within it. The latter is rudimentary during the personal stage of evolution, and rather the focus through which the eternal life-stream pours into the evolving Ego than a conscious centre.

The conception of the ray of life streaming from plane to plane, and drawing round itself vehicles of the matter of each, is most illuminating. Each vehicle evolves from below upwards, or from without inwards, in response to the stimuli from the worlds outside. Through the experiences of many personalities the Ego evolves; through the united experiences of all the

Egos the supernal vehicle, the Christos, is at last attained, common to all yet specialised for each.

When the impersonal attitude is really taken and held in the face of all experiences, then, we think, the seat of consciousness has risen into the spiritual body, the "United spirit of life which is the only true Self." At this stage abstract thought and the will to help the world take the place in consciousness of personal perceptions and desires. Beyond, imagination fails, but we learn that, at a further stage, the Mystic Christ, the veritable inner Presence, becomes active. The eternal spark is lit, and life, awakened in the highest vehicle of the Ray, sets free there the supreme energy which is the cause of all manifestation; it is the great tone whose harmonics make up all the forces of nature. When this resounds in the individual Ray, those same harmonics are aroused in the several lower vehicles, which then become harmonised with the song of life without, and thus the Presence subdues all things unto Himself, in the microcosm as in the macrocosm.

This is the "Holy Power which can raise the tabernacle of illusion high above great Brahm and Indra," as the Eastern mysticism phrases it. The great tone sounding within wakes in the Ego the tremendous chord of the true, the good, and the beautiful; and these, severally tuning the lower vehicles, produce true thought, good will, and perfect deeds. Such seems to be the evolution of consciousness on the Path of Perfection: first to unify the personality with the Ego, when the reality of the Eternal Now is known, and the sole object of life is seen to be to understand the great creation and to help it on. Then to unify the Ego with the Christos, and so with the Supreme Perfection, and thus to harmonise the entity with the one force which confers that absolute compassion which understands and pardons all, and gives the power to make the Great Renunciation.

It will presently be seen that the phrases of the Collect for Peace describe the effect upon the personality of the accomplishment of these developments, setting them before the worshippers in symbolic terms. These terms express the working of the abiding Presence in their personalities; to Him is this invocation raised.

O God.—Of all the terms by which saints, sages, and poets have striven to realise the Presence sensed within, the word "God" is perhaps the most universal. With this transcendental idea, the ideal object of life, whether conceived of as the true, the good, or the beautiful, is ever associated. It is difficult perhaps for some, so strong is the effect of early teaching, to dissociate the word from the notion of the tribal deity of the Hebrew legend, jealous and revengeful, roaring amidst the cloudy peaks of Sinai, and to link it with the idea of the still small voice speaking in the silence of the "inner fortress." But this turning from the external and extra-cosmic to the inner and essential, is the turning from the letter that killeth to the spirit that giveth life.

The whole history of mysticism is the history of the individual realisation of this experience. But it is evident that this change of point of view, particularly when but imperfectly made, is very likely to involve a negation or repudiation of external ritual, sacerdotalism, and all the paraphernalia of formal religion. Hence mysticism has naturally been combatted by all the forces of the Churches, and crushed out of sight by the power of the secular arm. But the wind bloweth where it listeth, for all that, and when the time is ripe, neither thrones, dominions, principalities, nor powers, can drown the Voice of the Silence, or quench the light which illuminates the spaceless soul. To this stand as witnesses poets, saints, prophets, and philosophers, down the long procession of the ages.

To the mystic who is harmonised, who has completely transferred his standpoint from the temporal to the eternal stage, who comprehends the great process of evolution and lives to further it, all the ceremonial of religions and all priestly offices are plainly part of the world order, and therefore necessary. Such a man will be the last to try to interfere with the methods of the great Will. Hence he renders to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and plays the great game with the pieces he finds on the board. They may be to his knowledge illusory, trivial, or erroneous, but they are there, to be made the best of and used for all they are worth. To him any forms of religion are better than none, for all religions are seen to be essentially one, and suited to their environments. His consciousness is tuned to the

harmony which lies behind all these voices; he hears the great tone of truth beneath the shrieking discord of opposing errors. Hence he can reverence the idea that represents the One to any fellow creature, and respect the images which help him to realise the ideal in his dim mind.

THE AUTHOR OF PEACE.—This phrase seems to apply to the activity of the Presence in the vehicle of thought, to the harmonising of it to the vibration of essential truth. Such a mind will be able to receive and accommodate itself to any fact of experience. It will be able to distinguish truth by its harmony with its own vibration, and to reject error by its discord; or rather it will be able to see the element of truth which underlies every error and illusion. This ability to face all facts, and to recognise all that happens in the world as the work of the Eternal Beneficence, to see that all things work together for good, can only be attained when the system on which evolution works is grasped. It is a system of sacrificing the lower to the higher, the survival of the fittest in the struggle for life. This rule applies alike to biological evolution, to personalities, nations, and races. It is impossible to contemplate patiently all the strife, sorrow, and suffering in the world, unless the law of higher evolution by reincarnation and through karma is realised. Then it is seen that every experience is necessary, however painful, and that the causes of pleasure and pain are identical.

The sufferings of animals, which many think so much more of than those of men, stimulate their growing intelligence; the pain inflicted on them by men is accompanied by the influence of the vibrations of the human Ego upon them. Their physical bodies are well sacrificed to the service of man, when that sacrifice ensures the implantation of the spark of individuality in their centre of consciousness. The lower good must be let go for the sake of the higher by every living thing, since it is by the breaking of the form that the life expands; so favourable variations are accumulated and better vehicles permit a further growth. In man the lower good is consciously abandoned; either it has been experienced and no longer attracts, or a higher object is seen to be more attractive; but at the animal stage consciousness

is not sufficiently evolved, and the sacrifice is involuntary and enforced from without.

So those who cannot review the facts of experience impartially, can lay this flattering unction to their souls, and at any rate cease to hate those who inflict pain. Pain is necessary, and its operation advantageous, but those who inflict it are in a very responsible position, since if they inflict more or less than the necessary degree they will have to personally suffer the excess on either side. Cruelty, the causing of unnecessary suffering, must inevitably react as personal pain. Therefore such persons whose karma places them in the position of causing pain, can be safely left to the future. If in an excess of virtuous indignation we permit ourselves to hate them, we bind ourselves to them, and their soiled garment will fall upon our own shoulders. Is it not written: "It is impossible but that offences will come; but woe to them by whom they come"?

When the Author of Peace enters the mind an eternal patience will develope, an æonic tolerance of sin, error, and discord, for these are obviously ignorance; and a discrimination which sees in the light of knowledge, and recognises the true, the good, and the beautiful, beneath the manifold illusions of the world, will confer that peace which passeth understanding.

THE LOVER OF CONCORD.—When the vehicle of impulse becomes harmonised with the abiding Presence, His aspect of love or goodness will be manifested in it. The Lover of Concord by His potent vibration will gradually shake out the lower forms of matter until the vehicle becomes atomic, and the power of perfect sympathy, of vibrating harmonically with all the vibrations of the plane, will be thus attained. Then the love of all that lives will pour out in harmonic response to that power of the Ego, which is called the will to help the world. This impersonal love must obviously be conditioned by the comprehension which brings peace to the vehicle of thought. The harmonic vibration of the Presence produces eternal peace in the mental, and universal love in the astral, vehicles of consciousness. This higher love will always strive to promote the highest good of others, that is to say the evolution of their Ego, rather than the gratification of desires, the indulgence of emotions, or even the

assuaging of pain, the consequence of excess. For all these time and the lower worlds afford means of relief. But the wisdom which is the synthesis of love and knowledge will cause the service for which the mystic lives to be the highest ; it will lead him to try to calm the agitation of suffering, and control the excitement of joy.

When we are broken-hearted, one who helps us to regain our balance helps us more than one who increases our agitation by dissolving into tears himself. The higher love brings strength and fortitude to the help of pain. The sorrows which are accepted and made the best of are ever the most fertile, as all who have suffered know. So the selfless sympathy of the Lover of Concord enables the Author of Peace to do His perfect work.

The manifestation of the abiding Presence will give the power of sympathy with universal joy equally with universal pain, for pleasure and pain, joy and sorrow, are the result of identical vibrations acting on the lower and higher astral levels. It is the kind of matter built into the vehicle on which the vibration impinges that causes the difference in consciousness. If the matter in the vehicle vibrates harmoniously with the external vibration, then pleasure or joy is presented ; if discord is produced, then pain or sorrow results.

When the Lover of Concord has come, man can be all things to all men in truth. No astral vibration of personal desire or emotion remains to blur his vision, while his vehicle of impulse reflects the joys and sorrows of the world, and presents them in his consciousness unaltered. Hence it is written : " Through your own heart comes the one light which can illuminate life and make it clear to your eyes."

In Knowledge of Whom standeth our Eternal Life. —The personality, that is to say the memory of the details of a life's experience which constitutes the personal consciousness, is brought into the knowledge of the Ego when the consciousness is raised into that vehicle. When all experiences are viewed impersonally, then the inner eyes are opened and the consciousness looks from the eternal plane. This state of consciousness has to be achieved by ordinary men, and when this is done, the current personality becomes immortal, because the conscious Ego is

associated with it in a special way. All former personalities have faded out at the end of the heaven-world period, and only the abstract of their experiences has been impressed on the Ego; but when the consciousness during physical life has entered the Ego, and taken all the details of the personality with it, when the bridge of Manas has thus been built, then the personality becomes fused with the Ego; and all subsequent incarnations will, from the Ego's point of view, be simply re-manifestations of the same eternal personality.

Readers of *The Idyll of the White Lotus* will remember that the writer always envisages himself as Sensa, the martyred priest; when he took on the body of Malan, he was still in thought Sensa; and further he says: "I live, change form, and live again, but know myself through the long ages as they pass." Evidently he knows himself still as Sensa. So the eternal life of the personal Sensa lies in the knowledge of its details by the Ego. In other words the taking of the consciousness during the Sensa incarnation into the eternal vehicle, has rendered that personality immortal. So, for each man who attains impersonality, the details of the current life will remain impressed for ever on his Ego, even if in after waking lives he is unable to bring those memories into his physical brain, and in the flesh answers to another name.

It is interesting to note that this phrase is one of those written from the standpoint of unity, and is true either way. As it stands it is true for the personal man; reversed, "In life of Whom standeth our eternal knowledge," it is true for the eternal man. When the Ego begins to use the personality as the instrument for obtaining knowledge, when he begins actively to live, then the hall of learning is entered, and true knowledge of eternal principles acquired. These principles, the "laws of being, the laws of nature and the laws of the supernatural," are the "fiery letters," the eternal ideas, easily read by those who can really enter the impersonal state.

WHOSE SERVICE IS PERFECT FREEDOM.—We have seen that the last sentence refers to the passive side of life, that of observation. The present one concerns the active side, the helping of the world. This service of the Ego, and of the abiding Presence

within the Ego, is only to be attained by the sacrifice of the personality, and its instincts, emotions, and biassed perceptions. "Renouncing by Manas all desires born of the imagination," accepting the world and all in it, and making the best of what is, the consciousness withdraws to the impersonal plane, and thence uses the personality as its instrument to help things on. This phrase requires discrimination, however, since it might be taken to mean that a conventional servant of God, in the ceremonial or sacerdotal sense, is perfectly free to do whatever he desires. Some such heresy was at one time current, we believe; it must have made the worst of both worlds.

But the real service cannot begin till the personal point of view is forsaken; then the Ego becomes free, the complete subordination of the personal man and his illusory interests enables that freedom to become perfect. The lower vehicles then are tuned to the eternal chord of the ideal, and the Ego is at last perfectly harmonised with the "Voice," the fundamental vibratory force of the Presence itself; the Divine restrains the lower self, and the Eternal restrains the Divine. Then the mind will become one with the Great Mind, the will one with the Great Will, and the centre of consciousness one with the Supreme Self. Such is the attainment of perfection, if we understand the esoteric teaching aright.

But till this consummation is reached, the freedom only exists while the impersonal standpoint is held. When consciousness slips back to the personal level, it becomes the sport of impulses from without, or arising in the matter of the lower vehicles, and thus is chained to the wheels of necessity. It is bond and not free. Again this sentence can be reversed, "Whose freedom is perfect service;" the freedom of the Ego is the result of the perfect service of the personality.

DEFEND US THY HUMBLE SERVANTS IN ALL ASSAULTS OF OUR ENEMIES; THAT WE, SURELY TRUSTING IN THY DEFENCE, MAY NOT FEAR THE POWER OF ANY ADVERSARIES; THROUGH THE MIGHT OF JESUS CHRIST OUR LORD.—These sentences apply to the personal man. By the tuning of the lower vehicles to the note of the Ego, they are rendered proof against all enemies, since they themselves have become sympathetic, and hostile to

none. The inner accords with all vibrations from without. Knowledge of the truth is a sharp sword to cut away the jungles of illusion ; universal love is a strong shield, for when it exists no hate or fear of anything or anybody can be present, and these are the enemies that really assault us. But the Presence must be humbly served ; personal pride in virtue or knowledge, in good deeds or ascetic excesses, bar Him out by binding the consciousness to the personal standpoint. "Be humble if thou wouldst attain to wisdom ; be humbler still when wisdom thou hast mastered ;" "a sense of pride would mar the work" indeed.

It is hard to shake away our darling sins, and harder still to rise above our favourite virtues. But in the light of knowledge both are seen to be the same illusion ; certain matter in our vehicle vibrates harmonically or discordantly with a vibration from without, and pleasure or pain presents itself in consciousness. Virtues and vices are but habits, contingent on the repetition of such vibratory experiences.

When the partial point of view is abandoned, virtues and vices are seen to be but relative to climate and stage of evolution, to race or sex. Virtue in one is vice in another, virtue carried to excess becomes vice, vice tempered and restrained becomes virtue. The enemies, that is to say the vibrations of the outer worlds, which are present in consciousness as experience, will always be with us ; it is for us to convert them into friends by changing the structure of the vehicles through which we become conscious of them. Then we shall cease to fear the power of these adversaries ; they will pass before us as interesting and instructive occurrences, nothing more.

But for the personal man to "trust" in the defence of the Ego, and of the Presence within, involves the existence of the belief that He is there. If we are in no way conscious of the Voice, it is because we have never stopped to listen for it. We have always been full cry on the hunt after pleasure or profit, in this world or the next : we

> See all things from pole to pole,
> And glance and nod and bustle by,
> And never once possess our soul
> Before we die,

But to harmonise with the Ego within we must resolve to have done with childish things, and set ourselves to know the truth, do the good, and be perfect. So the ideal chord of the true, the good and the beautiful will resound within us. That in this way the Presence may be felt, we are assured by all the wise men in the world, but we must make the venture of faith for ourselves; "faith begins with an experiment and ends with an experience," said one who knows. But the man who is ready to "come to himself," and thus able to make the venture, places himself under the ægis of the "Warrior who is incapable of defeat." Then the inner light will begin to shine, the inner voice to speak; he will see the working of the Eternal Beneficence beneath the universal struggle, and hear the harmony which resolves from all the discords of the world. To such a man the abiding Presence will speak, as it did to the mystic S. John, with a great voice as of a trumpet, and now, as then, he will hear it say: "Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me."

A. H. WARD.

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THE following story is quaint:—An American lady teacher was recounting recently to rows of stolid Philippinos "the immortal story of George Washington and the cherry-tree." Behind the stolid-looking boys sat three Visayan mothers. "Who cut down the tree?" read the teacher, and the Visayan assistant translated into the Malay dialect: "I cannot tell a lie, father. I did it with my little hatchet." Brighter rays of intelligence shone from the faces of the Malay boys, and at last one of them shouted out, "Chunkoi! the booby! He couldn't tell a lie;" and the others chorussed the contempt. One of the mothers, leaning over to show that she had not missed the point of the story, said: "Pobre madre! Poor mother, to bring into the world such a booby son!" It will take many incarnations, apparently, before the Philippino will agree that "there is no religion higher than Truth."

# CARDINAL NICHOLAS OF CUSA*

(CONCLUDED FROM p. 315)

If we now examine some of the views which have been developed during the past century in the natural sciences, in the light of the considerations which have just occupied us, we shall find that they appear for the first time in their true colours. For the scientist tells us that we hear, see and touch the objects of the physical world through our senses. The eye, for instance, transmits to us a phenomenon of light, a colour. Thus we say that a body emits red light, when with the help of the eye we experience the sensation "red." But the eye can give us this same sensation in other cases also. If the eyeball is struck or pressed upon, or if an electric current is passed through the head, the eye has a sensation of light.

It is thus evident that even in the cases in which we have the sensation of a body emitting red light, something may really be happening in that body which has no sort of resemblance to the colour we sensate. Or, more generally, we may say that, whatever may be actually happening "outside of us" in space, so long as what happens is capable of making an impression on the eye, we shall experience the sensation of light; and thus what we experience *arises in us*, because we possess organs constituted in a particular manner. What happens outside in space, remains outside of us; we know only the effects which the external ongoings call up in us. The celebrated physicist, Helmholtz, for instance, has put this very clearly:

"Our sensations are simply effects which are produced in our organs by external causes, and the manner in which such an effect will show itself depends naturally enough altogether

* Freely rendered on the lines of one of Dr. Rudolf Steiner's addresses to the Berlin Theosophical Society. See review in February number, also articles "Meister Eckhart" and "Friends of God" in the March and April numbers.

upon the kind of apparatus upon which the action takes place. In so far as the quality of our sensation gives us information as to the peculiar nature of the external action which produces the sensation, so far can the sensation be regarded as a sign or symbol of this external action, but not as an image or reproduction of it. For we expect in a picture some kind of resemblance to the object it represents; thus in a statue, resemblance of form; in a drawing, resemblance in the perspective projection of the field of view; in a painting, resemblance of colour in addition. A symbol, however, is not required to have any sort of resemblance with that which it symbolises. The necessary connection between the object and the symbol is limited to this: that the same object coming into action under the same conditions shall call up the same symbol, and that therefore different symbols shall always correspond to different objects."

Let us follow out this line of thought step by step. It is assumed that something happens, outside of me, in space; this produces an effect upon my sense organs; and my nervous system conducts the impression thus made to my brain. There another happening is brought about. I experience the sensation "red." Now follows the assertion: therefore the sensation "red" is not outside, not external to me; it is *in* me. All our sensations are merely *symbols* or *signs* of external occurrences of whose real nature and quality we know nothing whatever. We live and move in our sensations and know nothing of their origin. In the spirit of this line of thought, it would thus be possible to assert that if we had no eyes, colour would not exist; for then there would be nothing to translate into the sensation "red," this to us wholly unknown external happening.

For many people this line of thought possesses a curious attraction; but nevertheless it depends wholly upon a complete misconception of the facts under consideration. In truth, since man is but one object or thing among other things, it naturally follows that if he is to have any experience of them at all, they must make an impression upon him somehow or other. Something that happens outside the man must cause something to happen within him, if in his visual field the sensation "red" is to make its appearance. The whole question turns upon this:

What is without, what within? What is external to the man and what within him? Outside of him something happens in space and time. True; but it is equally unquestionable that what happens within him is exactly analogous and equally an occurrence in space and time. For in the eye there occurs a process in time and space, which propagates itself to the brain when I perceive the colour "red"; this process, which goes on "inside" me, I cannot perceive directly, as it is, no more than I can directly perceive the wave motions "outside" which the physicist conceives of as answering to the colour "red." But really it is only in this sense that I can speak of an "inside" and an "outside" at all. Only on the plane of *sense-perception* can the opposition between "outside" and "inside" hold good.

The recognition of this leads me to assume the existence "outside" of a process in space and time, although I do not *directly* perceive it at all. And it further leads me to postulate a similar process *in* myself, although I cannot directly perceive that either. But, as a matter of fact, I habitually postulate analogous occurrences in space and time in ordinary life, which I do not directly perceive; as, for instance, when I hear piano-playing next door, and assume that a human being in space and time is seated at the piano and playing upon it. And in reality my conception, when I speak of processes happening outside of, and within me, is just the same. I assume that these processes have qualities analogous to those of the processes which do fall within the province of my senses, only that, because of certain reasons, they escape my direct perception. If I were to attempt to deny to these processes *all* the qualities which my senses show me in the domains of space and time, I should in reality and in truth be trying to think something not unlike the famous knife without a handle, whose blade was wanting. Therefore, I can only say that space and time processes take place "outside" me; these bring about space and time processes "within" me; and both are necessary if I am to have the sensation "red." And, in so far as this "red" is not in space and time, I shall seek for it equally in vain, whether I seek "without" or "within" myself. Those scientists and philosophers who cannot find it "outside," ought not to want to find it "inside" either. For it is

not to be found "inside," in exactly the same sense in which it is not to be found "outside." To declare that the total content of that which the sense-world presents to us is but an inner world of sensation or feeling, and then to endeavour to tack on something "external" or "outside" to it, is a wholly impossible conception.

Hence, we must not speak of "red," "sweet," etc., as being *symbols*, or *signs*, which as such are only aroused *within* us, and to which "outside" of us something totally different corresponds. For that which is really set going *within* us, as the effect of some external happening, is something altogether other than what appears in the field of our sensations. If we want to call that which is *within* us a *symbol*, then we can only say: these symbols make their appearance within our organism, in order to mediate to us the perceptions which, as such, in their immediacy, are neither within nor outside of us, but belong, on the contrary, to that common world, of which my "external" world and my "internal" world are only parts. In order to grasp and understand this common world, I must, it is true, raise myself to that higher plane of knowledge, for which an "inner" and an "outer" no longer exist.

Nicholas of Cusa expresses some very telling thoughts bearing upon just this very point. The clear and distinct way in which he holds apart the lower and the higher knowledge enables him, on the one side, to arrive at a full and complete recognition of the fact that man as a sense-being can only have *in himself* processes which, as effects, must necessarily be altogether unlike the corresponding external processes; while, on the other side, it guards him against confusing the inner processes with the facts which make their appearance in the field of our perceptions, and which, in their immediacy, are neither outside nor inside, but altogether transcend this opposition of "in" and "out."

But, unfortunately, Nicholas was hampered in the thorough carrying through of these ideas by his priestly garments; and we must needs admit that in the domain of the higher knowledge, or "ignorance," as he calls it, he unfolds practically nothing but the content of the theological teaching which the Schoolmen, under whose influence he grew up, also give us. He seems unable to

cast off these fetters of his mind's early training; and thus, instead of presenting us with his own conceptions as to soul, immortality, salvation, God, creation, the Trinity, etc., as he could have developed them in the light of his deeper insight, he simply gives us an exceedingly able exposition of traditional Christian theological dogma, on scholastic lines.

We must recognise, however, while freely admitting all this, that Cardinal Nicholas stood upon the verge of a terribly dangerous precipice in the life of the human soul. He was a *scientific* man. Now the first thing that Science does is to estrange us from the innocent harmony in which we live with the world so long as we abandon ourselves to a purely naïve and unquestioning attitude towards life. While we remain in this naïve and simple state of mind, we dimly feel our connection with the whole of things, with all life and being. We are beings like the rest around us, forming like them links in the great chain of Nature's workings.

But when we awaken to knowledge, scientific knowledge, we separate ourselves off from this whole, and we create within us a mental world with which we stand alone and isolated over against nature. We have become enriched, truly; but our riches are a burden to us, which we bear with pain and weariness, finding it hard to carry; for it weighs primarily upon ourselves alone. And then we find ourselves compelled to find our way back again to nature, by our own strength. We have to recognise that we ourselves must now fit in our wealth of knowledge into its proper place in the long linked chain of Nature's workings, just as previously Nature herself had fitted our poverty into its own proper place.

All evil demons lie in wait for man at this point. His strength can but too easily fail him. And in such a case, instead of himself accomplishing this fitting in and finding of his place in the world-order, he will seek refuge in some revelation coming from without, which rescues him again from his loneliness, which leads back once more the knowledge which he finds so burdensome, into the very womb of being, into the Godhead.

Like Nicholas of Cusa, he will believe that he is finding, is working out, his own road; while in reality he is but following

the path which his own mental evolution has traced for him. Now there are in the main three roads which a man can choose between, when once he has reached the point at which Nicholas of Cusa had arrived. The first is *positive faith*, forcing itself upon us from without; the second is *despair*, the man standing alone with his burden and feeling the whole universe tottering with himself; the third road is the development of the deepest, most inward powers of the man himself. *Confidence* in the world must be one of our guides upon this third path, and *courage* to follow that confidence whithersoever it may lead us must be the other.

Agrippa von Nettesheim and Theophrastus Paracelsus, both like Nicholas of Cusa followed the road of Science, and indeed went further along it than he did. But with them we shall be concerned in a subsequent article, and for the moment it only remains to add a few words in relation to Dr. Steiner's view of the mystic path as it emerges from his treatment of Cardinal Nicholas. In what precedes I have endeavoured to follow briefly, but as closely as possible, Dr. Steiner's own exposition; in what follows I shall venture to make an attempt to elucidate what appears to me to be the essence of his thought so far as we have gone.

For Dr. Steiner, the keynote to the universe seems to consist in the clear separation of the worlds of consciousness and of "matter," or whatever name we give to the sequence of processes in time and space which take place equally within and outside of our own organisms.

On what to many, perhaps to most, is the all-important question of the relation or connection between these two worlds, Dr. Steiner so far does not seem to me to have expressed any clear or definite view in this series of lectures. What he repeatedly insists upon is that the two are radically distinct, and that—so far as I understand him—the *realisation* of this distinctness, coupled with the equally clear and distinct recognition of the *reality in itself* of the world of consciousness, forms the essential element in that inner awakening which raises man on to a higher plane of knowledge, in which his "separateness," his existence as a "thing amongst other things," disappears, and he knows that the one spirit, the one whole of consciousness, *is* him-

self. This would seem to come to much the same thing as that "knowledge of Brahman," of which the Vedânta teaches, whereby the man knows and realises the "One without a second," and wherein all separateness, all plurality, all "otherness"—and with them all pain and all fear—totally disappear.

How far this brief statement does justice to Dr. Steiner, I am not prepared to say. When we reach the close of these lectures, it may be that a fuller understanding of his thought will be possible, or if not, then that in some future work he will make the problem clearer. Meanwhile I must apologise for making such an imperfect attempt to focus what appears to me to be the view he holds, at this premature stage. But it seemed needful to do so in this connection in the hope of throwing some light upon his closing essays.

B. KEIGHTLEY.

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CAN you not live so as to feel the great throbbing heart around you, so as to express that feeling in even the smallest detail? Let there be nothing cynical in your view of life. Sense the pathos and the pity of it, trusting that some day, to your now darkened eyes, the mystery and the pain will be untangled. Feel, feel, with everything that cries, with everything that suffers, and in the most broken fragment of a life find some beauty. Let your own quivering heart-strings teach you the anguish in other hearts and live to ease it. Pain is our best teacher. Do not dread nor flee her, therefore; she comes in mercy. Go forth to meet her, trembling, perhaps, but reverently, patiently, unflinchingly; only so can the lesson be learned; and from the dark hours spent with her, a light shall arise, showing the way to stumbling feet, giving the power to comfort and console. And in the peace ot *that*, your heart shall understand and be satisfied.—*From an unpublished paper.*

# THE CANONICAL DATE OF JESUS

Those who are familiar with the history of the innumerable controversies which have raged round the question of Christian origins, are aware that some of the disputants, appalled by the mass of mythic and mystic elements in the Gospel narratives, and dismayed at the contradictions in the apparently most simple data furnished by the evangelists, have not only not hesitated to reject the whole account as devoid of the slightest historical value, but have even gone so far as to deny that Jesus of Nazareth ever existed.

Most of these writers had presumably devoted much labour and thought to the subject before they reached a so startling conclusion; but I am inclined to think that their minds were of such a type that, even had they found less contradiction in the purely objective data of the Gospel documents, they would probably have still held the same opinion. Not only was their historic sense so distressed by the vast subjective element with which it was confronted, that it could find relief only in the most strenuous efforts to reduce the historic validity of the residue to zero, but it found itself strongly confirmed in this determination by the fact that it could discover no scrap of unassailable external evidence, either in presumed contemporary literature, or even in the literature of the next two generations, whereby not merely the soberest incidents recounted by the Gospel writers, but even the very existence of Jesus, could be substantiated.

Though this extreme view, that Jesus of Nazareth never existed, has perhaps to-day fewer adherents than it had some twenty years ago, the numbers of those who hold that the ideal picture of Jesus painted by the Gospel writers bears but a remote resemblance to its historical original, not only as to the doings, but also to a lesser extent as to the sayings, have increased so

enormously that they can no longer be classed merely as a school, but must rather be considered as expressing a vast volume of educated opinion strongly influencing the thought of the times.

True, there is still a wide divergence of opinion on innumerable other points which are continually issuing into greater and greater prominence as the evolution of criticism proceeds. There is, however, no longer any necessity for the unfortunate student to make up his mind between what appeared to be the devil of undisguised antagonism on the one side and the deep sea of inerrant orthodox traditionalism on the other.

The problem is far more complex, far more subtle, and far greater numbers are interested in it. Whereas in the old days a mere handful, comparatively, had the hardihood to venture between the seeming devil and the deep, to-day not only every theological student, but every intelligent enquirer, is forced to seek his information in the most recent books of reference available—books in which he finds that not only are innumerable questions raised on all sides concerning matters which were previously regarded as settled for all time, but also that opposing views are frankly stated and freely discussed.

The devil and the deep have almost faded away, and none but minds strongly prejudiced by anachronistic methods of training can discern the ancient crudity of their lineaments with any great distinctness. Concessions have been made on all sides; there is a studied moderation of language and a courtesy in treating the views of opponents which remove controversy from the cockpit of theological invective into the serener air of impersonal debate.

But how fares it with the layman who is not sufficiently skilled in scholarly fence to appreciate the niceties of the sword-play of those who are presumably on either side seeking indirectly to win his applause? He is naturally exceedingly confused amid all the detail, and for the most part presumably applauds the view which best suits his preconceptions. But this much he gleans on all sides—a general impression that the ancient tyranny of an inerrant traditionalism is on its death-bed; he is assured that many of its bonds have been already struck from his limbs, and he lives in hope that before long he will be

entirely free to try to realise what the worshipping of God in spirit and in truth may mean.

If he take up two such recent works as the *Dictionary of the Bible* and the *Encyclopædia Biblica*, he finds that, although in Old Testament subjects tradition has to all intents and purposes been almost entirely abandoned by all scholars, in the treatment of New Covenant documents his two sets of authorities still display a marked difference. The tendency of the contributors to the former work is still on fundamental points, as might very well be expected, conservative and largely apologetic of tradition (though by no means so aggressively so as has been the case in the past), while that of the essayists of the latter is emphatically advanced, that is to say, departs widely from tradition, and in most cases breaks with it so entirely that even a reader who has not the slightest theological timidity is surprised at their courage.

The non-specialist is thus for the first time enabled to hear both sides distinctly on all points, and so to gain an intimate acquaintance with the arguments for and against traditionalism. And though he may not be able positively to decide on any special view as to details, or even as to the main fundamental points, he cannot fail to be vastly instructed and greatly relieved. For whatever may be the exact truth of the matter, this much he learns from the general tone of all the writers, that he is no longer thought to be in danger of losing his immortal soul if he find it impossible to believe in the inerrancy of tradition.

It results, then, that the ordinary reader is left without any certain guide in these matters; the old style of Bible repository which told you exactly what to believe, and whose end was edification, is entirely foreign to the spirit of our latest books of reference. But though the reader is left without a guide (if external authority selected to suit a pre-conceived view can ever be a truly spiritual guide), he is inevitably thrown back on himself and made to think, and *that* is the beginning of a new era in general Christian instruction.

Such, then, is the general state of affairs brought about by the pronouncements of the occupants of the principal teaching chairs in Protestant Christendom; and it is very evident that

among their manifold pronouncements a man can find learned authority for almost any view he may choose to hold. He may, for instance, so select his authorities that he can arrive at the general conclusion that there is not a single document in the New Testament collection which is genuine in the old sense of the word; he may even go further and refuse to be tied down to any particular "source" as genuine, seeing that there is such a diversity of opinion as to what are the precise sources. But if, while taking this critical attitude with regard to the canonical contents of Christian tradition, he would adopt a positive view on a point entirely negatived by that tradition, to retain his consistency he is bound to try to discover some strong ground for so doing.

Now, if we search the two great works to which we have referred for any authority in support of the hypothesis of the 100 years B.C. date of Jesus, we shall find none. Indeed we cannot find even a reference to the subject. Moreover, in the very few encyclopædias of earlier date which make reference to the Talmud Jeschu stories, we shall find that no Christian scholar has even dreamed of entertaining the possibility of such a hypothesis. In the older books of reference this universal abiding by tradition was to be expected, but in the most recent works, where tradition is so often set at naught and the most out-of-the-way material sifted for the smallest scrap of usable evidence, it seems at first sight somewhat strange, not only that there is no one courageous enough to suggest the possibility of there being some small grain of probability at the bottom of some of the Jewish legends, but that there is no notice whatever taken of them by any writer. It would appear that they are regarded either as being of a so utterly apocryphal nature as to deserve no mention, or as falling outside the scope of the undertaking.

But before we abandon our two dictionaries and search elsewhere, let us see what conclusions our most recent authorities come to concerning the traditional chronological data supplied by the evangelists.

As is well-known, or ought to be known, it is to Dionysius Exiguus, who flourished in the sixth century, that we owe the custom of dating events from the supposed year of the birth of

Jesus. Dionysius based himself on an artificial period which he borrowed from Victorius of Aquitaine, who flourished about a century before himself, and who is said to have been its inventor. It is hardly necessary to add that there is no scholar of repute now-a-days who accepts the A.D. of Dionysius as coincident with the first year of the life of Jesus.

Turner, of Oxford, in his article on the "Chronology of the New Testament," in Hasting's *Dictionary of the Bible*, sums up his conclusions somewhat positively as follows:

"The Nativity in B.C. 7-6.

"The age of our Lord at the Baptism, 30 years more or less.

"The Baptism in A.D. 26 (26-27).

"The duration of the ministry between two or three years.

"The Crucifixion in A.D. 29."

In the *Encyclopædia Biblica*, von Soden of Berlin, under "Chronology," reaches the somewhat less positive results:

"Birth of Jesus—*circa* 4 B.C.?

"Beginning of public work—*circa* 28/ 29 A.D.

"Death of Jesus—30 A.D."

Von Soden assigns one year only to the ministry.

The variations, however, are so inconsiderable that these scholars may be said to be fairly agreed on the method of treating the traditional data. They both abandon the statement in the third Gospel that Jesus was born at the time of the general census under Cyrenius (Publ. Sulpicius Quirinius), which is well attested by Josephus as having taken place 6-7 A.D. Von Soden, like so many other scholars, is of opinion that "the account in Lk. rests on a series of mistakes." Usener of Bonn, in his article on the "Nativity" (*Enc. Bib.*), in discussing these "chronological difficulties which learned subtlety has struggled with for centuries," also definitely abandons the Quirinius date. Turner, however, while stating that "St. Luke is in error in the name of Quirinius," thinks that there is "no inherent improbability in the hypothesis of a census in Judæa somewhere within the years B.C. 8-5." He seems in this census question faintly to endorse Ramsay, who—in his study, *Was Christ born at Bethlehem?* (London; 1898)—put forward a thorough-going apology for this statement of the third evangelist, which has been welcomed with

great delight by traditionalists. He revived the hypothesis that the missing name in a mutilated inscription which records that someone was twice governor of Syria, was that of Quirinius, and that there was another census during his first term of office. Unfortunately even so this would not help us, for, as Turner points out, the period B.C. 10 to Herod's death, B.C. 4 (which is our limit for the reconciliation of the Herod date of the first evangelist with the Quirinius date of the third), is exhausted by the known tenures of other governors. Moreover, Ramsay's thesis has been well answered by J. Thomas in his exhaustive reply.*

But all this is practically a side issue as compared with the strength of the main tradition, for the question of the nativity concerns the problem of the historicity of the single traditions only of the first and third Gospel writers. Either or both may be in error, and even the John the Baptist element may be a later development, and yet the fundamental chronological element of the main tradition would be entirely unaffected.

All four evangelists make the drama of the trial and death of Jesus take place under the procuratorship of Pontius Pilate (26-36 A.D.). This is the main chronological factor in the whole of the puzzling details; and no matter how far we may succeed in any attempt at reducing it to its simplest terms, it remains the *crux* of the whole problem.

But before considering the statements of the Gospel writers, it will be as well to deal with the other references to Pilate in the New Covenant documents. These are *Acts*, iii. 13, and iv. 27, and I. *Timothy*, vi. 13.

The references in *Acts* are found in a speech put into the mouth of Peter and in a prayer (in the same style as the speeches) which is said to have been uttered with a common impulse by the friends of the apostles.

Now, in the judgment of many scholars, one of the most certain results of criticism with regard to the *Acts*, is that the speeches are the most artificial element in the book. As Schmiedel says (art. "Acts of the Apostles," *Enc. Bib.*): "It is without doubt that the author constructed them in each case according

* *Records of the Nativity* (London; 1900).

to his own conception of the situation." Even Headlam, the writer of the conservative article in Hastings' *Dictionary*, admits that the speeches are "clearly in a sense" the author's "own compositions," though he adds "there is no reason for thinking *à priori* that the speeches [? substance of the speeches] cannot be historical."

It is then exceedingly probable that the references to Pilate derive immediately from the writer of the *Acts* himself. And as the writer of the *Acts* is, on the ground of similarity of language, identified by most scholars with the writer of the third Gospel, the authority for his references to Pilate in all likelihood go back to his "sources." There are few who would be bold enough to argue for the preservation of an earlier tradition in the *Acts* than in the sources of the writer of the third Gospel.

The references in the *Acts*, therefore, will not be held by the ordinary critical, much less by the sceptical mind, to be an independent confirmation of the Gospel tradition with regard to Pilate.

As to the reference in I. *Timothy*, its value as an unimpeachable early witness is at once discounted by the general character of the Pastoral Epistles (I. and II. *Timothy* and *Titus*).

McClymont of Aberdeen, the conservative writer of the article "The New Testament," in Hasting's *Dictionary*, frankly states that these so-called Pastoral Letters "are distinguished from all others by their want of historical agreement with any period in St. Paul's life as recorded in the Bk. of Acts, and also by their strongly-marked individuality alike in style and substance"—circumstances which "have given rise to serious doubt of their genuineness." This, however, he thinks may be "largely obviated" by supposing them to have been written in the last year of the apostle's life. But though this supposition may overcome the *Acts* difficulty, it does not in the slightest way affect the main argument of difference of style and substance.

Deissmann of Heidelberg, in the *Encyclopædia Biblica* (art. "Epistolary Literature"), while he has no doubts as to the genuineness of ten of the Pauline Letters, with regard to the Pastoral Epistles can only allow at best that they "may perhaps contain fragments from genuine letters of Paul."

Very different is the view, in the same work, of van Manen of Leyden, the distinguished Dutch specialist, to whom the summary of the "Later Criticism" in the article "Paul" has been entrusted. Van Manen emphatically repudiates the genuineness not only of the Pastoral but of the whole of the rest of the Letters traditionally ascribed to Paul. Though the rest of the Letters do not immediately concern us in this study, it may be of interest very briefly to set down the general result of this later criticism; for it is not the opinion of an isolated scholar, but the outcome of the studies of a school. I do this the more readily because it conflicts with my own previously expressed view that the ten Letters of the Marcionite collection were largely authentic. Van Manen writes:

"With respect to the canonical Pauline epistles, the later criticism here under consideration has learned to recognise that they are none of them by Paul; neither fourteen, nor thirteen, nor nine or ten, nor seven or eight, nor yet even the four so long 'universally' regarded as unassailable."

This criticism "is unable any longer in all simplicity to hold by the canonical Acts and epistles, or even to the epistles solely, or yet to a selection of them. The conclusion it has to reckon with is this: (*a*) That we possess no epistles of Paul; that the writings which bear his name are pseudepigrapha containing seemingly historical data from the life and labours of the apostle, which nevertheless must not be accepted as correct without closer examination, and are probably, at least for the most part, borrowed from 'Acts of Paul' which also underlie our canonical book of Acts. (*b*) Still less does the Acts of the Apostles give us, however incompletely, an absolutely historical narrative of Paul's career; what it gives is a variety of narratives concerning him, differing in their dates and also in respect of the influences under which they were written. Historical criticism must, as far as lies in its power, learn to estimate the value of what has come down to us through both channels, Acts and epistles, to compare them, to arrange them and bring them into consistent and orderly connection."

That it will ever be able, on van Manen's lines, to bring these contradictory data into "consistent and orderly connec-

tion," we have but little hope; for once the comparative genuineness of the main Pauline Letters is given up, there is no possible criterion left. However, the courageous attempt uncompromisingly to face the difficulties is the earnest of the dawn of a new age in Christian thought, and we ourselves ask for nothing better than that the facts should be faced.

It results then from this view (again to quote van Manen) that "the Paulinism of the lost Acts of Paul, and of our best authority for that way of thinking, our canonical epistles of Paul, is not the 'theology,' the 'system' of the historical Paul, although it ultimately came to be, and in most quarters still is, identified with it. It is the later development of a school, or, if the expression is preferred, of a circle, of progressive believers who named themselves after Paul and placed themselves as it were under his ægis."

Where this circle must be looked for geographically cannot be said with any certainty. This much, however, is evident, that "it was an environment where no obstruction was in the first instance encountered from the Jews or, perhaps still worse, from the 'disciples' too closely resembling them; where men as friends of gnosis, of speculation and of mysticism, probably under the influence of Greek and, more especially, Alexandrian philosophy, had learned to cease to regard themselves as bound by tradition, and felt themselves free to extend their flight in every direction. To avail ourselves of a somewhat later expression: it was among the heretics. The epistles first came to be placed on the list among the Gnostics. The oldest witnesses to their existence, as Meyer and other critics with a somewhat wonderful unanimity have been declaring for more than half a century, are Basilides, Valentinus, Heracleon. Marcion is the first in whom, as we learn from Tertullian, traces are to be found of an authoritative group of epistles of Paul. Tertullian still calls him the 'apostle of heretics' and (addressing Marcion) '*your* apostle.'"

This view is strongly confirmatory of our own contention with regard to the important part played by the Gnostics in the development of general Christian doctrine, and we are pleased to notice the phrase "to avail ourselves of a somewhat *later* expression: it was among the heretics."

But to return to our reference to Pilate in I. *Timothy*. We see that there is no reason why we should assign an early date to this Letter and every reason why we should hesitate to do so. Marcion (about 140 A.D.) says nothing about it; it was not in his Pauline canon. That is of course negative evidence, but of positive we have none. It may very well have existed, indeed most probably did exist, in Marcion's day, for his collection had to satisfy a doctrinal and not a historic test. Van Manen does not attempt to suggest dates for any of the individual Epistles, though he seems to date his "circle" about 120; he, moreover, assigns 130-150 to the *Acts*, a date which agrees with our own conclusions (see *The Gospels and the Gospel*). For if, as we conclude, the third Gospel was written about 125-130, and if the same hand, as many hold, also wrote the *Acts*, 130-150 may very well represent the *termini* of the date of that document's autograph. It is, however, to be remembered that Justin Martyr (*c.* 150) knows nothing of the *Acts* even when referring to Simon Magus, a reference which he could not have omitted had he known of it, and one which all subsequent heresiologists triumphantly set in the forefront of their "refutations" of that famous heretic; and that there is no clear quotation from the *Acts* known till 177 A.D.

In any case the reference in I. *Timothy* cannot very well be held to be a less assailable witness to the antiquity of the Pilate tradition, we will not say than the writer of the third Gospel, but than the author of his main "source."

The strongest current of the tradition is traced in the fact that the Pilate date is given confidently by all four evangelists. It matters little whether we place the date of the autograph of the fourth Gospel later than those of the synoptic writers, and assume that the writer of the former had the letter of the latter before him, or prefer to think that he had independent access to the same main sources. In either case his authority, as far as Pilate is concerned, will not presumably be held to rest on firmer ground than that of the author of the "common document" of the synoptic tradition. (See again my recent study, *The Gospels and the Gospel*, for the latest developments of criticism concerning the synoptic problem.)

The widely held view of the priority of *Mark*, or of "original *Mark*," labours under so many disadvantages that with many others I prefer the simpler hypothesis of a written source (distinct from our present *Mark* or its autograph) underlying the matter common to all three synoptics, the simplest form of which, however, is still preserved in canonical *Mark*. It is almost as certain as anything can be in all this uncertainty that Pilate was distinctly named in the form of this document which all three evangelists used, and which the fourth Gospel writer also knew either directly or by intermediary of the writings of his contemporaries, for I do not hold that they were necessarily his predecessors. But what is most striking is the abrupt and unsupported way in which the name of Pilate was apparently introduced in the common document. It is true that the writer, or maybe an early editor, of the first Gospel seems to have felt compelled slightly to lessen this abruptness by adding "the governor" after the name Pilate, and that the writer of the fourth speaks first of the "government house." But the *Mark* and *Luke* documents make it appear that the common source they used was either setting forth some statement that was well-known to all, or that it had already made fuller reference to Pilate, perhaps in its opening sentences. And this later hypothesis I find would be the opinion of von Manen, who, in his article on "Old Christian Literature," writes:

"The gospels, on close comparison, point us back to an 'oldest' written gospel which unfortunately does not exist for us except in so far as we can recover traces of it preserved in later recensions. Perhaps it began somewhat as follows: In the fifteenth year of the reign of Tiberius Cæsar, Pontius Pilate being governor of Judæa . . . . . there came down to Capernaum . . . . . Jesus . . . . ."

It is to be remarked, however, that Marcion's gospel apparently did not contain this introduction, but began abruptly "He came down to Capernaum." Whether or no Marcion had direct access to the common document used by our synoptists it is impossible to say; but I am somewhat inclined to think that that document originally derived from a "Gnostic" environment, and if we had any information concerning the "traditions

of Matthias," the penultimate link between Basilido-Valentinian circles and the origins, we should probably be put on the track of the parentage of our common synoptic source.

It is from considerations of this nature that I have not insisted upon the otherwise apparently equally strong confirmation of the date of Jesus in the fact that all four evangelists emphatically assert that He was a contemporary of John the Baptist, whose existence is historically vouched for by Josephus (*Antiq.*, xviii. v. 2); it might be said that John was not mentioned in this "oldest" written Gospel, and that the omission by the earlier writers of a factor which has been made so much of by all the later Gospel writers argues that it was not known in his day. My main interest has been to select the strongest link in the chain of tradition, namely the Pilate date.

We have thus traced our Pilate tradition to the common document used by the synoptic evangelists. Beyond that we cannot go with any certainty; the rest is pure speculation, in the absence of objective data of any kind. We cannot date the autograph of the common document; we do not know whether it passed through any recensions before it reached the hands of the canonical evangelists; we do not know whether it was originally written in Greek or Hebrew or Aramaic; we do not know whether the synoptists worked on the copy of an original, or on a translation, or made their own translations; we do not know what other contemporary documents were in existence, though it is quite certain, according to the statement of the writer of the third Gospel, that there were "many" others.

Now it is to be noticed that the writer of the common document, as seen in the simplest form preserved by *Mark*, puts all the blame of Jesus' condemnation on the chief priests and says very little about Pilate. This is remarkable, for we know the bitter hatred of the Jews for the Romans, and, what is still more to the point, we know from Josephus that the memory of Pilate especially was most bitterly detested by the Jews.

On the other hand, in those days of political suspicion owing to the many revolutionary cabals among the Jews, it was exceedingly dangerous for a Jewish writer, or for those generally

identified with the Jews, as the Christians still were, to speak against the Imperial rulers or their officers, and it was the custom of the writers of the very numerous politico-religious pamphlets of the time, of which we have many specimens in the form of pseudepigraphic and apocalyptic literature, to disguise the real objects of their detestation by throwing their matter into prophetical form, where the present or immediate past was written of as yet to come, and where the names of the actual writers were altered or hidden under symbol and metaphor.

The direct mention of the name of Pilate in the common document, then, seems to point to another order of literature; and it may be hazarded that perhaps it may even have been partially encouraged by the imperial favour so recently bestowed on Josephus' *History of the Jewish War*. But whatever validity there may be in such a speculation, the practical exculpation of Pilate seems to point to a time when Christianity was seeking to dissociate itself from Jewry in the eyes of the Roman world. Can we in any way fix a probable date for this state of affairs? It is very difficult to do so, but *termini* may be suggested. We glean from an analysis of history that up to at least the end of the first century the Christians were indiscriminately classed with the Jews by the authorities. The Jews were the objects of frequent repression and persecution at the hands of the Roman magistracy; but not on religious grounds. They were regarded as political revolutionaries. The antagonism between Jewish Christians and Jews is said by some learned Talmudists to have developed acutely only in Trajan's reign (A.D. 98-117),* but the entire separation probably did not take place till Hadrian's (A.D. 117-138). In this they base themselves on Talmudic data. But how many years elapsed before the antagonism reached this acute stage? We cannot say; but we may with very great confidence fix the very latest limit for our common document in the first years of the second century. For our earliest limit, however, we have nothing to help us, except the consideration that the destruction of Jerusalem in A.D. 70

* See Joël (M.), *Blicke in die Religions-geschichte zu Anfang des zweiten christlichen Jahrhunderts* (Breslau; 1880), i. 14-41, and ii. 87 *ff.*; see also Graetz (H. H.), *Geschichte des Juden* (Leipzig; 1865, 2nd. ed.), iv. 90 *ff.*

was a crushing blow to the hopes of those who looked for a material fulfilment of Messianic prophecy, and the very thing to strengthen the position of those who took a more spiritual view of Messianism, as was the case in the inner communities, and who were more content to bow to the inevitable and therefore to reconcile themselves with the rulers.

But even if we were to assume the higher limit of our common document as about 75 A.D.—, at this comparatively early date, whatever may have been the rights of the dispute as to who was the more to blame for it, the death of Jesus under Pilate was a bald fact that could presumably have been most readily verified; if it were untrue, it is most difficult to believe that it could have got a footing for a moment even among the most credulous. The bitter opponents of the Christians among the Jews would have at once retorted: Why there was no such trial under Pilate at all!

On the other hand, the name of Pilate may have been inserted in some intermediate redaction of the common document before it reached the hands of the evangelists; with the lapse of time, and the destruction of records, and the development of Christianity outside Palestine among the Dispersion, the difficulty of verification would thus be greatly increased. It might be even that the document originally simply stated that Jesus was brought before the "Governor," and the name of Pilate was subsequently added in a desire for greater precision, in the "haggadic" fashion of the time.

Whatever may be the truth of the matter, the Pilate date has every appearance of being as strong an historical element as any other in the whole tradition. It bears on its face the appearance of a most candid statement, and the introduction of the name, had there been no warrant for it, argues such a lack of what we to-day consider historical morality, that it is without parallel except in the pseudepigraphic and apocalyptic literature of the period.

G. R. S. MEAD.

# SOME NOTES ON "ULYSSES"

(As dramatised and performed at Her Majesty's Theatre)

To the student of the Inner Life it cannot but be apparent that at this period of the world's history there are many changes taking place, and for him it is a conviction, if not an absolute knowledge, that these are being deliberately brought about by intelligent agencies who safeguard the interests of humanity. One of the means made use of in such operations may surely be the modern drama, and it would seem reasonable to suppose that in the case of a large body of persons to whom other presentments do not appeal, certain teachings—often embodied in what is called "myth," revived and coupled with the attractive accessories of the stage—might awaken an instinct towards the deeper side of life. It may, therefore, be of interest to those students among us who have not been present at a performance of "Ulysses," if some description of the striking features in the drama be attempted. It is true that the representation (as stated by the author himself) does not follow strictly the lines of the myth as narrated by Homer.

It may be as well to begin with a brief synopsis of main events, ere noting the salient points in detail.

In the opening scene of the first act, the Gods and companion Goddesses of the Greek Pantheon appear on Mount Olympus, sit in council and discuss the fate of Ulysses, the hero, the King of Ithaca, who has been cast away on an island in the Adriatic with several companions. Here he remains for a long period under the enchantment of a beautiful nymph, Calypso, and forgetful of his wife Penelope, and of his young son, who in the far-off palace watch and pray for his return.

During his absence the faithful Penelope is harassed by an importunate crowd of suitors, who urge on her daily to choose a

husband from among them, and try to convince her of the death of Ulysses. The enchanted King meanwhile is visited by the Goddess Pallas Athene in a dream and reminded of his former life, but is warned that if he decide to leave Calypso and return to Ithaca he will be subject to many trials and perils. Ulysses fears and hesitates, but finally, despite the grief and wiles of Calypso, calls his sailor comrades together and sets out for home. As prophesied, the dangers befall him, each one more terrible than the preceding; but he passes through them as befits a brave King, and reaches his ancestral halls, where he is not at first recognised. Through divine intervention and the aid of his son and of an old retainer to whom he reveals himself, he assumes control of his homestead and dominions, banishes the suitors, and thus ends the long vigil of his Queen, Penelope.

Such then is the exoteric form of the tale, of which the symbolic touches are so prominently brought out by Mr. Stephen Phillips. In the opening scene of the first act a curious little incident takes place. A human element—somewhat attractive because it is human—springs to life in the august assemblage, and a dispute arises between Athene and Neptune, in which Zeus, the presiding deity, intervenes:

> . . . . . Peace,
> Children, and from your shrill reviling cease!
> Endowed is he with violence by that law
> Which gives thee wisdom, and thy father awe.

Each divine agent is endowed with his characteristic attributes, and plays his own part in the scheme of things.

Athene and Aphrodite plead for the hero, and petition Zeus. But what says the God, the visible supreme? He speaks of Another:

> It is that Power which rules us as with rods,
> Lord above Lords, and God behind the Gods—
> Fate. . . . .

We are reminded of the Unmanifested Logos, the Nameless, of whom the *Secret Doctrine* speaks.

Again Zeus, speaking of Ulysses, insists on the self-initiated effort:

> If he can dare.

Dare. But that is one of the obligations of the old neophytes: To know, to will, to dare, and to be silent.

In the Island of Ogygia, where Ulysses lives under a spell, surely we have the regions of the astral with their gorgeous hues, and alluring forms, and subtle currents of life, vivifying the senses, and steeping the unwary wanderer in their intoxicating charm. As the knight Tannhaüser is detained in the Venus Berg, so is Ulysses in the haunt of Calypso (the equivalent of the Apsaras in the Hindu stories); it is thus described:

. . . . This isle
Set in the glassy ocean's azure swoon,
With sward of parsley and of violet,
And poplars shivering in a silvery dream,
And smell of cedar sawn and sandal wood.

In the midst of all this, the home

Seemeth . . . . like a faint, far place.

Verily for us also, some Calypso in our time plies "the golden shuttle and the violet wool," and "the couch of o'er blown roses" is hard to leave for the desert, wherethrough winds the path to the soul's true home.

But the denizens of this dreamy land are visited by the God Hermes, who bears to Calypso the command of *Z*eus respecting Ulysses.

Yet if he shall desire at last his hearth—

"If he shall desire"—the higher impulse must awaken in the King himself, and Calypso must needs bow to the command of a power greater than her own. Therefore through her the message comes, but with it comes an intensification of all the lower delights:

. . . . This odorous, amorous isle of violets,
That leans all leaves into the glassy deep,
With brooding music over noontide moss,
And low dirge of the lily-swinging bee.

The hero masters the fascination of the promised immortality which the deeper Self realises shall wither, though it be of age-long endurance, even as in the *Bhagavad-Gîtâ* the Svarga-dwellers, having exhausted their joys, are said to return.

Who are these companions of Ulysses that he gathers round him in setting forth and faring homewards? It seems that they must typify the slumbering powers of the soul, once partly awakened, and then again lulled into sleep by some temporary plunge into sense gratification. At the call of the Inner Man who embodies them they rise and rally round him. They travel with him far, but not all the way.

At the gates of Hell the Pilgrim stands, and dismisses them. He must enter alone. For a moment the strong spirit quails, but then presses forward, and we see him descending, ever deeper and deeper, into a scene of indescribable gloom, weird and wonderful, through which flit the shades. Agamemnon, King of Troy, is there, Phædra, Eurydice, Phyllis. At times, Hermes is seen and heard behind the King, symbol of that faint gleam which ever remains, and makes the aspirant strong to endure. The woe of Tantalus is beheld as a passing picture, then the woe of Prometheus, as the hero continues his dread passage—lessons these, given to souls outside the mortal tenement, given in the form of pictures; for we are here in the astral regions, and much of the scenery curiously reminds us of what our occult investigators have depicted in words.

And so Ulysses gradually conquers the several regions of hell, and fights his way to the light once more, to be cast up from the sea on his own island at last. Here Athene, disguised in order to test him, it is said, appears. But why the disguise of the monarch himself? I think we may here catch another significant note, and remember that when the disciples, or even Those higher, move among ordinary men, they do not return from their vision of the House Beautiful with the wings and crowns we are wont to assign them. They come in the disguise of mortals, whose profoundly human lives are most loveable, because in that profound humanity we come very close, who shall say how close, to the Divine. To us there is this duality. What if our perception were also quickened a moment, and we beheld the oneness of these aspects? There is something of a wise subtlety, an expediency which belongs to true occultism, in it as well; for it is best that an unpopular teaching, a container of deep verities, should grow in silence and seclusion for a while; so that those

who are against it and are seeking for some distinctive outer form to attack and destroy may pass by this quietly garbed presentment of things divine. Nor shall that outer garb veil the splendour from those whose time has come to perceive it.

Therefore Ulysses coming as a beggar endures gibe and insult unheeded. He is taking possession of his own. Yet in the very taunts to which he is subjected, we get a faint though unconscious recognition by those who scoff of something which is worth taunting, and therefore excites fierce hatred. But that only takes place when the hour of final triumph is at hand. Then the Gods intervene, and the veil is torn away, so that even the enemies, dying and put to rout, acknowledge the Conqueror. In Penelope—in one aspect a beautiful picture of wifely devotion, reminding one of Hindu ideals—we can trace the Sophia of the Gnostic story, the prey of her enemies, until her deliverer, the Christos, the Mystery, comes to redeem. And in the web that is woven and unwoven during the absence of the husband, we recognise Mâyâ or destiny, the web woven by the Norns, the fabric sung of by the Earth Spirit in *Faust:*

> Thus at the roaring loom of Time I ply,
> And weave for God the Garment thou see'st Him by.

From yet another point of view the weaving day by day and the unweaving by night may be taken to signify the alternate Manvantara and Pralaya of evolution.

In a more restricted sense again, the allegory may depict the Ego, free of the physical body during sleep and divesting Itself of its garment of illusion spun during the day, but, on return to the lower world, beginning to weave it again.

For there are innumerable ways of reading such symbols, and that fact, which is so often alluded to by Madame Blavatsky, should always appeal profoundly to us.

EVELINE LAUDER.

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FAME—that shadow that great Souls cast, and little Souls pursue as substance.—ZANGWILL.

# HAPPINESS

SHAKESPEARE says that there is a "Divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them how we may." Now it would be interesting to know something of that Power, and of that which will result from the action of that Power. It would seem that there are two sorts of happiness, the personal or illusory happiness, and the ideal or real happiness.

The distinction between these two is only a differentiation upon the surface. The personal happiness is merely a manifestation of the ideal happiness—the accuracy of representation depending on the individual state of development.

If the happiness be personal it is imperfect and crude, but is the highest attainable at that time for that individual; the great thing to bear in mind is that it is not a different kind of happiness, only a different phase of the divine state of consciousness to which we are all tending. Personal happiness is the expression of ideal happiness in the highest terms in which the person can express himself.

Happiness is, or should be, all that the individual can be conscious of concerning spirituality; some see further than others, some are as it were children in the human family. If we bear this always in mind, that each person's idea of happiness is what he or she sees of Truth—and is at the best only relative, in that it bears relation only to himself and this Power, this spiritual force—we shall be able to exercise much more toleration to each other. This in itself will bring some measure of happiness, as we shall then see good in all. We shall then be able to see the manifestation of the Power spiritual in others, and any other view of that Power is always desirable, for it gives us wider knowledge. It manifests itself in infinite ways, and each additional way in which we can see it manifested brings us one point nearer to the infinite. Happiness is hope, or an instinctive

longing for higher things, and studying the objective of other people's ideas of happiness gives us another outlook; thus we have a wider view of life.

We all want to know what this Power is, and by studying the way it works—not studying by results; there is only one result, and that is itself—we can eventually get to work in like manner, thus becoming one with it. This Divinity, with its "differences of administration and the same spirit," is what we all are groping after. It works more potently in each of us when we each recognise that it is working in others; following this thought a little further, we see that toleration or charity being the "greatest of these" is not merely a poetic conception, a piece of flowery rhetoric to play upon the emotions of the audience, but a statement of actual fact, not dependent for its truth upon the fact that it was said by a disciple of Jesus Christ, but upon its own actuality. The recognition that each is seeking after truth, each in his own way, will do much to help us. Each should think earnestly for himself, tell that which he sees to his friend, who, in turn, can tell him his idea of it as modified by that which appeals to him in the other's view. So each man's thought helps his neighbour and his neighbour's his. Thus we go round in a circle, but then we become conscious of a point outside the circle—what is it? It would seem to be Power, the latent spirituality in each of us prompting us to higher things. Thus by recognising the Power working in others to be the same as in ourselves, we are nearer to the real conception—only a little perhaps, but still one step nearer to the infinite. If we look at it diagrammatically we might symbolise ourselves by a circle, and this spiritual Power as a point outside the circle; but to get to the one Reality, or to have an expression for the Absolute, we must have only one circle. Now if we draw not one circle but a cycle of circles, we can still have the one point outside each but the centre of all—thus we get our complete circle. We can take the first circle to be our individual selves, and the cycle of circles to be humanity, all actuated by the spiritual force of this one point; or, going on wider lines, we can take the first circle to be this universe and the cycle of circles to be other universes; but there is the same point, the same spiritual Power, with its

force always acting upward and outward. Or again, take the first circle as our conception of the infinite—it would seem that there is a state of consciousness in which the whole cycle would be our conception of the infinite.

Now if there be another and wider state of consciousness—and if there be one there is no reason to suppose that there are not an infinite number—how are we to attain it? It is all very well to know much about heaven theoretically, but, till we are reasonably sure of getting there—or, shall I put it, that our stay there will be a fairly long one—is it not as well to devote more attention to the path and less to the goal? The path can be an actual fact, but the goal must be a theory to most of us. Each sees the goal, or his idea of actual happiness, in his own way, and his fellows' reasoning thereon will not help him much; but the path is common to all—the path is altruism. By living and doing for others we benefit ourselves, as then the outward self motives are non-existent. Altruistic action is of the highest importance, as then all of the action that can be expressed by a personality is expressed by some one else's; thus we can view the actuality of our action unhampered by a possessed personality; we can view it from a higher plane of consciousness. Thus we are nearer the Real by a stage, and thus nearer to our idea of happiness. In this way virtue brings its own reward. The reward is the greater longing for altruism, the wider consciousness, or another view of the divine. With a clearer view of the divine comes a greater longing to help others on the way. Thus cause and effect work their way through time, till time is no more. The measure of our happiness is the degree of clearness with which we recognise that Holy Spirit working in ourselves; by seeing its working in ourselves, we can see its working in others. Each helps each, and God will help us all. Carry this thought of altruism as far as we can. We see that altruism, or self-sacrifice, is the one fundamental law by which this universe came into existence; and, as we are parts of it, we must work by its laws. The self-sacrifice I allude to is the sacrifice of the limit for manifestation—the Absolute manifesting in space; thus we came into being. As we came into being in accordance with a certain law, we can only attain the

universal consciousness by following that same law. We do not want a theoretical exposition of the law, but a practical manifestation of the law; this we can each give the other by "letting our light shine before men." A theoretical exposition of the law is good for those who doubt the law; but, having proved the law, the abstruse is in danger of becoming the absurd. It is, I know, more pleasant to know much about thought forms in the lower devachanic world, than to recognise that the same Spirit is acting through the man who says Theosophy is the invention of the devil as is acting through us. It is merely a question of degree. After all, is it the degree of force that is acting through him that is so important, or is it not rather the degree of force that is acting through ourselves? The intensity of the degree in us should be measured by the amount of good we see in him.

This brings us all back to "The greatest of these is charity." Happiness is the degree of clearness with which we can see the divine Life: "Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God;" and this will show itself in the amount of sympathy we can give our fellows. If we can prove to our own satisfaction that happiness is altruism, or the giving of love for love's own sake, little remains for us to do here but practise altruistic sympathy; that little will occupy many lives, but the end is sure. Until we have obtained the mastery over ourselves, until we are able to give absolute sympathy, we can only strike our chord of harmony here to be resolved in heaven. Until perfect love is the actual expression of ourselves time exists for us, but the more we can identify ourselves with love so much the more, for us, does time possess the potentiality of not-being. Having obtained that victory over our self, our chord will resolve before it is struck, as then we are conscious with the Absolute, and time for us is no more. Let those who doubt prove by study the existence of the Spirit, and then listen to its voice. The dominant note of its voice is love, as the dominant note of Christ's life here was love. Wherever we see love let us stop and look well at it, for there we shall find the Christ, who will soon teach us the way to happiness.

EDGAR LOAM.

# THE EVOLUTION OF CONSCIOUSNESS

THE subject of the unfolding of consciousness in the beings whose field of evolution is a solar system is one of considerable difficulty; none of us may at present hope to do more than master a small portion of its complexity, but it may be possible to study it in such fashion as may fill up some of the gaps in our thinking, and as may yield us a fairly clear outline to guide our future study.

We cannot, however, trace this outline in any way satisfactory to the intelligence, without considering first our solar system as a whole, and endeavouring to grasp some idea, however vague that idea may be, of "the beginnings" in such a system.

## ORIGIN

We have learned that the matter in a solar system exists in seven great modifications, or planes; on three of these, the physical, astral, and mental—often spoken of as "the three worlds"—is proceeding the normal evolution of humanity. On the next two, the buddhic and the âtmic, goes on the specific evolution of the Initiate, after the first of the Great Initiations. Thus these five planes form the field of the evolution of Consciousness until the human merges in the Divine. The two planes beyond represent the sphere of divine activity encircling and enveloping all, out of which pour forth all the divine energies which vivify and sustain the whole system. They are at present entirely beyond our knowledge, and the few hints that have been given regarding them probably convey as much information as our limited capacity is able to grasp. We are taught that they are the planes of divine Consciousness, wherein the Logos, or the divine Trinity of Logoi, is manifested, and wherefrom He shines forth as the Creator, the Preserver, the Dissolver, evolving a universe, maintaining it during its life-period, withdrawing it into Himself at its ending. We have been given the names of these two planes:

the lower is the Anupâdaka, that wherein "no vehicle has yet been formed;" the higher is the Âdi, "the first," the foundation of a universe, its support and the fount of its life. We have thus the seven planes of a universe, a solar system, which, as we see by this brief description, may be regarded as making up three groups: I. The field of elemental, mineral, vegetable, animal and normal human evolution; II. The field of supernormal human evolution, that of the Initiate; III. The field of Logoic manifestation. We may tabulate these facts thus:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| vii. | Âdi | III. The field of Logoic manifestation. |
| vi. | Anupâdaka | |
| v. | Âtmic | II. The field of supernormal human evolution. |
| iv. | Buddhic | |
| iii. | Mental | I. The field of elemental, mineral, vegetable, animal, and normal human evolution. |
| ii. | Astral | |
| i. | Physical | |

The two highest planes may be conceived of as existing before the solar system is formed, and we may imagine the highest, the Âdi, as consisting of so much of the matter of space—symbolised by points—as the Logos has marked out to form the material basis of the system He is about to produce. Similarly we may imagine the Anupâdaka—symbolised by lines—as consisting of this same matter, modified by His individual life, coloured, to use a significant metaphor, by His all-ensouling Consciousness. We are told that the supreme facts of this preparatory work may be further imaged forth in symbols; of these we are given two sets, one of which images the triple manifestation of the Logoic Consciousness, the other the triple Logoic Activity in matter—the life and form aspects of the three Logoi. We may place them side by side, as simultaneous happenings:

| | Life | Form |
|---|---|---|
| Âdi |  |  |
| Anupâdaka | | |

We have here, under Life, the primæval Point in the centre of the Circle, the Logos as One within the self-imposed encircling

sphere of subtlest matter, in which He has enclosed Himself for the purpose of manifestation, of shining forth from the Darkness. The Point, going forth in three directions to the circumference of the Circle and returning on Itself, manifests a different aspect at each place of contact with the Circle—the three fundamental expressions of consciousness: Power (or Will), Wisdom, and Activity—the divine Triad or Trinity. The joining of these three places of contact gives the basic Triangle of contact with Matter, which, with the three Triangles thus made with the lines traced by the Point, yields the divine Tetractys, the three divine Energies in contact with Matter, ready to create. These, in their totality, are the Oversoul* of the kosmos that is to be. Under Form we study the same primal Activity as seen from the side of Matter. The Point, the First or undivided Logos, vibrating between centre and circumference, makes the line dividing Substance in twain, Spirit and Matter, and thus generates the Second Logos; it is said of this in mystic phrase: "Thou art My Son; this day have I begotten Thee;"† this relation of Father and Son within the unity of the Divine Existence, of the First and Second Logoi, existing only during the Day of Manifestation, the life-period of a universe. It is this begetting of the Son, this appearance of the Second Logos, the Wisdom, which is marked in the world of Form by the differentiation, the drawing apart, of Spirit and Matter, the two poles between which is spun the web of a universe; the separation, as it were, of the neutral inactive Electricity into the active forms of positive and negative, thus making the unmanifest manifest. This separation within the First Logos is vividly imaged for us in the preparation for cell-multiplication that we may study on the physical plane, wherein we see the processes that lead up to the appearance of a dividing wall, whereby the one cell becomes two. For all that happens down here is but the reflexion in gross matter of the happenings on higher planes, and we may often find a crutch for our halting imagination in our studies of physical development. "As below, so above."

Then the Point vibrates at right angles to the former vibration, and thus is formed the Cross, still within the Circle, the

* Emerson. † Psalms ii. 7.

Cross which thus "proceedeth from the Father and the Son," the Third Logos, the Creative Mind, the divine Activity now ready to manifest as Creator. He comes forth from the Circle on the highest planes, as the Active Cross, or Svastika, the first of the Logoi to manifest outside the highest planes, though the third product of the divine Unfolding.

But before considering His creative Activity, we must consider the origination of the Monads, or Units of Consciousness, for whose evolution in matter the field of a universe is to be prepared. The myriads of such Units who are to be developed in that coming universe are generated within the divine Life, before the field for their evolution is formed. Of this forthgiving it is written: "THAT willed: I shall multiply and be born;"* and the many arise in the One. This multiplication within the One by the action of Will marks the place of origin—the First Logos, the undivided Lord, the Eternal Father. These are the sparks of the Supreme Fire, the "divine Fragments,"† named generally "Monads." A Monad is a fragment of the divine Life, separated off as an individual entity by rarest film of matter, matter so rare that, while it gives a separate form to each, it offers no obstacle to the free inter-communication of a life thus incased with the surrounding similar lives. The life of the Monads is thus of the First Logos, and is therefore of triple aspect, consciousness existing as Will, Wisdom and Activity; this life takes form on the plane of divine Manifestation, the sixth, Sons of the Father even as is the Second Logos, but younger Sons, with none of their Divine Powers capable of acting in matter denser than that of their own planes; while He, with ages of evolution behind Him, stands ready to exercise His divine Powers, "the First-born among many brethren."‡ Fitly they dwell on the Anupâdaka plane, the roots of their life in the Âdi, as yet without vehicles in which they can express themselves, awaiting the day of "manifestation of the Sons of God."§ There they remain while the Third Logos begins the external work of manifestation, the shaping of the objective universe. He is going to put forth His life into matter, to fashion it into the materials

* *Chhândogyopanishat.* VI. ii. 3.
† *Light on the Path.*
‡ *Romans.* viii. 29.
§ *Ibid.* 19.

fitted for the building of the vehicles which the Monads need for their evolution. But He will not be merged in His work, for, vast as that work seems to us, to Him it is but a little thing: "Having pervaded this whole universe with a portion of Myself, I remain."* That marvellous Individuality is not lost, and only a portion thereof suffices for the life of a kosmos. The Logos, the Oversoul, remains, the God of His universe.

## The First Life Wave.

### The Preparation of the Field

The Third Logos, the Universal Mind, begins His Creative Activity by working on the matter drawn in from the infinite space on every side for the building of our solar system. This matter had already been modified in some way unknown to us, symbolised by the point and the line, by its inclusion in the Circle drawn by the Logos as delimiting His universe.

Outside the limits of a universe this matter is in a very peculiar state; the three qualities of matter, inertia, motion and rhythm,† are balanced against each other, and are in a state of equilibrium. They might be thought of as existing as a closed circle, quiescent. In fact, in some ancient books, matter in this state is described as inertia. The beginning of Creative Activity is the breaking of that closed circle, throwing the qualities out of stable into unstable equilibrium. Life is motion, and the life of the Solar Logos—His Breath, as it is poetically called—touching this quiescent matter, threw the qualities into a condition of unstable equilibrium, and therefore of continual motion in relation to each other. During the life-period of a universe matter is ever in a condition of incessant internal motion.

The Third Logos divides the matter into atoms, and this formation of the atom has three stages. First, the fixing of the limit within which the ensouling life—His own Life in the atom—shall vibrate; this limiting and fixing of the wave-length of the vibration is technically called "The Divine Measure;"‡ this gives to the atoms of a plane their distinctive peculiarity.

* *Bhagavad-Gîtâ*, x. 42.

† Sattva, Rajas and Tamas.

‡ Tanmâtra, the measure of That—"That" being God,

Secondly this Divine Measure marks out in matter the lines which determine the shape of the atom, the fundamental "Axes of Growth;"* the nearest analogy to these are the axes of crystals. Thirdly, by the measure of the vibration and the angular relation of the axes of growth with each other, the size and form of the surface, which we may call the wall of the atom, is determined. Thus in every atom we have the measure of its ensouling life, its axes of growth, and its enclosing surface or wall.

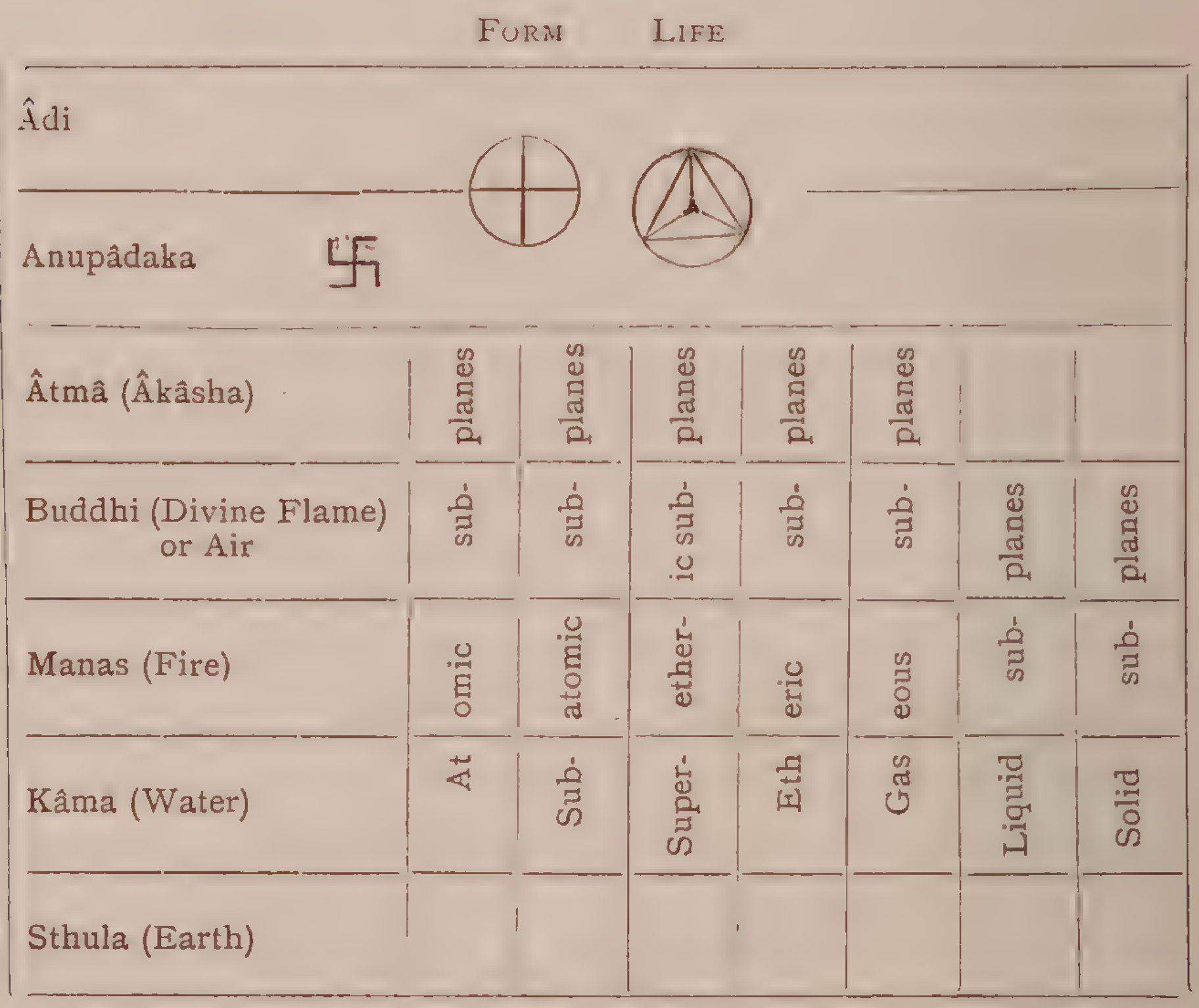
Of such atoms the Third Logos creates five different kinds, the five different "measures" implying five different vibrations, and each kind forms the basic material of a plane; each plane, however various the objects in it, has its own fundamental type of atom, into which any of its objects may ultimately be reduced.

Now these ultimate atoms of a plane are not the "atoms" of the modern chemist; the ultimate atoms are aggregated into successive typical groups, forming "states of matter," and the chemical atom is the fourth of such states, or constitutes the gaseous state of matter on the physical plane. Below this come the liquid and the solid states of matter, or, as they are often called, the liquid and solid sub-planes; and above it are three etheric states of matter, or sub-planes, and the atomic. The atoms are aggregated into groups, which act as units, and these groups are called molecules; the atoms in a molecule are held together by magnetic attraction, and the molecules on each sub-plane are arranged geometrically in relation to each other on axes identical with the axes of growth of the atom of the corresponding plane. By these successive aggregations of atoms into molecules, and of simpler into more complex molecules, the sub-planes of each plane are formed under the directive Activity of the Third Logos, until the field of evolution—consisting of five planes, each showing seven sub-planes—is completed. But it must not be supposed that these seven sub-planes—taking the physical plane as an illustration—are at all identical with those which are now existing. They bear something of the same relation to the present sub-planes as that which the chemist calls proto-hydrogen bears to the chemical elements said to be built up out of it. The present conditions were not brought about by the work of the

* Collectively, a Tattva.

Third Logos only, in whom Activity predominates; the more strongly attractive or cohesive energies of the Second Logos, who is Wisdom and therefore Love, were needed for the further integrations.

It is important to remember that the planes are interpenetrating, and that corresponding sub-planes are directly related to each other, and are not really separated from each other by intervening layers of denser matter. Thus we must not think of the atomic sub-planes as being separated from each other by six sub-planes of gradually increasing density, but as being in immediate connection with each other. We may figure this in a diagram as follows :




It must be understood that this is a diagram, not a picture; *i.e.*, it represents relations, not material facts—the relations existing between the planes by virtue of their intermingling, and not forty-nine separate bricks placed in seven rows, one on the top of another.

Now this relation is a most important one, for it implies that life can pass from plane to plane by the short road of the communicating atomic sub-planes, and need not necessarily circle

round through the six molecular sub-planes before it can reach the next atomic sub-plane to continue its descent. As a matter of fact we shall find presently that life-streams from the Monad do follow this atomic road in their descent to the physical plane. If we consider a physical atom, looking at it as a whole, we see a vortex of life, the life of the Third Logos, whirling with inconceivable rapidity. By the attraction between these whirling vortices, molecules are built up, and the plane with its sub-planes formed. But at the limiting surface of this whirling vortex are the spirillæ, whirling currents, each at right angles to the one within it and the one without it. These whirling currents are made by the life of the Monad, not by the life of the Third Logos, and are not present at the early stage we are considering; they develope one after another into full activity in the course of evolution, normally one in each Round; their rudiments are indeed completed in the Fourth Round by the action of the Second Logos but the life-stream of the Monad as yet circulates in only four of them, the other three being but faintly indicated. The atoms of the higher planes are formed on the same general plan, as regards the Logoic central vortex and its enclosing currents, but all details are at present lacking to us. Many of the practices of Yoga are directed to bring about the more rapid evolution of the atom by quickening this spirillæ-vivifying work of the Monad upon it. As these currents of the Monadic life are added to the Logoic vortex, the note of life grows richer and richer in its quality. We may compare the central vortex to the fundamental note, the whirling encircling currents to the overtones; the addition of each overtone means an added richness to the note. New forces, new beauties, are thus ever added to the seven-fold chord of life.

The different responses which the matter of the planes will give under the impulse of Consciousness depend on the work of the Third Logos, on the "measure" by which He limits the atom. The atom of each plane has its own measure, and this limits its power of response, its vibratory action, and gives it its specific character. As the eye is so constituted that it is able to respond to vibrations of ether within a certain range, so is each type of atom, by its constitution, able to respond to vibrations within a certain range. One plane is called the plane made of "mind-

stuff," because the "measure" of its atoms makes their dominant response that which answers to a certain range of the vibrations of the Knowledge* aspect of the Logos, as modified by the Creative Activity. Another is called the plane of "desire-stuff," because the "measure" of its atoms makes their dominant response that which answers to a certain range of the vibrations of the Will† aspect of the Logos. Each type of atom has thus its own peculiar power of response, determined by its own measure of vibration. In each atom lies involved numberless possibilities of response to the three aspects of Consciousness, and these possibilities within the atom will be brought out of the atom as powers in the course of evolution. But the capacity in the matter to respond, and the nature of the response, these are determined by the gift of the Third Logos to matter of the capacity to vibrate as He vibrates; He, out of the infinite capacity of His own multitude of vibratory powers, gives a certain portion to the matter of a particular system in a particular cycle of evolution. This capacity is stamped on matter by the Third Logos, and is ever maintained in matter by His life infolded in the atom. Thus is formed the fivefold field of evolution in which Consciousness is to develope.

* Chit. † Ichchhâ.

ANNIE BESANT.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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WHENEVER the arts and labours of life are fulfilled in this spirit of striving against misrule, and doing whatever we have to do honourably and perfectly, they invariably bring happiness, as much as seems possible to the nature of man.

In all other paths by which that happiness is pursued, there is disappointment or destruction; for ambition and for passion there is no rest—no fruition; the fairest pleasures of youth perish in a darkness greater than their past light, and the loftiest and purest love too often does but inflame the cloud of life with endless fire of pain.

But, ascending from lowest to highest, through every scale of human industry, that industry worthily followed gives peace.

JOHN RUSKIN, *Sesame and Lilies*, p. 184.

# THREE MYSTIC TOILS

The following mystic stories are taken out of the late Lord Lytton's lengthy epic poem, *King Arthur*. This poem is in twelve Books, and contains one thousand five hundred and twenty-nine stanzas. It is comparatively little known ; yet, as a work of imagination and thought, it stands high among Lord Lytton's writings, and is said to have been his favourite work, and the one by which he thought he would be longest remembered.* In a prefatory note to the Knebworth edition, we are told that the first edition of *King Arthur* was published anonymously in 1848, and that the authorship was acknowledged in a second edition, issued the following year. In his preface to the edition of 1870 he seems to have had some doubt as to how the Poem would be received by the critics of his day, and concludes with these words: "Whatever worth I have put into this work of mine, comprising, in condensed form, so many of the influences which a life divided between literature and action, the study of books and the commerce of mankind, brings to bear upon the two elements of song, Imagination and Thought, that degree of worth must ultimately be found in it; and its merits and its faults be gauged by different standards of criticism from those which experiences teaches me to anticipate now. I shall be, indeed, beyond the reach of pleasure or of pain in a judgment thus tardily pronounced. But he who appeals to Time must not be impatient of the test that he invites."

Those who have made any study of Lord Lytton's works, cannot fail to see that he had some knowledge of the spiritual side of life, and it is with the idea of trying to follow his thought into the heart of things, that these stories have been gathered together. They will be found striking and interesting to those

* See *Notes from a Diary*. ii. 164. Sir Mountstuart E. Grant Duff.

who are fond of the marvellous, and who will look into them seeking to find their inner meaning.

In reading Lord Lytton's *King Arthur*, we have to ignore all that we have learnt of the legendary King in the French romances, and in Tennyson's poems, and think of him simply as a ruler in South Wales, whose aim is the upholding of Cymrian nationality. The stories that follow relate the "triple toil" given to the King in his probation.

### The Search for the Magic Sword

In Book I., the King confides to Merlin the Sage a vision which had been shown to him by a Phantom. The Sage interprets it, and instructs him that the Fates have decreed that he is no longer to lead a life of pleasure and peace; that he must leave his kingdom for the space of a year, and go forth alone to face a life of toil and peril, and win three gifts which shall defend his throne. These are the "Sword"—"the falchion welded from a single gem;" the "Silver Shield"—"in which the sleep of infant Thor was cradled;" and the "Child-guide" with locks of gold.

The King obeys the call; he leaves his crown and kingdom, says farewell to his trusted knights, and goes forth alone to his labours, his only guide and companion being a snow-white Dove. The story of his wanderings and dangers occupies very many stanzas, but it is not until he has been tempted aside from his high mission, and known a great sorrow, that he in earnest seeks his first great prize. What befalls him in this trial is told in Books V. and VII. His faithful knight and friend, Lancelot, has at this time been permitted to follow him, having watched his wanderings in a crystal ring. He is able to save him from great peril by help of the Dove, but he cannot comfort him in his sorrow—sorrow has to bring its own cure. They are by the side of a lake, and one night, at the time of full moon, Lancelot, who possesses higher vision, sees a mist-like sail approaching over the waves. He calls to the King to arise, for the time had come when his mission called him to the search for the magic Sword. The fairy boat was gliding nearer, guided by a phantom hand, but the King could not see it and remained listless. Then it is that the Dove places on his lips the leaf of a herb found only

growing on graves. When he tastes it his eyes are opened; he sees the fairy boat moored by the side of the lake, and a shadowy Lady standing there, while beneath the waters a forest of green was spread, amidst which gleamed the pillared temples of dead religions. The pale King was quickly by the phantom Lady's side, and the boat sailed away before Lancelot could reach it. He watched it noiselessly steal over the waves, the Dove sitting on the mast, until at length the vision faded away.

We come to Book VII. and find that the shadowy vessel has silently and swiftly come to an island haven on the lake. The Lady signs to the King to follow her, and they had scarcely touched the land when the "meteor isle" sank beneath the water into a new land full of strange life, where the place was flooded with moonlight, and the atmosphere melodious with the chant of the waves. There was, however, an ever-moving shadow over all things coming from a vast Tree, whose root was immovable, and whose branches spread everywhere into one great forest. Through the foliage were seen fruits and flowers, as clusters of gems more beautiful than any found on earth.

> Then first the Sovereign Lady of the Deep
> Spoke;—and the waves and whispering leaves were still,
> "Ever I rise before the eyes that weep,
> When, born from sorrow, Wisdom wakes the will;
> But few behold the shadow thro' the dark,
> And few will dare the venture of the bark."

She then asked the King which of the treasures her deeps enfolded would he wish to carry back to earth with him? He, answering, told her of his mission:

> Here springs the forest from the single stem;
> I seek the falchion welded from the gem.

The Phantom bade him pause and look at the tree. She said that even one fruit on a branch was worth far more than the Sword; that he might take of these fruits freely as he wished, for they were unguarded, but the falchion was surrounded by perils, and its worth slight, "ambitious if its Lord;" it was weak to invade, and potent only for defence. The King answered only to refuse all treasures offered, and the Sibyl led him on, as in a dream, silently, through glade after glade under the mighty Tree,

until they came to a dismal rock full of dark caves. Into one of these hollows the Lady and the King went, following the light of a moon-beam. Then Arthur felt the Dove which lay on his breast stirring quickly, and he soothed it as they went slowly on, the ray of moonlight being ever before them. At last they came to a dark place of horror, and the Lady paused. "Lo," she said:

> Yonder the Genii thou invadest reign.
> Alone thy feet the threshold floors must tread—
> No aid from Powers not human canst thou win;
> Trust to thy soul, and dare the Shapes within.

As she spoke she vanished, and the man was left alone to face his trial. But the beam from the unseen moon was still gleaming before him and he followed it,

> And feeling God, he felt not solitude.

Nothing disturbed him, and going on through a dim gallery, he came suddenly into a great light which dyed blood-red the waves as they rolled along. Following that tide he entered a mighty Hall of Coral, on the right side of which were three veiled arches. On the floor was a pedestal of ruby:

> On which, with marble lips, that life-like smiled,
> Stood the fair Statue of a crownëd Child.
> It smiled, and yet its crown was wreathed of thorns,
> And round its limbs coiled foul the viper's brood.

Near to the Child, on a sharp rock, sat a huge Vulture watching, while below the Vulture, embedded in the rock, the diamond hilt of the Sword was seen gleaming. The whole place was lighted up with a crimson glory by the glow coming from the ruby pedestal. There were also in that Hall three blood-red thrones, on which sat three giant forms, representing the Past, the Present and the Future. The first form seemed as one dead, but the second was full of triumphant life,

> Crowned as for sway and harnessed as for strife;

the third appeared as in a dreaming sleep. The second form spoke, and hailed the King to their abode as the seeker of renown; he placed before him three choices—choices of the "three-fold Future."

Then the concealing veils fell from the three arches, giving to view ghostly shapes of life. Firstly the King saw himself enjoying youth and pleasure as when his one desire was

. . . A summer day,
'Mid blooms and sweets to dream himself away.

He turned from that choice, saying :

I have wept since then!;

and he looked to the second arch, where he saw himself surrounded by pomp, receiving homage and praise. But he is not content with this, and asks to see the people, and then sights of misery come up, and he turns from pomp and praise with indignant tears. He looks to the third arch and lo! he sees himself a corpse, and by his side a lonely bard watching. But the kingly crown rests upon his head and his right hand grasps the diamond sword, while his brow is

Calm in the halo glory gives the brave.

Then the Genius asked him to make his choice between Death, Pleasure, and Pomp. The King answering gave the question,

Is that death in vain ?

Whereupon the Genius drooped, and the dreaming form arose—dreaming still. And as he rose—the genius of the things to be—the hollow caves were shaken, the throne of the dead giant rocked, and " deep howled to deep." Yet

. . . . . unshaken smiled,
From the calm ruby base the thorn-crowned Child.

The vision of the Future occupies a great number of stanzas, and at the end the giant Dreamer asks the King : " Dost thou choose Death ? " His answer is " Aye," and striding forward he grasped the hilt of the charmëd Sword, but it remained firm in the rock, it stirred not to his hand—the word had not been spoken.

The giant Dreamer resumed his throne, and the great Three sat in silence, when suddenly the Dove flew forth, and circling round, settled on the thorn-wreath which crowned the statue. Then the Vulture rose shrieking, and the Asps darted upward ; but they paused when the Image stirred with strange life and spoke :—

"Mortal," the Image murmured, "I am He,
Whose voice alone the enchanted sword unsheathes;
Mightier than yonder Shapes—eternally
Throned upon light, tho' crowned with thorny wreaths;
Changeless amid the Halls of Time; my name
In heaven is Youth, and on the earth is Fame."

Then the Image asks a sacrifice; it said that every altar needs a sacrifice, and that his "asks every bloom in which thy heart delighted."

"Wilt thou the falchion with the thorns it brings?"
"Yea—for the thorn-wreath hath not dimmed thy smile."
"Lo, thy first offering to the vulture's wings,
And the asp's fangs!"—the cold lips answered, while
Nearer and nearer the devourers came,
Where the dove resting hid the thorns of Fame.

Then the King's soul went out as the compassionate protector of the poor bird, who had been his faithful guide and companion, who trusted in him, and had shared his wanderings, and springing forward he seized it from a cruel death.

The Image spoke, and asked how it was that one whose ambitions were so lofty could care what happened to the "poor, worthless favourite of a day." Would he, it said, resign the possession of the sword, and forego the freedom of his country? Would he not make one slight offering to the altar of Fame?

But the righteous King would not accept any prize bought at such a cost; he replaced the Dove on his breast and replied with majesty:

"For Fame and Cymri, what is mine I give,
Life;—and prefer brave death to ease and power;
But not for Fame or Cymri would I live
Soiled by the stain of one dishonoured hour;
And man's great cause was ne'er triumphant made
By man's worst meanness—Trust, for gain, betrayed.

"Let then the rock the sword for ever sheathe,
All blades are charmëd in the patriot's grasp!"
He spoke, and lo! the Statue's thorny wreath
Bloomed into roses—and each baffled asp
Fell down and died of its own poison sting;
Back to the crag dull-sailed the death-bird's wing.

Then from the Statue's smile flowed forth ineffable joy, and through the crimson light came "the azure of the distant skies."

"Go," said the Image, "thou hast won the Sword;
He who thus values Honour more than Fame
Makes Fame itself his servant, not his lord;
And the man's heart achieves the hero's claim."

The monarch wondered, and, hearing, laid his hand on the sword-hilt, and at his touch the diamond blade leapt forth, shedding light around. The marble Image bowed its head, and the three Kings rose up, while distant voices were heard hymning:

"Hail, Fame Conqueror in the Halls of Time."

The flaming vaults below were riven, and the spaces on high

Opened and flashed upon the mortal's eye
The morning land of Immortality.

Bowed down before the intolerable light
Sank on his knees the King; and humbly veiled
The home of seraphs from the human sight;
Then the freed Soul forsook him, as it hailed
Thro' Flesh, its prison-house, the spirit choir;
And fled, as flies the music from the lyre.

When the King awoke, as from a dream, he found himself by the water's side, his right hand resting on the Sword—while the Dove "poised her pinions in the sun."

E. WILKINSON.

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THERE is just one law, which obeyed, keeps all religions pure—forgotten, makes them all false. Whenever in any religious faith, dark or bright, we allow our minds to dwell upon the points in which we differ from other people, we are wrong, and in the devil's power. That is the essence of the Pharisee's thanksgiving—"Lord, I thank Thee that I am not as other men are."

At every moment of our lives we should be trying to find out, not in what we differ from other people, but in what we agree with them; and the moment we find that we can agree as to anything that should be done, kind or good (and who but fools couldn't?), then do it: push at it together: you can't quarrel in a side-by-side push; but the moment that even the best men stop pushing, and begin talking, they mistake their pugnacity for piety, and it's all over.—JOHN RUSKIN. *Sesame and Lilies*, P. 201.

# NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH

## A Reply

In the March Review Mr. N. E. Knox desires me to correct him if he has in any way misinterpreted my meaning in a sentence quoted from a preceding article by me, but in truth I regard Mr. Knox's treatment as a most important complement to the topic, rounding out inadequacies and making more correct my partial statement. In almost every point, except his endorsement of H. P. B.'s defence of "blinds," *i.e.*, methods to mislead sincere seekers after truth, I echo the expressions of Mr. Knox.

Of particular value in questions of casuistry is Mr. Knox's statement that deceit is morally such only when others *have a right to know the truth*. This, I take it, is a vital distinction, and it not only justifies the saving of a son's life in the case supposed, but bears on many a problem in history and in social life, giving a rule which is just and fair and preservative of all rights.

There are two special cases where the fact that only they who have a right to know the truth have a claim to hear it is of peculiar moment. The first is religious persecution. Every human being has the inherent right to his personal views as to God and doctrine, and with this no other human being and no government has the right to interfere. Coercion through fear of punishment is without justification and is an outrage on personal prerogative: having no ground for existence and being wholly without claim to inquire into beliefs, such attempt is void of moral demand for reply of any kind, and if for reply of any kind, then for reply of truthful kind. No such demand existing, the interrogated party is free from obligation to disclose his real views or to subject himself to an unwarranted peril. He is quite at liberty to withhold his convictions or to put forward their opposites, since the questioner is demanding something to which he has no right and is supporting an illegal question with an illegal

threat. It would be monstrous that a person or a government, in pursuit of an aim to which it has no right, should be allowed the advantage of the general moral maxim to tell the truth, when it is itself violating morality and subverting the liberty of conscience. No Inquisition threatening penalty has therefore claim to anything but lies.

The other case is of secrets. When a man receives a confidence under promise of secrecy, he is, so far as other parties are concerned, in the position of one who knows nothing of the matter. That attitude of ignorance he is bound in honour to maintain. It is not merely that in case of questioning he must inevitably tell a falsehood (either to the questioner in denying knowledge or to the confider in revealing the confidence) and had better therefore tell a falsehood which does no injury and which preserves both honour and another's rights; it is that *quoad* the questioner he knows nothing which he is at liberty to state, virtually, therefore, nothing at all. Really he is uttering a truth.

I do not see that the excepted case of persons who have not any right to the knowledge which they seek impairs the correctness of my general statement that no principle and no policy is higher than truth. Rather does it affirm it. For the inherent right of individuals to religious liberty and to the preservation of confidences is itself a truth, and both principle and policy are concerned to protect this truth, like every other. Hence I regard Mr. Knox's definition of falsehood as accurate in itself, as adding a complementary thought to my incomplete one, and as bringing out a fact which has enormous importance in the conservation of human rights and in the misunderstood matters of martyrdom and social casuistry.

ALEXANDER FULLERTON.

[The discussion of which the above brief article forms a part is so important that I venture to add a few considerations to it. Much as I respect my valued colleague, Mr. Fullerton, and loyal to truth as I know him to be under difficult circumstances, I cannot but think that his statements are liable seriously to mislead.

Most of us would entirely dissent from his definition of "blinds," although their use, even as "methods to mislead sincere seekers after truth," would be entirely justified by paragraphs 3 and 4 of his article. For the "blind" conceals a truth that the person seeking it has no right to know, and shields confidence given under promise of secrecy.

But most of us do not regard "blinds" as methods of deception. "Blinds" are methods of conveying truths by symbols and allegories, intelligible to the instructed but unintelligible to the casual reader. The intuition and intelligence of the earnest and serious student are developed by their study, and when the development of intuition and intelligence has reached a point at which the student is capable of grasping the truth, the truth is seen. The use of the "blind" prevents the careless and often scoffing reader from getting a distorted idea of a truth he is incapable of grasping, and thus protects him from a dangerous perversion and the truth from ignorant ridicule.

Paragraph 3 seems to me to aim a fatal blow at truth. The question is not: "Has the persecutor a right to know the truth?" but: "Which do I most value, truth or life and liberty?" On the answer to this question seem to turn nobility of individual character, and the forward progress of the race. Those who have the courage to suffer for an unpopular idea enlarge the bounds of knowledge and liberty for others. We can teach Theosophy without danger to-day, because men in the past "knew how to die." To live professing a falsehood was more intolerable to these than death. But this is so obvious, that I think that Mr. Fullerton must have expressed his idea only partially, so that I have not rightly caught his meaning.

One feels, touching the case given in the fourth paragraph, that a person who allows himself to be pushed into the choice between betraying a secret and telling a lie must be sorely lacking in intelligence or in dignity. He makes his first blunder by giving any indication that he is in possession of a secret; if this betrayal is done by another, he can then always rebuke an impertinent questioner without giving any clue to the secret entrusted to him. I have heard it said that we should guard a secret by silence, but never by a lie.

Believing, as I do, in the law of karma, I cannot believe that a temporary trouble due to truthfulness is as serious a matter as the poisoning of the stream of human trust and confidence by telling a lie. The persecutor may kill my body, but why should I add to this evil of his causing the worse evil of increasing treachery and deceit within human society? Shall I not do more to neutralise the results of his evil on society by answering it with fearlessness and honesty, than if I answer it with cowardice and double-dealing? It seems to me that it is by the light of the law of karma that we must guide our steps. Nor can we overlook the all-important fact, that only those who are true can recognise truth. If we, by falsehood, set up in our subtle bodies the discordant vibrations of untruthfulness, and then come into contact with a truth, this truth will produce further dissonance in us, as a true note makes discord with one that is flat. This dissonance will cause us to regard the true as false, and will thus wholly mislead us. We need to tune our nature most delicately into perfect truthfulness, since thus only can we distinguish the true from the false in all that surrounds us. Hence we cannot afford to introduce false notes into our nature, for we thereby lose our sensitiveness to truth. And on this I know that Mr. Fullerton is most fully in accord, and if I put it into words here, it is only because he has himself omitted it.

ANNIE BESANT.]

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# THE WAY OF THE HERB-GATHERER

ON the green curved bank of a little tidal river opening to the sea, stands a small village and a tiny old church. A road runs between them and the broken ruins of a grey abbey. On the smooth mossy turf, alight with daisies and celandine, turf which once formed part of the abbey grounds, stands the vicarage, which the Rev. Anthony Standish, "Father Standish," as he is more commonly called, to the scandal of local Protestants, has greatly enlarged. For he, the vicar of the small hamlet, is a man of means, and a man whose personal expenditure might easily be covered

by £50 per annum. When he became vicar of Brent he built large additions to the vicarage, and also a very beautiful oratory; thither pious souls may retire from the press and turmoil of the world, and give themselves to quiet study, to prayer and meditation. In this peaceful spot lives Father Standish, at once parish priest, and head of a house whence intercession goes up by day and by night, for the small chapel is never left unwatched. Around the house lie quiet meadows watered by the sluggish stream, full of golden marsh-marigolds, water forget-me-nots, and becka bunga, and vocal with the song of larks; further off lies the forest, stretches of heather, oak groves in which the bracken grows thickly, and chanting squirrel-haunted pines. A cloister leads to the chapel; it forms three sides of a quadrangle of fine turf, planted with sweet-briar bushes. Therein stands a great Cornish cross of grey granite; and within the cloister, near the chapel door, is a wooden crucifix, a triumph of Ober-Ammergau's piety and art. Father Standish, an Anglican Catholic priest, too devout and too mystical to be rigid and narrow-minded, yet upholds the letter as well as the spirit of his Faith, the authority of the Church, the God-given power of the priest, the desirability of Church discipline—these doctrines are enforced by him; therefore his attitude towards David Alison becomes the more inexplicable to his admirers and followers.

For David Alison alone is not bound by the laws which bind the dwellers and passing sojourners in the quiet house. If he absent himself for weeks from the chapel, Father Standish admonishes not; if he enter there at any hour of the day or night he is free to do so. Hours, rules, forms and ceremonies do not bind him; nor can it be seen that his faith and that of Father Standish are in outer observances the same; during ten years he has lived at the house by the river; during eight he has written those mystical prose poems which have made his name known to all the English-speaking world; very few people have seen the man himself, though thousands have felt the baffling power of his written words. A baffling power, because they tell of nature, and of nature alone; of man as man, of God as God, they breathe no words, but those who have read them know by some strange inward warning that they have learned of both.

Put the clock back ten years—to the morning of the day when Father Standish sat in his clean bare room, a mere anchorite's cell, and received a long and confidential letter from the Bishop of Bingley concerning his only son.

David Alison was the only child of the Bishop of Bingley and of that good and gentle lady, Grace, his wife. The average young Englishman is not very devout, though he often has a decent and healthy respect for religion in the abstract; the Bishop of Bingley was not a man to encourage in his son more than the ordinary religious observances of the public-school boy; he inculcated an admirable moral standard for all times and seasons, and a respectable average piety to be chiefly practised on the seventh day. In short he expected him to develope into an ordinary type of vigorous and honourable English gentleman, and he saw no reason why he should not follow in his father's footsteps, and enter the Church. The Bishop was not disconcerted nor distressed when his son differed from him on this point; he consulted him, at the age of seventeen, as to the bent of his desires. David Alison blushed, stammered, and finally said nervously, he didn't think he was a religious enough fellow to be a parson—he—he—shouldn't like—he didn't know—he should "feel such a beastly humbug."

Whereat the good Bishop laughed, and asked him what he would like to be instead. Then the boy hesitated and seemed to be undecided; forces he did not understand were at work within him; he did not know what he was, nor what he wished to do. Finally he said he thought he should like the Bar as well as anything; the Bishop assented, and gave him a very excellent discourse, in which the *rôles* of prelate, parent, and ex-headmaster were admirably blended. When the young man left school he was sent to college, and there the tragedy of his life took place. A scandal arose, and David Alison was accused of peculiarly dishonourable and disgraceful offences of which he was totally innocent; innocent as he was, the evidence against him was damning; no one believed his protestations of distress and bewilderment, or his indignant denials. The matter was hushed up as far as possible, nevertheless it was widely known; Alison and three other young men abruptly left college, practically

ruined for life, and the perfectly innocent culprit went home to face his father's wrath and disgust. The ex-headmaster was a Christian bishop, but he was a proud man, with a stern temper and a tongue like a flail; he caused David Alison to experience the power of both.

"Your mother is dying," he said abruptly, facing his son, who was writhing silently under his last stinging denunciation. "If she were not on her death-bed, sir, you should never enter my doors again."

David had not known that his mother's habitually bad health was worse than usual; he gasped for breath, and his pale face turned bluish-white with the shock.

"From the day she is laid in the churchyard yonder," said his father, "whither I pray to God I may soon follow her, for you have left me nothing to live for when she goes, I will never see nor speak to you again. You have disgraced me, and her, and yourself. But, for her sake, you must stay here till the end. She must never know. Do you hear me, David; before her we must be as we have always been. Out of her presence I forbid you to speak to me."

David Alison nodded, he could not speak, the room was turning black, and he saw his father's face looking at him from a distant point in space.

"Be careful in her presence. That is all I ask. You owe her something, David; she bore you, cares for you, is proud of you. God help her, poor woman! Proud!"

"If I mayn't speak to you, father," said David Alison faintly, "don't you think it—it might be fair play for you not to speak to me either."

The Bishop was leaving the room; perhaps something in his son's voice either touched or startled him, he turned back:

"David," he said, "you were a fool, to put it on no higher grounds, to protest your innocence in the face of the evidence. But—you are young, after all; and the world will punish you. Tell me you are guilty, and repent; and I'll forgive you."

"I'm not guilty," said David Alison, doggedly; "and if there were a God, as you pretend, He wouldn't let an innocent man be ruined."

No one, not even David himself, for pain both physical and mental often evades the memory strangely, knows what he suffered during the next twelve months of torture; for the Bishop's wife lived for a year and never knew the story of her son's ruin and shame. It was only when the year's agony was over, and some of the results were seen, that the Bishop began partially to understand, and was aghast at the havoc wrought.

David was not, as he said, "a religious fellow," but he had been trained to believe, at least theoretically, in the efficacy of prayer; besides an irreligious soul, if such there be, when man utterly fails it, turns desperately to God. David Alison prayed during that year with a passionate intensity that seemed to burn up at last all power of feeling in him, and leave him numbed and cold, with only a broken nervous dread of further pain; a fear lest, now that his former agony had ceased to hurt, some new torture should be devised for him. He had ceased to feel a sense of injustice, for a reason which he presently unfolded.

The day after his mother's funeral he was sent for by the Bishop; he went to him with the unquestioning conviction that he was about to be turned out of the house. When he found that his father was wringing his hands, begging him, in a broken voice, to forgive him, giving God thanks with tears in his eyes, and a passionate thrill in his usually unemotional, round, strong voice, by degrees it dawned upon him that his innocence had been established at last. He felt a feeble pleasure because his father seemed to be pleased; for he loved him in obedience to the strange law which sometimes ordains that we love an alien soul when the blood-bond lies betwixt us.

The Bishop looked in his face, half puzzled; he laid his hands on his shoulders:

"David, my poor dear boy," he said, "you don't understand. I have been too sudden in my great thankfulness for God's mercy. This is the only thing that could have made me glad to-day. You are innocent; and your innocence is proved."

"I don't feel innocent," said Alison, "but I'm glad you're pleased, father."

The Bishop looked alarmed.

"David," he said in a startled voice, "what—what on earth do you mean?"

"A man is what he feels himself to be," said David, "I feel guilty. If I had known myself theoretically to be guilty for the last year, I might form a new theory. But you've made me feel it practically; and habits stick. I'm afraid I'm permanently ashamed of myself."

When he saw the pain in his father's eyes, his own intimate acquaintance with pain made him wince; he held out his hand:

"I'm sorry I said that," he muttered.

The Bishop took his hand and held it between his:

"I was wrong in any case," he said. "If I had loved you a great deal less, or a great deal more, I suppose I should have treated you differently."

"You were quite right," said David indifferently, "I used to feel it to be unjust. But now that I feel guilty, you see, I don't feel that any longer."

The Bishop gently patted his son's shoulder; he said no more at the time. When a week had passed, and he found that Alison's mental condition was not a passing mood, he said, with a sigh:

"You're unnerved, David; you want a lighter hand than mine, I'm afraid. I think you and Standish might get on together. He's unpractical and emotional; but he's very sympathetic and gets hold of people strangely. That sort of thing is not quite healthy, I sometimes fear. However, Standish means well; not a doubt of it. He has a house at Brent."

"What is it? A penitentiary?"

"David!"

"I beg your pardon, father. That was the result of a fixed idea. What is the place?"

"It's a religious house," said the Bishop reprovingly.

"A religious house," said Alison; then he began to laugh. "That's funny!" he said, gasping. "Did you know how funny it was? No, you didn't! But to leap from criminality to sainthood! Oh, don't let me laugh. Stop me."

"Will you go to Brent?"

"I'll go anywhere you please."

So, on the following day, Father Standish received the Bishop's letter; and four days later David Alison arrived at Brent.

Father Standish was very kind to him; by his tender tact and quiet sympathy he gained a fuller outpouring of the bruised half-dumb soul than the Bishop could gain. If it lay in the power of any to solve another man's life-problem, he might have done it. At last he applied the balm that comforted his own devout mind:

"Torture yourself no longer," he said. "Sink in your own nothingness. God is all, David; God is Love."

Now if there come an hour when we, toiling pilgrims of the earth, stand together on the mountain-top to view our Promised Land, it is my faith we shall see that the truth that helped one climber helped also his brethren. Men argue chiefly, less respecting truths, than the meaning of words, and each soul has its own vocabulary; thus when it came to pass that David Alison "sank in his own nothingness," he was at peace, even as Standish said; but he never knew he had taken that counsel under another form; the words puzzled him, and his soul rose in revolt against them.

His own nothingness! when he was the only fact of which he felt sure. God was all! when everything he knew, most of all the pain of his tortured heart and mind, was more real to him and more near than that far-off power which they named God. He was the only reality he knew; he was real to himself, real as the surgeon's knife to the quivering nerves. For he had not yet learned, as Standish had imperfectly perceived, that neither the forms nor the forces that play therein are the man himself.

"God is love," he repeated, "God is all. Isn't there anything in the world but love, Father Anthony?"

He looked up at the other with a sad smile.

"Assuredly there is."

"God is all," repeated David. "Then He is also that which—is not Love. Forgive me, Father Standish, you are very good to me; I'm grateful for your patience. But if you had gone through my past year, you would be more conscious of fear than love. I feel a criminal, and I'm horribly afraid. I'm so much afraid I daren't say I've been unjustly used; I 'kiss the rod' from sheer fright. I am sick with fright when people look at me, because for a year the world was all eyes—condemnatory eyes. You go to the

chapel to worship and adore; I go because I'm frightened and superstitious. I'm going there now."

And he went. The other sighed and shook his head:

"I don't know what to do for him," he said. But Father Standish's "case" was about to be taken out of his hands.

It was a May morning; there was a soft blustering westerly wind. David Alison walked through the cloister to the chapel, and went in softly. It was a still dark place, with windows of stained glass; save for the glass and the oak stalls it was all white marble, gleaming ghost-like in the dim light. A great crucifix hung over the altar, before which burned a little star of never extinguished light. The place was chilly, and full of the smell of incense and altar flowers. Two watchers knelt there in prayer. David Alison knelt down, too, shivering with nervous depression; he knelt and bowed his head on his arms, which he rested on the back of a *pric-dieu;* he sobbed noiselessly from sheer physical weariness and mental strain, while he inwardly raged at his own weakness; as he said, "he was permanently ashamed of himself," and as close to the verge of madness as a man might be.

The side door of the chapel burst noisily open, and in rushed a gust of wind bearing the smell of freshly-cut grass, cowslips and bluebells. One of the watchers rose softly and closed the door. David looked up, roused by the rush of air; some one had entered when the door flew open, and was standing within a few paces of him; he saw a young man clad in a kind of forest dress of faded green; in his hand was a bough of blossoming hawthorn, on his back was slung a basket of herbs; he was evidently a herb-gatherer from the forest, and about him clung the smell of the air, of the forest-ways, full of wet moss and freshly-springing grass and leaves. David bowed his head once more; it felt rested and lightened, as though a light electric current were playing through his aching brain, taking away the pain and strain. He was growing sleepy, he thought; he was almost afraid to stir for fear of dispelling the sense of rest. At last he got up. The herb-gatherer had gone. The next day the same thing happened, and the next, and the next. On the fourth day, as he left the chapel, one of the church watchers went out too, and David spoke to him in the cloister.

"Who is the tall man who comes to the chapel every day?" he asked. "He comes in when the door opens."

"The door blows open because the wind has been so strong, Mr. Alison, and the lock is bad."

"But there is a man who comes in."

"No, Mr. Alison. No one comes in."

David Alison went to his room with the fear of madness before his eyes. There was a book on the table by the window; the wind had blown it open; he took it up and read mechanically:

Nor less I deem that there are Powers
Which of themselves our minds impress;
That we can feed this mind of ours
In a wise passiveness.
Think you 'mid all this mighty sum
Of things for ever speaking,
That nothing of itself will come,
But we must still be seeking?

He threw down the book and leaned from the window; the flitting shadows of the racing clouds flecked the shining meadows, across them he saw the herb-gatherer walking. He ran down-stairs; he would find out whether he were mad or no. He could not catch the herb-gatherer, follow as he would; the delicate perfume of the herbs in his basket floated back to him on the riotous wind, the man he could not reach. He chased him down a forest road, under oaks flushed with bronze-pink, where pigeons cooed, and jays chattered; he climbed a gate and walked down a turf path running between perfumed pine trees, whose buds were cracking softly in the hot spring sun; he saw the herb-gatherer striding barefoot before him; the turf was spangled with little flowers and set about with uncurling bracken. He forded a tiny stream, climbed a small hill, and lo! a space of grass, walled about with pines, and in the midst twelve great oak trees, dead and barkless, bleached to tarnished silver, standing alone wrapped in a great peace, among the growth and fierce life of spring. He could not see the herb-gatherer and he ceased to hunt for him. The calm and mystery of the place rested upon him like a charm. One of the oaks had fallen; he lay all his length in a hollow of the trunk, and shut his eyes. It was warm

and sheltered from the wind; he could feel the sunshine and the flitting shade of the driving clouds sweep over him. The smell of the warm earth was like a blessing from some unseen Power whose soul was stillness, utter stillness, beyond love and hate. He forgot to wonder whether he was mad or bad; he ceased to think of himself at all; the still Power seemed to stoop out of infinitude and wrap him round; he "sank into his own nothingness," unawares.

Late in the afternoon he returned to Brent, with a dawning hope and sanity in his eyes. He ceased to go to the chapel now, and Father Standish forebore to ask him questions, for he perceived that something he did not understand was at work in the soul of his guest. David Alison rose up early, and came in late; sometimes he did not come in at all, but spent the night, like the day, in the woods alone. Once he said:

"Father Anthony, do you want me to go away?"

When the other smiled and shook his head, David smiled too, and held out his hand.

In a little while another strange thing befell him; after it befell he found he could wander by night as well as by day, only at night he left his body lying still and restful in the little room that was as simple and bare as a monk's cell.

All that he saw of the world of day, or of the world of night, was fair, so that the man's soul was steeped in beauty. Sometimes he saw silent, dew-drenched, star-lit English meadows; sometimes grey headlands, with a black foamless sea crawling and heaving below; sometimes strange winding water-ways, stretches of sand, blanched in the moonlight, and eerie with strange wailing songs and elfish voices; sometimes great ruined cities lying in strong sunlight, and barren mountain sides with great caverns therein and twisting spiral stairways winding upwards, whereunto he could not tell; but never, anywhere, a human face nor a human voice, nor human eyes looking into his; he never saw the gatherer of herbs, save only that he was waiting below his window always when he set forth on his wanderings, and half sprang, half floated out into the moon-shimmer; when he had once set forth he was alone with the speechful, speechless things he loved. In the morning he knew it was a dream, and

at night he knew it was truth; and then the seat on the bleached oak and the turf walk through the pine forest became the dream-world until the hour of dawn came, and he awoke. He was not concerned with the psychological meaning of all this; he was not interested in the study of his own consciousness in the world of day and the world of night; he was steeped in the great joy and marvel of beauty, perceiving Nature's God alike in the world of waking and in the world of dreaming. Whether that which he saw was real or mere illusion he neither knew nor cared; he rejoiced only in the fact that it was all unspeakably good to see. By degrees it began to be more than seeing; it became knowing as well, knowledge of a great and never to be interpreted secret; through the sight of his eyes his soul began to perceive, stretching forth to learn, if it were possible, that which lay at the heart of beauty.

One day he stood in the silent circle of the dead oaks and watched the dry branches gleam against the sky. He had been there since dawn, lying motionless on the turf, watching all the changes of the day. The sun set, the shadows swooned into the dark, the owls began to hoot among the dusky trees. The man's soul, dumb so long, spoke at last, and its speech was prayer; he said:

"Power, that hast made the world so beautiful, I thank Thee. Thou hast made pain and sickness, fear and loss, the bewildered mind, and death, and sin, and folly; Thou hast made love that fails us, and thought that betrays and maddens; in a word—Thou hast made man. But because Thou hast made beauty too, because Thou hast made the sky at dawn and the moonlight on the sea, the mist and the grey rocks, the dew on the grass, the music in the bird's throat, and the ripple of the wind on fields of flowering grass; because Thou hast made the smell of the wet earth, and of the wild thyme at hot noon, I worship Thee. Though of all, save eyes to see these, Thou shouldst strip me, for these I shall praise Thee, in these will I adore Thee, Who could image this beauty and bring it to the birth. If my eyes be darkened from the sight of these things I love, in the memory of them I shall worship Thee, till memory follows sight."

Having silently spoken thus he walked home through the

dark woods; he entered the chapel for the first time since he followed the herb-gatherer to the oak circle. He stood there in the dim light, before the great crucifix, and while he stood thus Father Standish came into the place, for it was his custom to spend the first watch of the night there. What he saw in that hour he never told to any man. He stood earnestly watching the motionless figure; at last he stepped noiselessly into the cloister and waited there. Presently David Alison came out. Father Standish drew back into the shadow, and let him pass, then he looked after him till he was out of sight. He returned to the chapel, and stayed there during the first watch of the summer night. Before he went to his room he opened David Alison's door, stepped softly in and stood looking down at his sleeping figure.

"I knew he was taken out of my hands," he said under his breath, "but I never *saw* it till to-night."

He stooped lower and looked more intently at the sleeper:

"There is some tremendous Power working on and through him," he muttered. "Perhaps without the year of torture that broke up the whole of his outer life, it could not have been. Perhaps he was born for this purpose, whatever it be, and for no other."

Now while Father Standish stood and mused in the waking world, in the world of sleep other things were befalling David Alison. He roved the hills of dream alone.

There was a steep hill-slope with rock steps therein, and down them he swung lightly, his feet bounding from stone to stone with a motion unknown in that other world whence he came; he did not know how he climbed the further slope that rose on the other side, but he stood on the top and saw a ravine below full of stormy water, and a thread-like bridge with wide spaces between the planks that formed it, spanning the gulf. Since his year of torment his nerves were broken; in the waking world he turned sick and giddy on a height, but in the good world of sleep he sped over the bridge and stood on the hill top beyond. The herb-gatherer stood there, and now for the first time he turned his face to the dreamer, and met him eye to eye; David Alison became aware of a great clash of sound; at first it

was a great chaotic clamour, then from the clamour came forth harmony; and he sought to find whence it came. It rang from the sleeping woods, from the silent mountain peaks, from the river rushing below, from the night wind sweeping by, from the tide-boom in unseen ocean caves, from the purple star-strewn void of space, through which strange lights drove and flickered; in the great sound, moreover, he heard the murmur of cities, the clang of swords, the cry of the afflicted, the sob of the sinner who repents, the laughter of children, and the low chant from the chapel at Brent. All these things and many more had their place therein; behind and beyond these was another sound that echoed from the very heart and core of them all; sometimes it seemed to him the great song rang to him from without, sometimes as though it were being chanted in his own heart; while he listened he heard a voice whispering certain words; he knew it was the herb-gatherer's voice though he had never before heard his speech, and even now he heard it not with his ears, but as though it spoke within his own breast.

"This chant of the Powers lives in thy heart for ever," it said. "Thou shalt hereafter have power to make others hear it too."

Then with the swift change of dream he found himself lying on the narrow bed in the room at Brent, with the bare knowledge in his mind that he had seen and heard certain things which he could not perfectly recall; also that a choice had been placed before him, and he had chosen. The room was full of the scent of rosemary and forest herbs. He rose at dawn and walked into the dew-spangled quadrangle. Beneath the grey granite cross, whereon the birds were twittering, stood Father Standish; he came forward to meet his guest, and in his manner there was an indefinable change; his eyes questioned him. Then he turned and began to pace to and fro beside him.

"David," he said suddenly, "I hope you will not leave this place. You and I are going by different roads, but I think they lead the same way."

"You are treading the way of the saint, Father Anthony," said Alison, "And I—"

"The way of the sinner?" said the other, with raised eye-

brows. "That may be one way, David; but I think it is not yours."

"Shall you understand me if I say I have ceased to care whether I am a sinner or not?"

Father Standish thought for a moment. "In the sense you mean it," he answered, "I shall say I am very glad. Yours is a way I do not understand; if it were the way of the sinner I should understand it. But do you understand it yourself?"

"No. I call it the way of the herb-gatherer; but I do not understand, nor care to understand. I go the way I must."

"Do you mean you are forced from without?" said the other, rather startled, with a vision of Satan as an angel of light before his inner eye.

"No. There is no without. I feel none."

They parted company at the gate. David went to the woods, and Father Standish to his cell-like room. There he wrote to the Bishop.

"He must stay here," he wrote. "You must not press him to return to the world of work. Something is happening which I frankly own I do not understand. We must wait God's good time to see what comes of it."

When, a year later, David Alison began to write those "poems in prose" that made his name famous, the Bishop, Father Standish, and the public thought they knew what had come of it; the Bishop believed the throes of genius had been working in his son; Father Standish, as a High Church mystic who believed in the "ministry of angels," took a slightly different view; nevertheless, he too believed that "what had come of it" was some of the most marvellous literature possessed by the modern world. Now, it is possible the Bishop, the priestly mystic, and the public were all mistaken, and that David Alison's "prose poems" were merely the temporal "things which are seen."

MICHAEL WOOD.

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*We much regret to state that our usual contributor of the Magazine Notices failed, on account of health, to send them, and we have been obliged to go to press without them.*—EDS.

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THE
# THEOSOPHICAL
# REVIEW

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## ON THE WATCH-TOWER

The Annual Convention

THE Twelfth Annual Convention of the European Section was held in London, July 4th to 7th, and was most successful. Friends literally flocked in from the Continent, as though to prove that making Sections of their own did not lessen their fraternal interest and affection, and no Convention of the European Section when it included all Europe ever saw so many friends from the Continent as were present at this gathering. Holland, Belgium and France were the most largely represented countries; Germany and Italy were also there. Russia was represented by several of her children, Spain only by proxies, its delegate being prevented from starting at the last moment. From India also a delegate was present, and friends appeared from the United States, Canada, Australia, and South Africa. What a Babel of sounds greeted the ear at the receptions, dinners and teas—we were truly international! And pleasant was it to see the all-pervading brotherliness, the complete ignoring of all national differences. And one thought how happy H. P. B. would have been to have

seen the strong trees which had grown out of the tiny root of the European Section that she planted. Great verily was the difference between the little band that surrounded her at the making of the Section twelve years ago, and the hundreds of Theosophists of many lands who thronged the halls in 1902.

* * *

THE European Section has given birth to five sturdy children, the Scandinavian, Dutch, French, Italian and German Sections.

The End of the European Section

The time had come for its euthanasia, for its name was no longer true, and assumed a territorial jurisdiction which it no longer possessed. Its executive council therefore decided to ask the Convention to pronounce that, the work of the European Section being done, the British organisation should revert to the name of the British Section, and that the President-Founder should be asked to allow the Spanish and Belgian Societies to remain connected with it until they organised their own Sections. The Convention decided to take this action, and a second resolution was thereafter passed, recommending the formation of a Federation of the European Sections, with the view of holding a European Theosophical Congress every year.

* * *

THE General Secretaries present, Mrs. Cooper-Oakley and Signor Cervesato representing Italy, and Mrs. Annie Besant,

The Federation of Europe

met on July 7th in the office of the General Secretary of the British Section, and drew up a scheme to be submitted to the Sectional Executives, with the purpose of carrying out this resolution. It is proposed that an Annual Congress of the European Sections shall be held in connection with the Annual Convention of the Section that invites the Congress; that the General Secretaries shall form the Federation Council; that the General Secretary of the inviting Section shall be the Secretary of the Federation Council for the year, and shall be responsible for the organisation of the Congress; that each Section shall arrange in its own way for the selection of papers to be read from it at the Congress; that these papers, or a selection from them, and a summary of the discussions, shall be printed and circulated; that the expenses shall

be met by the payment by each Section of a sum equivalent to fifty centimes per member. It is hoped that by means of this Federation a sense of solidarity will be preserved among the European Sections, and that their delegates will still meet in Congress year by year; for the annual international gatherings held for the last twelve years have proved too useful and too pleasant to be dropped. It is probable that the first of these proposed Annual Congresses will be held in London, the British General Secretary having invited the Congress to London in 1903.

* * *

THE Theosophical movement in France received a blow at the end of the week following the Convention, for the well-known and well-loved Dr. Pascal, the General Secretary of the French Section, was suddenly completely prostrated by serious illness, and will not be able to take any active work on his shoulders for some months to come. The younger members of the French Section will now have to put their shoulders to the wheel, so that the organisation shall not feel the temporary absence of its devoted chief. The future of Theosophy in France depends much on the capacity and the resolution now shown by them. We send to them a message of cheer and encouragement, and one of loving sympathy to our stricken colleague.

Work for the Younger

* * *

OUR hard-working Dutch colleagues had a serious loss some weeks ago. Among the many fires which have lately occurred over the western world was one which burned up their magazine, ready for binding, as well as much literature, including the whole Dutch editions of *The Ancient Wisdom*, and of *The Invisible Helpers*. Sympathy will not restore the loss, but it may soften the blow, and this we heartily tender.

Fire Elementals at Play

* * *

PHYSIOLOGISTS are trying hard to track life into its innermost hiding-place. It has been found that some fluids derived from the culture of micro-organisms, filtered through thick asbestos filters, show no particles under the highest available microscopic powers, but

From *Science Siftings*

possess properties which seem to be due to the presence of active organic bodies. Hence it is argued that "the vital unit" may be invisible and may be Weissman's "biophor." And if these should be found in Dr. Bose's vegetables and minerals, what then? Is not the day approaching when life shall be seen to be omnipresent and one?

* * *

The Unknown of Science

In a brightly written article by Dr. Andrew Lang, that able and thoughtful writer, discussing the "neurons" or "neura"—the pyramidal cells of the grey matter of the brain—with which we are alleged to think, wisely reminds his readers that no amount of research into the mechanism of consciousness avails to solve the problem of consciousness itself.

> My point is that, as to the soul or no soul, all this business of neurons and synapses takes us not an inch further forward. We all knew that "when the brains were out the man was dead," and, as far as ordinary every-day experience goes, was incapable of thought. We all knew that for thought we living human beings need brains, and the question as to souls or no souls is not in the slightest degree affected by examination into the mechanism of the brain. The old problem stands where it has always stood. . . There remains, luckily, in spite of theories of neurons (about which there seems to be no scientific unanimity), there remains a cosmic expanse of the unknown, which we may people with our dreams, no man saying us nay. Now the general tendency of popular science is to try to enclose this cosmic playground, to erect notices against trespass, and generally to shut us up in a lecture room full of disagreeable odours, with no exit except into a black cellar downstairs.

The cosmic playground is a vast ocean, which, rippling peacefully onwards, levels down the sand-barriers within which the human children would confine it. The free spirit may play at his pleasure with neura and synapses, making toys which squeak when pinched, but he remains, as ever, the "Inner Ruler, Immortal," the shaper, not the child, of matter.

* * *

Spirit and Religion

The qualities of the spirit are manifested through matter, but they do not arise from matter, and it is rightly pointed out in one of J.B.'s most valuable and theosophical articles in the *Christian World*, that religion is dependent on these and not on creeds and documents,

The men in whom these qualities are largely manifested are the teachers and sages of humanity.

Souls of this order are the true fountains of religious energy. At the head and summit of them stands the Christ. The Gospel shows itself psychologically true, notwithstanding the aberrations of its interpreters, by giving as the source of its power, not a theological system, but a Personality wholly absorbent of, and saturated through and through with the Divine. It was not mere mentality that made the Christ. It was soul.* What a remove from the thing we call "cleverness," the element which made Jesus supreme in the hearts of His followers! Was it by "cleverness" that, in Ullmann's striking words, "His mere presence passed a silent but irresistible sentence upon those by whom He was surrounded"? Was it a mere trick of the intellect that His look could break a strong man's heart? In this highest example we have demonstration of the fact that the crowning endowment of humanity is beyond and behind the intellect, using that only as a tool.

So also a keenly intuitive poet has written:

. . . and the Cross of Christ
Is more to us than all His miracles.†

The powers which purify and uplift flow from the spirit, and it is these which are needed to again enthrone religion among men. J. B. truly attributes to this the inspiration which fills a religious teacher, when

> There emerges a tense and awful consciousness that he is then but an instrument of a higher Power; that the word is far more than his own; that his very limitations, his weakness and defects, his sense of personal nothingness, are but factors of a movement in which he, indeed, is taking part, but not as originator.

In the spirit lies the wonderful attractive power which makes some men love the saints, "the charm which holds men in the thrall of greater souls." Those in whom the spirit is stirring feel this thrill of kinship, while in the non-spiritual it gives rise to resentment, even to hatred. And J. B. speaks rightly when he says that this spiritual life must be realised by teachers of religion if they are to influence the world.

We are in an age of culture and of general knowledge-grinding. More than ever necessary is that for every teacher, but it is only a beginning. In the higher natures mind is only servant of the soul. Our qualification for any grade of spiritual office is in the incessant cultivation of our central and

* We should prefer the word spirit, that which is the divine nature in man.

† Mrs. Hamilton King, *The Disciples*.

innermost. It is when we find our Higher Self, our greater Ego, the infinite Ground of our being, to be more and more filling us and making our life, that we can speak of progress.

He urges on his readers "the recovery of the almost lost art of prayer," which begins in "a kind of egotism," but ever "ends, if truly followed, in a self-surrender." "Who shall measure for us the sheer moral energy of a self-offering?" Meditation, worship of the Highest, these are necessary for the manifestation of the spirit. We must make time to exclude the outer if we would know the inner. The ceaseless hurry, the incessant demands of the outer life, leave no quiet time for seeking the God within. Yet this search is absolutely necessary for the unveiling of the hidden splendour. It is as true now as of old: "Ye cannot serve [successfully] God and Mammon."

* * *

If not Reincarnation, then What?

A STRANGE event has taken place in Paris and is recorded in *L'Éclair* of June 29th. It reached us too late for earlier notice. The Society of Dramatic Authors, presided over by M. Victorien Sardou, admitted among its members a girl of ten years of age, born on March 5th, 1892. She advanced to the President as a short-frocked child, with loose, floating hair. This child had written several plays, which had been successfully produced. And it seems that she has been writing for years, according to her mother, who says that when she was but five years old, on a visit to London, she recited before Queen Victoria and the then Princess of Wales, some stories composed in English by herself. As to her English, her mother said that she did not know how or where she had learned it, and the child ejaculated: "I did not learn it, I knew it." She says that she watches, observes closely, analyses and writes the result. "When I go in an omnibus I observe my fellow-passengers, guess their thoughts, construct their romances." Her writings are ironical, pessimistic, it is said.

"What has the world done to you?"

"Nothing. It is hateful: that is all. It is unclean; it would be better not to know it."

Your precocious pessimism makes one think of the babe who came

into the world, looked round him, exclaimed: 'So that's the world! Well, I go back!'"

"Yes, but I am content not to have gone back. I do not get angry, not a bit. I amuse myself, I amuse myself with life, put it into comedies and play it."

This strange child writes under the name of Carmen d'Assilva, and looks at the drama of life with aged eyes.

* * *

HERE is a true story:

The Rising Generation and the T.S.

SCENE 1. London. Thursday.

*Small Boy* (*æt.* 5): Grandpa, where are you going?

*Grandpapa:* I'm going to the T.S.

*Small Boy:* What's the T.S.?

*Grandpapa:* The Theosophical Society.

SCENE 2. Hampshire. Sunday.

*Mr. C.* (taking down his hat): I'm just going out.

*Small Boy:* Are you going to the T.S.?

*Mr. C.:* No. What's the T.S.?

*Small Boy:* Don't you know what the T.S. is? That's the Theosophical Society. My grandpa goes to the T.S. Do you?

Thus is propaganda carried on. "Out of the mouth of babes," etc.

* * *

MR. WILLIAM JAMES, the well-known psychologist, is doing useful service to the higher thought. In his latest book, *The Varieties of Religious Experience*, he leads the student to that study of the workings of consciousness that can alone take the place, as a basis, of the documents destroyed by historical criticism. He regards man's consciousness as dual, as consisting of a superficial and an inner consciousness, the former the sphere of the reason, the latter of intuition and religion. The man of the world, the scientist, the reasoner, all live in the superficial, the waking consciousness; the mystic lives in the inner, and in him it unfolds its powers. Mr. James recognises the evidential value of human religious experience, of the facts of inner serenity, joy, change of fear into calmness, which are found to result, in all religions, from the realisation of the higher life, and of the divine Presence. The inner self is given, by Mr. James, in common with most

The "Subconscious Self"

western psychologists, the awkward name of "the sub-conscious self," thus by name reducing it to a less alive condition than the waking consciousness, while claiming for it a more widely extended range of powers. "Super-conscious" would be better, though not good. However, the modern sub-conscious self is the ancient spirit and soul in man, and hereon, truly, and not on books and traditions, is religion built. First-hand knowledge, first-hand experience, that is the sure rock on which religion must set her feet, for every man must, in the long run, be "taught of God," and see by "the Light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world."

* * *

OUR senior Editor cannot be accused of being a very stationary person. During the past, present and future few months she has visited and will visit the North, South, Midland and Western parts of England, Wales, Scotland, Ireland, Holland, Belgium, Germany, Switzerland, France and Italy. Of old the apprentice had to do his *Wanderjahr*, and the modern Theosophist, apprentice in such high craft of WISDOM, seems to come under the same law.

* * *

HERE is a sentence of Ruskin, full of wisdom and of meaning, deserving to be pondered over by the upward-aspiring among Theosophists:

> We continually talk of taking up our cross, as if the only harm in a cross was the *weight* of it, as if it was only a thing to be carried, instead of to be—crucified upon.

Few, indeed, are they who are willing to bear the cross; how many fewer those who are willing to be crucified on it. And yet crucifixion has ever formed a part of the ritual of Initiation, and all such ritual symbolises facts. People are for the most part enamoured of imaginary sufferings, and live through with pleasure, *in imagination*, scenes of heroic agony and of lofty endurance. But when it comes to the ugly reality of sharp nails piercing quivering limbs—ah! then comes the test which separates the hero from the dreamer. But the dreamers also become heroes, only their "hour is not yet come."

# EARLIEST EXTERNAL EVIDENCE TO THE DATE OF JESUS

## Pliny the Younger—Suetonius—Tacitus

In our last article we dealt with the date of Jesus according to the accepted canonical sources, and endeavoured to track out the main strength of the tradition preserved by the synoptic writers. The result of this investigation was that the probabilities seemed to be strongly in favour of our possessing a historical fact in the statement that Jesus was a contemporary of Pilate. We now turn to a consideration of the earliest external evidence.

It has always been an unfailing source of astonishment to the historical investigator of Christian beginnings, that there is not one single word from the pen of any Pagan writer of the first century of our era, which can in any fashion be referred to the marvellous story recounted by the Gospel writers. The very existence of Jesus is ignored.

It can hardly be that there were once notices, but that they were subsequently suppressed by Christian copyists because of their hostile or even scandalous nature, for inimical notices of a later date have been preserved. The reason for this silence is doubtless to be discovered in the fact that Christianity was confounded with Judaism, no distinction being made between them in the minds of non-Jewish writers. Converts to Christianity were held to be proselytes to Judaism, and it was a matter of no importance to a Roman what particular sect of Jewry a convert might join. Such a question as what particular phase of Messianism the Judæi might be agitated about never occurred to him; circumcision or uncircumcision had no interest for him. He had a vague idea that the Judæi were a turbulent folk politically dangerous to the state, that they had a strange

superstition and were haters of the human race, and there he left it.

As, then, we can find nothing about the Christians in Pagan writers of the first century, we turn to our earliest notices of the second century as found in the writings of Pliny the younger, Suetonius and Tacitus.

All three were men who held imperial offices, were well known at court, and presumably had access to the archives of the empire. All three were distinguished writers and historians, and probably all three were personal friends. We know for a fact from his letters that Pliny and Tacitus were intimate friends, and also that Pliny and Suetonius were friendly correspondents.

Pliny was born 61 A.D., his greatest literary activity was in the reign of Trajan, but as to whether or no he survived his imperial master (d. 117) we have no information. Tacitus was of the same age as Pliny and survived Trajan, but the exact date of his death is unknown. Suetonius was some ten years younger, being born about 70-71 A.D.; he was private secretary to Hadrian (emp. 117-138 A.D.), but the year of his death also is unknown.

If we, then, first turn to the famous letter of Pliny to Trajan and to Trajan's reply (*Letters*, x. 96, 97), we shall find much to interest us concerning the Christians of distant Pontus and Bithynia who came up for trial before Pliny as Proprætor, but nothing in either Pliny's report or in the presumed rescript of the Emperor that will give us the smallest clue to the date of Jesus. But even had we found in this correspondence direct or indirect confirmation of the traditional date, we should still have had to consider the arguments of those who have contended either that both pieces are forgeries or that interpolations have been made in the original text.* If, however, we have a genuine letter of Pliny before us, and I am inclined to think it largely genuine, it is with very great probability to be assigned to the year 112 A.D.; † but as the question of the date and genuineness of this correspondence does not immediately concern us (for in it

* On the literature see Platner's (S. B.) *Bibliography of the Younger Pliny* (Western Reserve University, Ohio; 1895); also Wilde (C.G.I.), S.J., *De C. Plinii Caecilii, Secundi et Imp. Trajani Epp. mutuis Disputatio* (Leyden; 1889), who, while maintaining their genuineness, gives a summary of contrary opinions.

† See Mommsen (T.), *Hermes* (1869), iii. 53.

we can find nothing to help our present investigation), we pass to the statements of Suetonius.

There are two short sentences in Suetonius' *Lives of the Twelve Cæsars* (from Julius Cæsar to Domitian—*i.e.*, to 96 A.D.), both of which appear to refer to the Christians. In his Life of Claudius (emp. 41-54 A.D.) Suetonius tells us (ch. xxv.), that the Emperor banished the Jews, or certain Jews, from Rome because of the persistent disturbances which arose among them "*impulsore Chresto*."

For long fierce controversy has raged round these two words, which we may translate by the phrase "at the instigation of Chrestus" (lit., "Chrestus being the *impulsor*").

It is contended on strong philological grounds that this must refer to a living person.* It has thus been supposed by some to refer simply to a Jew called Chrestus who was then living at Rome; but this seems to me to be a very unsatisfactory explanation. For we know that "Chrestus" is still sometimes found in MSS. where we should expect "Christus"; we know further that Tertullian (*Apol.*, iii.), at the beginning of the third century, accuses the Romans of so mispronouncing the name of Christ, and from Lactantius (*Institt.*, iv. 7), a century later, that it was still a common custom.

It is not necessary here to enquire whether this confusion of Christus and Chrestus was really only an ignorant mistake on the part of non-Christians, or whether there may not be some further explanation of the phenomenon; † an outsider like Suetonius would anyhow not be likely to know the difference, and so we may very well in this passage take Chrestus for Christus.

But even so we are confronted with the difficulty that according to the received tradition the Christian Christ was never at Rome, and did not survive to the reign of Claudius.

Moreover, if it be argued that Suetonius does not employ the

* See Smilda (H.), *C. Suetonii Tranquilli Vita Divi Claudii* (Groningen; 1896), p. 124, n.; also Schiller (H.), *Geschichte der römischen Kaiserzeit* (Gotha; 1883), i. 447, n. 6.

† The most ancient dated Christian inscription (Oct. 1, 318 A.D.) runs "The Lord and Saviour Jesus the Good"—*Chrestos*, not *Christos*. This was the legend over the door of a Marcionite Church, and the Marcionites were Gnostics, and did not confound their Chrestos with the Jewish Christos.

phrase "*impulsore Chresto*" literally, but intended it to carry a metaphorical meaning, even so we have to remember that Christus does not necessarily refer to Jesus. *Christos* is simply the Greek for the Hebrew *Messiah*, the "anointed," and at this period there were many claiming to be this "anointed." The reference may then be simply to a Messianic riot of some sort among the Jews.*

When, then, we come across the term "Christiani" in Pagan writers referring to disturbances of the first century, we are not to assume off-hand that those thus designated must necessarily have been followers of Jesus of Nazareth; they may on the contrary have been simply Jewish Messianists and most probably of the Zealot type. And this may be argued to be the case when Suetonius, in the second of his famous sentences, in his Life of Nero (emp. 54-68), tells us (c. xvi.) that certain "Christiani" were severely punished or put to the torture; these he characterises as "a class of people who believed in a new and noxious superstition." This might apply to Messianists, for the Romans had been compelled to deal with many disturbances of this nature in Palestine in the reigns of Tiberius, Claudius and Nero, and doubtless tumults of a similar character had arisen among the Jews of the Dispersion as well. But we cannot be sure that this is the meaning of Suetonius, even if the question were not rendered far more complicated by what is found in Tacitus on the subject. Least of all can we dispose of the difficulty by assuming that the two sentences in Suetonius are interpolations by a Christian hand, for it is almost impossible to believe that any Christian could have used such phraseology.

We, therefore, finally turn to the famous passage in Tacitus (*Ann.*, xv. 44), where we find it clearly stated that the Christians were so-called from a certain Christus who in the reign of Tiberius was put to death under Pontius Pilate. This statement occurs in a brief but graphic account of the horrible cruelties which these Christians are said to have suffered under Nero. It was in connection with the Great Fire at Rome in 64 A.D. Tacitus will have it that it was commonly believed at the time that the

* See Schiller (H.), *Geschichte des römischen Kaiserreichs unter der Regierung des Nero* (Berlin; 1872), p. 434.

conflagration had been started by the express orders of the Emperor himself. To divert the public mind and remove this imputation Nero had singled out the Christiani to play the part of scapegoat, seeing that they were held in general detestation for their evil practices. They were accused, put to the torture, condemned and done to death with refinements of cruelty.

From the time of Gibbon, however, it has been strongly questioned whether at that date Christians were numerous enough at Rome to have been so singled out, and it has been accordingly maintained that the fury of the populace had been vented simply on the Jews in general, seeing that the fire had broken out in their quarter; in short that Tacitus is in error and has transferred the popular detestation of the Christians in his own day to the times of Nero.

In this connection we have to recall the short sentence in Suetonius which apparently refers to the same event when we read Tacitus, but which seems to have nothing to do with it when we read Suetonius. We can further speculate as to whether Suetonius may have derived his information from Tacitus, or Tacitus may have embellished the statement of Suetonius. But surely if Suetonius had had the passage of Tacitus before him, and had believed in his great contemporary's view of the matter, he would have made more use of his graphic details? It seems far more probable that Suetonius is reproducing the dry bones of some brief official record, while Tacitus, in working out a character sketch of Nero from insufficient data, and with a strong prejudice against him, has collected together unrelated events, and painted them in with the gaudiest colours of a vivid imagination excited by some tragic stories he had heard concerning the Christians of a later time and of his own day.*

But it is not so much the persecution of Christiani under Nero that concerns us, as the explicit statement that the Christiani whom Tacitus has in mind were the followers of that

* See Bruno Bauer, *Christus und die Caesaren: Der Ursprung des Christenthums aus dem römischen Griechenthum* (Berlin; 1879; 2nd ed.). That in general Tacitus is a historical romancist who has too long fascinated schoolmasters and their pupils by the beauty of his style, and not a sober historian, is an accepted judgment among competent historical scholars. See especially Tarver (J. C.), *Tiberius the Tyrant* (London; 1902); Tarver gives a totally different estimate of Tiberius from the caricature of Tacitus, to whom the good fame of an anti-senatorial emperor was of far less importance than the neat turning of a phrase.

Christus who was put to death under Pontius Pilate in the reign of Tiberius. If this statement is from the pen of Tacitus, and if it was based on information derived from Roman records, there is nothing more to be said. The positive answer to our question has been found, and the accepted date of Jesus stands firm.

The famous sentence runs as follows: "*Auctor nominis ejus Christus Tiberio imperitante per procuratorem Pontium Pilatum supplicio affectus erat.*"

Let us first of all assume its genuineness, that is that we have before us a sentence written by Tacitus himself. Even so, it is very difficult to persuade oneself that the statement is derived from some official Roman record. On the contrary it has all the appearance of being part of a Christian formula. Surely in an official record we should not have the name of Pilate introduced with no further qualification than simply that of Procurator. Procurator of what? "In the reign of Tiberius under Pilate the Governor" would mean something definite to a Christian, for he would know that the whole story of his Christus had to do with Judæa, but to a Roman the phrase would convey nothing of a very precise nature. Later on in the Tacitean narrative it is true we are told the Christian sect arose in Judæa, but on the other hand we must remember that it is just this sudden "Pilate the Governor" which meets us in our investigation of the synoptic tradition, as we showed in our last article. It might then (if the sentence is genuine) be of interest to determine the date of writing of this part of the *Annals*, but this is impossible to do with any exactitude. It seems, however, probable that it was written subsequently to 117 A.D., a date when the Pilate formula was indubitably firmly established among Christian circles.

It is also to be noticed that Tacitus seems to know nothing of the name of Jesus; and it is exceedingly improbable that in any official record the proper name of the person would be omitted, and a name used which officials familiar with Palestinian affairs must have known to be a general title which was at that time being claimed by many. Moreover, Jesus was not, according to the canonical tradition, accused of being a claimant to Messiahship, a matter which did not concern the Roman magistrates, but with the political offence of claiming to be King

of the Jews. It is then far more probable that Tacitus derived his information from hearsay, and imagined that Christus was the actual and only name of the founder of the Christian sect.

But all these considerations depend upon the assumption that we have a genuine sentence of Tacitus before us. Now it has been often pointed out that "*Tiberio imperitante*" is entirely opposed to all Tacitean usage. It cannot be paralleled elsewhere in his vocabulary, and moreover is contrary to regular use. The early Emperors were still regarded solely as heads of the Republic, and as such were called Principes; we should, therefore, expect "*Principe Tiberio*," or some such combination. Philological arguments, however, as a rule, are seldom very convincing; but it is not very easy to dispose of the present one off-hand. The sentence, moreover, has a strong appearance of being inserted in the rest of the narrative. Many, therefore, consider it an interpolation, and some even are of opinion that the whole of the chapter is a fabrication. As Hochart says: "This chapter contains almost as many inexplicable difficulties as it does words."*

But this laborious scholar represents the extreme left wing of Tacitean criticism, and valuable as is his work in bringing out the difficulties which have to be surmounted before we can be positive that the whole chapter under discussion—(much more then the sentence which specially interests us)—is not, as he contends,† an interpolation, his authority is somewhat weakened by his subsequent lengthy researches,‡ in which he courageously revived the whole question of the authenticity of the famous MS., purporting to contain the last six books of the *Annals* and the first five of the *Histories* of Tacitus, which was first brought to light about 1429 by Poggio Bracciolini and Niccoli—the sole MS. from which all copies have since been made. Hochart maintains that in the very learned humanist Poggio himself we have a Pseudo-Tacitus, and that in those books of the *Histories*

* *Annales de la Faculté des Lettres de Bordeaux*, 1884, No. 2.

† Hochart (P.), *Études au Sujet de la Persécution des Chrétiens sous Néron* (Paris; 1885). For arguments in favour of its genuineness see Arnold (C. F.), *Die neronische Christenverfolgung* (Leipzig; 1888).

‡ *De l'Authenticité des Annales et des Histoires de Tacite* (Paris; 1890), p. 320; and *Nouvelles Considérations au Sujet des Annales et des Histoires de Tacite* (Paris; 1894), p. 293

and *Annals* we are therefore face to face with an elaborate pseud-epigraph.

On the whole, however, I am inclined to think that the strain of supporting this conclusion is too great for even the most robust scepticism (though it may be that stranger things have happened in literature). In any case it does not affect the main point of our argument—namely, that, admitting the genuineness of the chapter and even of the sentence that specially concerns our enquiry, we cannot be sure that we have in it a confirmation of the canonical tradition of the Pilate date from an independent source.

## Josephus

We have, then, passed in review our earliest notices in the works of Pagan writers of the second century, and may next turn our attention to that Jewish writer of the first century who above all others might be expected to supply us with the certainty of which we are in search.

Joseph ben Mattatiah, the priest, or, to use the name he adopted in honour of the Flavian House, Flavius Josephus, was born 37-38 A.D. and survived till at least 100 A.D. His father Matthias was a member of one of the high priestly families, was learned in the Law and held in high repute in Jerusalem. Matthias was thus a contemporary of Pilate, and should therefore have been an eye-witness of those wonderful events in Jerusalem which the Gospel narratives so graphically depict in connection with the death of Jesus; he might even have been expected to have taken part in them; at the very least he could not have failed to have heard of them if they actually occurred in the way in which they are described.

Josephus, if we can accept his own account of himself, was from his earliest years trained in the Law and had an insatiable love of religious learning. When he was but fourteen years old, he tells us, the high priests and doctors used to come to ask him questions on difficult points of the Thora and its traditions. This may of course refer simply to his wonderful memory, in the exercise of which for the most part such learning consisted; but over and beyond this, we are told, he was most eagerly anxious to know and practise the inner side of religion, and busily en-

quired into the tenets of all the sects of Jewry. For three years he retired to the desert, apparently to some Essene-like community, and submitted himself to its vigorous discipline. In 64 A.D., at the age of twenty-six, we find him at Rome interested in obtaining the freedom of some friends of his, priests who even in prison refused all Gentile fare and managed to support themselves on the ascetic diet of figs and nuts.

During the Jewish War Josephus was given the important command of Galilee, and displays an intimate knowledge of the country in which, according to the Gospel tradition, was the chief scene of the ministry of Jesus. As a self-surrendered prisoner in the hands of the Romans he played a very important part in the hastening of the end of the war, and was subsequently held in high estimation by the rulers of the Empire and devoted himself to writing a history of his people and an account of the war. Many additional reasons could be adduced, but enough has already been said to show why Josephus, who might be called the "historian of the Messianic age," is just the very writer who might be expected to tell us something decisive about the Christians and their origins. Nor can the detestation of the Jews for the memory of the "traitor," which makes them still regard every line of his writings about those days with exaggerated suspicion, in any way lessen the authority of Josephus in this respect; for the complaint of Christians against him is not that he misrepresents them or their beginnings, but that he absolutely ignores their existence.

It is true that we have that famous passage in his *Antiquities* (XVIII. iii. 3) which amply and doctrinally confirms the Gospel tradition; but how a so transparent forgery could have escaped detection in even the most uncritical age is a marvel. For many years it has been abandoned by all schools of criticism, even the most conservative, and we have only to turn to any modern translation or text to find it definitely characterised as an interpolation or enclosed in brackets.* It is not only that we are confronted with upwards of a dozen most potent arguments

* See, for instance, F. Kaulen's German translation, *Flavius Josephus' jüdische Alterthümer* (Köln; 1892, 3rd ed.), p. 620, n., and B. Niese's critical text, *Flavii Josephi Opera* (Berlin; 1890), iv. pp. 151, 152. The most recent French translation, edited by T. Reinach, *Œuvres complètes de Flavius Josèphe* (Paris; 1900), has so far given us only five books of the *Antiquities*.

against its authenticity, but that we have also the explicit statement of Origen in the third century that Josephus (with whose works he was acquainted, and whom he is quoting to prove the historic existence of John the Baptist) had no belief whatever in Jesus being the Christ,* whereas the spurious passage states categorically that he was *the* Christ. Nevertheless, there are still a few isolated scholars who, while admitting that it is heavily interpolated, endeavour to save some fragments of the passage,† and even one stalwart apologist who maintains its complete genuineness.‡

But if there be anything certain in the whole field of criticism, it is that this passage was never written by Josephus. And this being so, the reference (in *Antiqq.*, XX. ix. 1) to a certain Jacobus, "the brother of Jesus called Christ," constitutes the only reference to Jesus in the voluminous writings of Josephus which Origen could discover; but unfortunately the statement of Origen casts grave doubts upon the words "brother of Jesus called Christ," for he twice§ declares that Josephus describes the fall of Jerusalem and the destruction of the Temple as a divine retribution for the murder of this James—a most highly improbable opinion to father upon Josephus, and no trace of which is to be found either in the passage in which the phrase we are considering now stands, or in the rest of Josephus' works. It is therefore exceedingly probable that this phrase was taken from Origen and incorporated into the text of Josephus by later scribes. These being the only references that can be adduced in the voluminous writings of the Jewish historian, it follows that Josephus knows nothing of "*the* Christ," though he knows much of various "Christs."

Though the argument from silence must in all cases be received with the greatest caution, it cannot fail deeply to impress us in the case of Joseph ben Mattatiah; for it is almost humanly impossible that, if the details of the Christian tradition and the affairs of the Christian world had been historically in the

* Origen, *Contra Celsum*, i. 47.

† See Müller (G. A.), *Christus bei Josephus Flavius* (Innsbruck; 1895, 2nd ed.).

‡ Bole (F.), *Flavius Josephus über Christus und die Christen* (Brixen; 1896).

§ Origen, *Contra Celsum*, i. 47, ii. 13.

time of Josephus just what they are stated to have been in our canonical documents, the historian of that special age and country could have kept silence concerning them. If these things were just as they are said to have been, there is no convincing reason that we can assign for the silence of a man who, like Josephus, was in a most admirable position to know about them.

Josephus had been trained in an Essene-like community and seems even to have gone to Rome in "Essene" interests. He is just the man to tell us of those early Christian communities which were formed on models closely resembling those of the Pious and the Poor and the Naked. He goes to Rome just when Paul is also said to have been there, and no doubt was there, and just about the time when, if we are to believe Tacitus, the Christiani were singled out for public persecution and cruel martyrdom by Imperial tyranny; and yet he knows nothing of all this. With regard to the ministry and death of Jesus it might be said that all this had happened before Josephus was born, though surely it might be expected that his father would have told him of such stirring, nay overwhelming, events; still it is strange that with regard to the gruesome tragedy at Rome he apparently knows not even so much as of a community of Christians.

Was, then, the story in those days other than we have it now? Were the origins of Christianity, as we have elsewhere suggested, hidden among the pledged members of the mystic communities and ascetic orders, and only imperfectly known among their outer circles, which were also largely held to secrecy? Was it all of older date than we are accustomed to regard it? Who shall say with utter confidence? The silence of Josephus permits us to speculate, but gives us no answer to our questionings. It may be even that some items of what the Jewish writer tells us of other leaders of sects and claimants to Messiahship may have been conflated and transformed later on by our Gospel writers or their immediate predecessors, and so used to fill out the story of a life for which they had but little historic data. But this is a delicate and obscure subject of research which requires new treatment.*

* See the attempt of Solomon (G.), *The Jesus of History and the Jesus of Tradition Identified* (London; 1880).

We thus see that, as far as our present enquiry is concerned, we can obtain no positive help from any Pagan or Jewish writer of the first century, or for that matter of the first quarter of the second. It remains to enquire whether from the fragments of extra-canonical gospels or the remains of Old-Christian traditions and from the apocrypha generally we can get any help.

## Apocrypha

If the general learned opinion on this literature, or at any rate on all of it which in any way makes mention of the Herod or Pilate dates, holds good, namely, that it is later than our Gospels, then we have nothing to help us.

But the recent brilliant study of Conrady* on *The Book of James*, commonly called the *Protevangelium* (the name given to it by Postel, who first brought it to light in the sixteenth century), the original of which is already admitted by some to reach back as far as the middle of the second century, opens up a question which, if answered in the affirmative, "would mean a complete revolution of our views on the canon and of the origins of Christianity."† Conrady believes that he has demonstrated that in some of their details of the history of the infancy our first and third evangelists borrow from a common source, and that this source is no other than our extant *Protevangelium*. He would have it that this *Book of James* is of Egyptian origin. The author was not a Jewish Christian, but most probably an Egyptian and an Alexandrian. It is to be hoped that Conrady may follow up his excursion into this field of investigation by other researches of a similar nature; and since he has raised the presumption that we have in the *Protevangelium* one of the "many" Gospel writings referred to in the introduction of the third Gospel, we may glance through the literature,‡ other than that of the distinct Pilate apocrypha, for a reference to Pilate.

This we shall find only in the so-called *Gospel of Peter*, a considerable fragment of which relating to the Passion and eath of

* Conrady (L.), *Die Quelle der kanonischen Kindheitsgeschichte Jesus'* (Göttingen; 1900).

† See Nichol's review of Conrady's book in *The Critical Review* (London), January, 1902.

‡ See Preuschen (E.), *Antilegomena: Die Reste der ausserkanonischen Evangelien nd urchristlichen Ueberlieferungen* (Giessen; 1901).

Jesus was discovered in a tomb at Akhmîm in 1885 and first published in 1892. Much has been written during the last ten years on this interesting fragment, but the general opinion of scholars is that the writer shows a knowledge of all our four Gospels. If, however, the original of this fragment could be shown to be older than our Gospels (a most difficult undertaking), it would also rank among the "many." Although agreeing substantially with our Gospel accounts, it differs very considerably in its more abundant details from the simple narrative of the "common document," and is strongly Docetic, that is to say, represents Jesus as suffering only in appearance. Its Gnostic character, however, in this respect (for as I have shown elsewhere* the origin of Docetism does not depend on purely doctrinal considerations) does not, in my opinion, necessarily point to a late date, though its elaboration of detail seems to argue a later development of tradition as compared with the simplicity of the narrative of the "common document." On the other hand it may be that the "common document" had already begun the process of "selection."

Finally in this connection we may have to pay more attention to the so-called *Gospel of Nicodemus or Acts of Pilate*, the first thirteen chapters of which describe the trial of Jesus before Pilate, the condemnation, crucifixion and resurrection, substantially in agreement with our canonical Gospels, but containing many other details not found elsewhere. Though the present form of these Acts is not earlier than the fourth century, the question of there being what the Germans call a *Grundschrift* of a comparatively very early date underlying them has recently been raised by Rendel Harris in an exceedingly interesting monograph,† in which he pleads for a new investigation of the subject, on the ground that he has detected traces of a Homeric Gospel under the Greek text of our *Acta*, that is to say a Gospel story patched together out of verses of the great Homeric literature. Among many other points of interest, he thinks he has shown that in the passage where Joseph begs the body of Jesus from Pilate, "that Pilate has been turned into Achilles, that Joseph is the good old

* *Fragments of a Faith Forgotten* (London; 1900), p. 427.

† Rendel Harris (J.), *The Homeric Centones and the Acts of Pilate* (London; 1898).

Priam, begging the body of Hector, and that the whole story is based upon the dramatic passages of the twenty-fourth book of the Iliad;" and in favour of his hypothesis it must be said that we certainly know from the Sibylline literature that Jewish writers long prior to the first century of our era used Homeric verses for similar purposes.

Professor Harris thus contends that such a Homeric Gospel may have existed prior to Justin Martyr (c. 150), and so this famous apologist, when in his *Dialogue with Trypho* (cc. 102, 103), he twice refers to certain *Acts of Pilate*, may be saved from the now generally endorsed imputation that his wish solely was father to his statement. Justin may have had this much ground for his assertion that there was in existence the *Grundschrift* of our *Acta*, though of course these *Acta* were by no means the official Roman reports which he seems to have believed them to be.

The subject is a fascinating one, but will not help us much in our present enquiry; for—granting the existence of the underlying document, and also its Homeric nature, thus accounting for its strange conflation of miracles and events (separately recorded in our canonical Gospels), by the necessity of the vague and general nature of the verse-tags which had to be employed by the Centonist—it argues a later date than our Gospels.

It will thus be seen that our review of the earliest external evidence for the date of Jesus, even when we take into consideration the most unusual lines of research, leaves us with nothing so distinct as does the result of the analysis of the tradition of our canonical Gospels. The argument for the authenticity of the Pilate tradition centres round the obscure question of the date of the "common document." The earlier we can push this back the greater is the probability of the genuineness of the tradition.

We will next turn our attention to the Talmud Jeschu stories, but before doing so it will be advisable to give the general reader some idea of the Talmud itself, and to append some further necessary preliminaries.

G. R. S. MEAD.

# LIFE OR DEATH?

In a darkened chamber a nurse and a man were conversing in low tones by the fireside.

In the centre of the room stood a curtained bedstead upon which lay the white-haired form of an old man, whose sands of life were slowly running out.

For many years past his life had been a lonely one. Endowed with the instincts of a recluse, he had shut himself off from the society of his fellows. One by one his kindred had passed away, and now his brother's son alone remained to watch his closing hours.

Mental failure had succeeded an illness extending over several weeks, and a period of unconsciousness had supervened, which it was expected would maintain its hold until the end. The dying man was already cut off from the scenes and associations of this world.

"Do you think he is trying to speak?" the nephew asked, as an incoherent murmur came from the bed.

"No, I think not," replied the nurse, "He is constantly muttering to himself. His mind probably still wanders in the past. He has not recognised anyone for several days, and the doctor said to-day that he cannot possibly regain consciousness." After a pause she resumed: "I often think that at such times they can see things which we do not."

"Death-bed visions are supposed to be of common occurrence," replied the man, "and in your profession you must have exceptional opportunities for observation."

"Yes, I have witnessed many such incidents. It seems at times as if they recognised once more those from whom they had been parted. Do you believe in apparitions of that kind?"

"Well, it would depend somewhat upon the circumstances.

An apparition is frequently seen by one person only, in which event it is probably the creation of his own brain. Where, however, it is known to have been visible to two or more persons, a subjective origin would be very improbable. Speaking generally, I think there is far more behind all so-called 'ghost stories' than is popularly supposed. It is unlikely that they would have become so widespread or attained such a measure of credence, unless they were based upon some foundation of fact."

"Do you know, I once had rather a strange experience," said the nurse. "It is a kind of ghost story."

"I should like to hear it."

"Wait one moment. I think he has dropped off to sleep. Yes, he is sleeping quietly now, so I will tell you my story. I was nursing at the time in a private house, and one afternoon, having been on duty the previous night, I went to lie down in a spare room to get some sleep. Just as I was on the point of dosing off, a slight noise in the room aroused me. Thinking it was the day-nurse who had come to fetch something, I said, without opening my eyes: 'Don't come here, please, I want to sleep.' No reply being made, I looked up, but there was no one in the room. I naturally concluded that it must have been imagination on my part, and once more lay down. I was again half dozing when the noise was repeated. This time it sounded like someone fumbling at the dressing table. I jumped up and called out impatiently, 'Who is that?' but again no one was to be seen. By this time I was thoroughly aroused, and, realising that there was no more prospect of sleep, I gave up the attempt. The same evening I mentioned the incident to the housekeeper, but she, of course, said that I must have been mistaken. There was something in her manner, however, which aroused my suspicions, and I made up my mind to get to the bottom of the affair, if possible. As luck would have it, the secret came out quite accidentally. There was a man-servant in the house, who waited upon our patient, and a few days afterwards I asked if he could arrange to occupy the spare room, in order to be close at hand. He, however, refused point blank, and on my asking the reason, he told me that the room was haunted. I, of course, pressed him for some further particulars, and on my promising

not to tell anyone else in the house, he let me hear the story. It was to the effect that a former occupant had committed suicide in the spare room by cutting his throat at the dressing-table, and his ghost was said to haunt the spot at intervals and re-enact the tragedy. There, that is my story. Do you think it was the ghost that I heard?"

"At any rate your experience harmonises with the usual run of ghost stories. But did you hear nothing more about it?"

"No; after that we all avoided the subject and the spare room too, for that matter."

"I think you said you saw nothing."

"No, there was nothing visible, although I seemed to be conscious of the presence of someone in the room."

"It is a pity you are not what the Spiritualists call 'clairvoyant,' you might then have seen your ghost."

"Are you a believer in Spiritualism then?"

"Well, the term is rather a comprehensive one, and as there have been a good many fraudulent mediums exposed from time to time, the cult does not bear a very good name. On the other hand the phenomena of Spiritualism have been vouched for by scientific men, and I have myself attended séances, where, I was satisfied, there was no suspicion of trickery."

"I should rather like to go to a séance, and yet I think I should be a little nervous."

"I suppose you have never tried Planchette writing."

"Oh, yes, we used to have a Planchette at home, but it only made scrawls, and I believe my brothers pushed it. But will it really write properly by itself?"

"Certainly. There is not very much difficulty in getting it to write, but whether the communications are reliable or not, is another question. It is necessary to exercise discrimination. Judging from your story, it is possible that you are sensitive to psychic influences, and would make a good Planchette writer. I have one downstairs. Would you like to try?"

"Above all things," replied the nurse.

"Let me see, it is nearly 11 o'clock. There is an hour before the other nurse comes on duty. Is there anything you have to attend to?" glancing towards the bed.

"No, he is still asleep. There is nothing that I can do until he wakes."

The man fetched the Planchette, and after pinning a sheet of paper to the table, the two sat down, *vis-à-vis*, resting their fingers lightly on the small mahogany board.

For some minutes no movement broke the silence of the chamber, but at length a slight twitching was felt, followed by a spasmodic movement of the pencil. This gradually developed into a more regular motion, the pencil slowly tracing lines up and down the paper. Then followed an irregular circular action, the Planchette gradually developing greater power and freedom.

After several minutes had been spent in this fashion, the pencil appeared to be making a rough attempt to scrawl a word, but the result was unintelligible. At a second attempt, however, the man remarked: "That is meant for Maud."

"Why, that is my name," exclaimed the nurse.

"Let us try again," said her companion. Once more the Planchette wrote, now moving more freely.

"It has written 'Cyril,'" said the man.

"Are you sure," exclaimed the nurse.

"Yes, it is quite plain. Look! C-y-r-i-l."

"How strange; that is the name of my poor brother, who was killed in South Africa last month," said the nurse in an agitated voice.

Addressing the Planchette the man said: "Who is Cyril?"

"Maud's brother," scrawled the pencil.

"Have you any news of Cyril?" asked the man once more.

Again the pencil wrote: "He is well and happy."

"Ask if he has any message," suggested the nurse.

The pencil wrote, "Comfort mother."

"It seems so extraordinary," said the nurse, "that I can scarcely believe it."

"Yes, it is very wonderful, but although I have personally no doubt that such messages as these are the work of some spiritual intelligence, yet I am not quite satisfied as to their origin."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Well, I sometimes wonder if these so-called 'spirits' are capable of reading our minds by some process of mental telegraphy, and, given one of a mischievous disposition, it is conceivable that our own thoughts might be embodied in the automatic writing which purports to be a message from the unseen world."

"Yes, I see what you mean."

"I am afraid that is all we can attempt to-night," added the man. "It is nearly twelve o'clock, and your colleague will be coming on duty. We must try another sitting on a more convenient occasion."

"Thank you very much. I should be very sorry to have to leave off at this point, without hearing more."

Approaching the bed, they bent over the still sleeping form of the old man.

"Do you think he will live through the night?"

"It is difficult to say," replied the nurse. "The doctor thought he might possibly remain like this for another day or so, but the vitality is only just flickering."

While the nurse was occupied with her duties, the man turned to the Planchette once more, and silently asked: "Can you tell when the end will be?"

"Nine," wrote the pencil.

When morning dawned the old man was still alive, but his strength was rapidly failing. The features were sunken and drawn, and bore the pallid hue which is the sure precursor of Death.

As daylight increased the watchers by the bedside noticed that the breath was getting weaker and weaker.

At length the nurse stooped down, and quietly announced that all was over. While she spoke the clock on the staircase commenced to strike.

The man counted—One—Two—Three—Four—Five—Six—Seven—Eight—Nine.

H. TWELVETREES.

# AGRIPPA AND PARACELSUS*

Both Agrippa von Nettesheim and Theophrastus Paracelsus followed the same road to which the way of looking at things characteristic of Cardinal Nicholas of Cusa seems to point. They devoted themselves to the study of Nature and sought to discover her laws by all the means in their power; for they saw in this knowledge of Nature the true basis of all higher perception and knowledge, and they strove to develop this higher and inner knowledge from within the science or knowledge of Nature by as it were bringing that knowledge to a new birth in the spirit.

In the writings of Agrippa, for instance, there comes out very clearly the endeavour to attain to a clear and definite attitude towards natural science on the one hand and to the higher knowledge on the other. But he only can attain to such an attitude who is possessed of a clear insight as to the respective roads which lead to one and to the other kind of knowledge. As it is true, on the one hand, that natural science must eventually be raised into the region of the spirit, so it is also and equally true on the other, that this natural science must, to begin with, remain upon its own special ground, if it is to yield the right basis for the attainment of a higher level. The "spirit in nature" exists only for spirit. So surely as nature in this sense is spiritual, so surely too is there *nothing* in nature, of all that is perceived by my bodily organs, which is *immediately* spiritual. There exists nothing spiritual, which can appear to my eye *as spiritual*. Therefore, I must *not* seek for the spirit *as such* in nature; but that is exactly what I am doing, when I interpret any occurrence in the external world immediately as spiritual; when, for instance, I ascribe to a plant a soul which is supposed to be only remotely

* Freely rendered on the lines of one of Dr. Rudolf Steiner's addresses to the Berlin Theosophical Society.

analogous to that of man. And again, too, the same thing when I ascribe to spirit itself an existence in space and time: as, for instance, when I assert of the human soul that it continues to exist in time without the body, but yet after the manner of a body; or again, when I even go so far as to believe that, under any sort of conditions or arrangements perceivable by the senses, the spirit* of a dead person can show itself. Spiritualism, which makes just this mistake, only shows thereby that it has not attained to a true conception of the spirit at all, but is still bent upon directly and immediately "seeing" the spirit in something grossly sensible. It mistakes equally both the real nature of the sensible as well as that of the spirit. It un-spiritualises the ordinary world of sense, which hourly passes before our eyes, in order to give the name of spirit immediately to something rare, surprising, uncommon. It fails to understand that that which lives as the "spirit in nature" reveals itself to him who is able to perceive spirit in the collision of two elastic balls, for instance; and not only in occurrences which are striking from their rarity, and which cannot all at once be grasped in their natural sequence and connection. But the spiritist further drags spirit down into a lower sphere. Instead of explaining something that happens in space, and that he perceives through his senses only, in terms of forces and beings which in their turn are spatial and perceptible to the senses, he resorts to "spirits," which he thereby places exactly on a level with the things of the senses. At the very root of such a way of viewing things, there lies a lack of the power of spiritual apprehension. He is unable to perceive spiritual things spiritually; therefore he satisfies his craving for the spiritual with mere beings perceptible to the senses. Their own inner spirit reveals to such men nothing spiritual; and therefore they seek for the spiritual through the senses, and would fain see spirits hastening like clouds through the atmosphere.

* This seems to me an illustration of the confusion, so much to be regretted and so common in the West, between the idea of "spirit" in the sense of *pure consciousness*, the absolute Knower or Seer of the Eastern books, which can *never* be an object *for* consciousness, and the "upâdhi" or "phenomenal vehicle," which *is* essentially an object for consciousness. In the former sense no "spirit" can *ever* be "seen," whether before or after "death"; in the latter there is ample evidence that it can, not only as the familiar body during life, but in the less familiar subtle body after death.

Now Agrippa von Nettesheim was not of such; he fought for a true knowledge of nature which should explain the phenomena of nature, not by means of spirits phenomenalising in the world of the senses, but which should see in nature *only* the natural, and in the spirit only the spiritual.

It goes without saying, indeed, that Agrippa believed in many facts which in his time everybody regarded as unquestionable—such as talismans, charms, sympathetic magic and so forth. But we ourselves do the very same thing to-day. Do you imagine that future centuries will not relegate much of what we now regard as "undoubted fact" to the lumber-room of "blind" superstition? I am indeed convinced that in our knowledge of facts there has been a real progress. When once the "fact" that the earth is round had been discovered, all previous conjectures were banished into the domain of "superstition"; and the same holds good of certain truths of astronomy, biology, etc. The doctrine of natural evolution constitutes an advance as compared with all previous "theories of creation," similar to that marked by the recognition of the roundness of the earth as contrasted with all previous speculations as to its form. None the less, I am vividly conscious that in our learned scientific works and treatises there is to be found many a "fact" which will seem to future centuries to be just as little of a fact as much that Paracelsus and Agrippa maintain; but the really important point is not *what* they regarded as "fact," but *how*, in what spirit, they interpreted their "facts." However, as we shall find the view of Agrippa regarding the world and man's relation to it more fully developed in the work of Paracelsus, it will be more convenient to consider them further in connection with the latter.

In his book about Winkelmann, Goethe has described the relation of man to nature in the following beautiful sentence:—"When the healthy nature of man acts as a whole; when he feels himself as one with a great, beautiful, noble and worthy whole; when the sense of harmonious well-being gives him a pure and free delight; then would the *Universe*, if it could be conscious of its own feeling, burst forth in joy *at having attained its goal*, and *contemplate with wondering admiration the summit of its own becoming and being*." This is the feeling with which Paracelsus is inspired,

and the riddle of humanity takes shape for him from out of its depths.

At the outset, the road is hidden from man's power of comprehension by which nature has travelled to attain her loftiest altitude. She has climbed indeed to the summit; but the summit does not proclaim: I feel myself as the whole of nature; its proclaims, on the contrary: I feel myself as this single, separated human being. That which in reality is an achievement of the whole universe, feels itself as a separated, isolated being, standing alone by itself. This indeed is the true being of man, *viz.*, that he must needs feel himself to be something quite different from what, in ultimate analysis, he really is. And if that be a contradiction, then must man be called a contradiction come to life. Man is the universe in his own particular way: he regards his oneness with the universe as a duality: he is the very same that the universe is; but he is the universe as a repetition, as a single being. This is the contrast, or opposition, which Paracelsus feels as the Microcosm (Man) and the Macrocosm (Universe). Man, for him, is the universe in miniature. That which makes man regard his relationship to the world in this way, that is his spirit.* This spirit appears as if bound or limited to a single being, to a single organism: and this organism belongs, by the very nature of its whole being, to the mighty stream of the universe. It is one member, one link in that whole, having its very existence only in relation with all the other links or members thereof. But spirit appears as an outcome of this single, separated organism and sees itself at the outset as bound up *only* with *that* organism; thus, as it were, tearing loose this organism from the mother earth out of which it has grown. So, for Paracelsus, a deep-seated connection between man and the universe lies in the very roots of being, a connection which is hidden through the presence of "spirit" (or mind). That spirit (or mental consciousness) which leads us to higher knowledge by making science possible, and leads on this scientific knowledge to a new birth on a higher level—this has as its first

* "Geist" again! Throughout this essay "mind" or "intellect" would almost seem to commend itself as a better rendering of the idea. Alas! when shall we have an accurate vocabulary, precise, clear, intelligible, not liable to misinterpretation or confusion—and international?

result for us men to veil from us our own oneness with the whole.

As a result of this way of looking at things the nature of man resolves itself for Paracelsus into three factors: our sensuous-physical nature, or the organism which appears to us as a natural product among other natural products and is of like nature with them all; our concealed or hidden nature, which is a link in the chain of the whole universe, and therefore is not shut up within the organism or limited to it, but radiates and receives the workings of energy upon and from the entire universe; and our highest nature, our spirit, which lives its life in a purely spiritual manner. The first factor in man's complex nature Paracelsus calls the "*elementary body*"; the second the ethereal-heavenly, or "*astral body*"; and the third he names the *Soul*.

Thus in the "astral" phenomena, Paracelsus recognises an intermediate stage between the purely physical and the properly spiritual or soul-phenomena; and therefore the astral activities will come into view when the spirit or soul, which veils or conceals the natural basis of our being, suspends its activity. In the dream world we see the simplest phenomena of this realm. The pictures which hover before us in dreams, with their remarkably significant connection with occurrences in our environment and with states of our inner nature, are products of our natural basis or root-being, which are obscured by the brighter light of the soul. For example, when a chair falls over beside my bed and I dream a whole drama ending with a shot fired in a duel; or when I have palpitation of the heart and dream of a boiling cauldron, we can see that in these dreams natural operations come to light which are full of sense and meaning and disclose a life lying between the purely organic functions and the concept-forming activity which is carried on in the full clear consciousness of the spirit (or mind). Connected with this region are all the phenomena belonging to the domain of hypnotism and suggestion; and in the latter are we not compelled to recognise an interaction between human beings which points to some connection or relation between beings in nature which is normally hidden by the higher activity of the mind? From this point of view, it seems to me, we can reach an understanding of what Paracelsus meant by the

"astral" body. It is the sum total of those natural operations under whose influence we stand, or may in special circumstances come to stand, or which proceed from us, without our souls or minds coming into consideration in connection with them, but which yet cannot be included under the concept of purely physical phenomena.

Starting from the basis of these views as to the nature of man, Paracelsus divides him into seven factors or principles, which are the same as those we also find in the wisdom of the ancient Egyptians, among the Neoplatonists and in the Kabbalah. In the first place, man is a physical-bodily being, and therefore subject to the same laws as *every* other body, and in this respect therefore he is a purely "elementary" body. This elementary body purely physical-bodily laws combine into an *organic* life-process, and Paracelsus denotes this organic sequence of law by the terms "archæus" or "spiritus vitæ". Next the organic rises into a region of phenomena resembling the spiritual, but which are yet not properly spiritual, and these he classifies as "astral" phenomena. From amidst these astral phenomena, the functions of the "animal soul" make their appearance. Man becomes a being of the senses. Then he connects together his sense-impressions according to their nature by his understanding or mind, and the "human soul" or "reasoning soul" becomes alive in him. He sinks himself deep into his own mental productions, and learns to recognise "spirit" or "mind" (*Geist*) as such, and thus he has risen at length to the level of the "spiritual rational soul." Finally, he at last comes to recognise that in this spiritual soul he is experiencing the ultimate basis and root of universal being; and the spiritual or rational soul ceases to be individual, to be separated. Then arises the knowledge of which Eckhart spoke when he felt no longer that *he* was speaking within himself, but that in him the ground of all being was uttering itself. Paracelsus has marked the feeling of this condition with the words: "And that is a great thing whereon to dwell: there is naught in heaven or upon earth that is not in Man. And God who dwelleth in Heaven, He also is in Man."

Paracelsus, of course, in a certain sense thinks according to the spirit of his age; but none the less as regards the idea of

Evolution, of Becoming, he has grasped the relationship of man to nature in a profound manner. He saw, in the ultimate root and being of the universe, not something in any sense finished or ready-made, as it were, but on the contrary he grasped the Divine in the process of becoming. And thus he was enabled to ascribe to man a self-creative activity. For if the divine root of being is, as it were, given once and for all, ready-made, then there can be no question of any truly creative activity in man. It is not man, who lives in time, that creates, but it is God, who is from Eternity, that alone creates. But for Paracelsus there is no such God from Eternity, *as such*. For him there is only an eternal process, an eternal becoming, and man is one link in this eternal process. What man forms, was previously in no sense existent. What man creates is, as he creates it, a new and original creation. And therefore Paracelsus can assign to man a rôle in the building of the universe, which makes him a co-architect in its creation. The divine root of all being is *without* man, not that which it is *with* man. "For nature brings nothing to light, which as such is complete and perfect, but man must complete and perfect it." And this self-creative activity of man in the building of the universe is what Paracelsus calls Alchemy. Thus with his eyes steadily fixed upon nature does Paracelsus seek to overhear what nature herself has to tell him of that which she brings forth, for she whispers ever to him who has ears to hear the inmost secrets of the riddle of Being.

BERTRAM KEIGHTLEY.

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## THE FLOWERING OF THE AGES

WHEN all was over, when the myriad years
Had flowered and the sweet fragrance filled the skies,
When we cast off our life of joy and tears,
When day and night were one before our eyes,
When in Time's womb we took on our new birth
And came forth shining—filled with heavenly grace,
Radiant with labour done, in that far place,
Holy of holies, heaven of heavens, wherein
None know the battlefield men have named sin:
From those far heights of bliss we cast our eyes
In sweet immortal vision on the earth;
And when we saw what had been griefs; what fears,
What hopes had moved us—all that we had been;
We looked up from the past, filled with such mirth
That sweet immortal laughter shook the skies.—CECIL FRENCH.

# A SCIENTIFIC TRINITY

"THE law of Analogy," wrote H. P. B., "is the first key to the world problem." The Talmud proclaims, "If thou wouldst know the worlds invisible, open thine eyes wide on the visible." Here are two invaluable maxims which the would-be student of occultism should write down in his heart; he will prove them truer every year that he adds to his experience. As every avenue of his future evolution has to begin on the physical plane; as every inch of his superstructure has to be reared on a foundation which is laid here; it becomes supremely important that that foundation should be "well and truly laid" in accurate observation of, and in thoughtful generalisation upon, the range of physical-plane phenomena which lie within his reach. It was asked of old: "Canst thou by searching find out God?" and it may be very truly argued that the purely materialistic position in scientific research will not enable a man to "*know* the worlds invisible," notwithstanding that some wonderful approximations to truth have emanated from the scientific imagination. But it is none the less true that, given the hints and glimpses of nature's mysteries which we students of Theosophy are from time to time privileged to receive, it is precisely from the investigations of physical science into the phenomena of the matter in which we are immersed, that we can find the clearest illumination of the mysteries, the most satisfactory fitting of the details in the plan of which we have only the sketch. Nothing is more common in the experience of members of the Theosophical Society than to be asked: On what authority do you receive all these statements relative to super-physical worlds or states? Or: What proofs can you offer for the assertions you make? I venture to think there is no line of evidence available which is so complete and satisfying as the daily increasing store of physical science knowledge which fits in with statements made by Mme. Blavatsky and those who

have followed her in the work of bringing occult truth to light. This on the one hand, and on the other the possibility for the student of gaining some intellectual conception of the working of Nature on the inner planes from the observation of phenomena here which are said to be reflections of realities other where. All this kind of thing has been often written and said before, and the pages of this journal have constantly recorded isolated facts, or accounts of discoveries or hypotheses which have appeared to bear more or less strongly in the direction of occult truth. The purpose of this paper is to discuss in rather more detail one particular phase of theosophical teaching, and the light which recent theories of matter appear to throw upon it.

The phase in question is that which relates to the triune action, or manifestation, of the Divine Life in the Universe. The doctrine of the Trinity has ever held a mystery for the theologian, and human lives and communities have been rent asunder through its complexities. What has been set forth to us in various theosophical publications has served enormously to clarify our conceptions on this subject; but I think it may be frankly stated that, in spite of warnings and qualifications, the attempt to define and to classify has resulted in a tendency to, if not anthromorphise the Trinity in Unity, at least to separate too completely in thought the aspects of the Divine Life and Its functions in the Universe. I may wrong fellow-students in drawing this conclusion; I may certainly lay myself open to another charge by venturing to imagine that a scientific hypothesis, based on observations on the physical plane, may hold within it the germ of the solution which the writer, or compilers, of the Athanasian Creed strove hard to formulate; but I confess that the idea possesses me, and I base my faith on the maxims which open this paper, and find the text of my discourse on page 542 of the third volume of the *Secret Doctrine*, where it is written: "Motion is the Abstract Deity; on the highest planes it is arupa, absolute; but on the lowest it is merely mechanical."

When an occultist like H. P. B. makes a statement of that kind we are not justified in passing it over as of no account, even though it may appear to us for the moment *à propos de rien;* still less may we do so when we find scattered through the pages of

the same colossal work statements of a like character, as, for instance: "That which is motionless cannot be Divine." . . . "There has been no better hypothesis than Motion offered as an explanation of physical phenomena. Occultists have nothing to say against Motion—the Great Breath." And, speaking of the one Life: "Its one Absolute Attribute, which is Itself, eternal ceaseless Motion."

Taking up the *Evolution of Life and Form*, we find Mrs. Besant speaking of the Life Breath of Íshvara, "with its triple vibratory force," which falls on the root of matter—Mûlaprakriti—and "throws it into three modifications, or attributes." Later we have traced for us the working of the Life Force down, from plane to plane, evolving the matter of each as it proceeds, always, we may note, by a process which is threefold—first, a modification in consciousness, tanmâtra (measure of That); second, a vibratory energy, tattva, within the limit imposed by the tanmâtra; third, the resultant atom, which, in its turn, with its aggregations, becomes the resisting field in which the next tanmâtra and tattva operate.

Reaching the physical plane, we have, according to the conceptions of Theosophy, a field, or background, consisting of the matter of all the higher planes: an ocean out of which is to be churned the physical atom and its aggregations. Once more the "triple vibratory force" of the Life Breath of Íshvara comes forth and the physical atom comes into manifestation. Now what has physical science to say to such a story? Firstly, in the person of Sir William Turner, president of the British Association for the present year, it modestly disclaims "a knowledge of the infinite universe," and asserts that it is by no means "a self-evident truth that no substance other than ordinary matter can have an existence as real as that of matter itself." This, taken in conjunction with Lord Kelvin's reference, during the meetings of the British Association at Glasgow, to the existence of non-gravitational, as distinct from ordinary, or gravitational, matter, may be regarded as a recognition by official science of ether as a form of matter, and at once secures us our background of inner planes out of which, it is affirmed, the physical atom evolves by the working of the Life Breath, or Divine Energy—the Motion of the

*Secret Doctrine*. Moreover, on the authority of Dr Larmor, we learn that the centre round which a dynamical system of molecules revolves is a centre of motion and not of rest, *i.e.*, there are motions within motions, systems within systems, as our occultism had taught us to expect. Broadly speaking, the dynamical theory of matter holds the field, and the atom as a vortex, or mode of motion in the ether, is the current scientific conception.

When we come to explanations of the phenomena universally associated with matter in our experience, light, heat, electricity, magnetism, gravitation, and such properties of matter as inertia, elasticity, impenetrability, etc., we find room for considerable differences of opinion in details, but if Theosophy be true *we* can hold no other conclusion than that every property of matter is a manifestation of the Divine Life, ensouled within it, in one or other of its aspects; and further, if the Divine Life be manifest everywhere as motion, motion which on the physical plane is "merely mechanical," where but in mechanical motion shall we find the explanation of the phenomena of matter? Where, as far as physical matter is concerned, can we trace the three aspects of the Divine Life but in the three fundamental Modes of Motion, which, alone or in combination, are capable in scientific hands of explaining the phenomena of matter and its very existence?

Energy and motion, H. P. B. tells us, are the same thing: "Occultism, seeing no difference between the two, never attempts to separate them." To which science adds: "The conclusion which appears inevitable is that, whatever matter may be, the other reality [energy] in the physical universe which is never found unassociated with matter depends in all its widely varied forms upon *motion* of matter."* The "spirit-matter," of which Mrs. Besant writes in the *Ancient Wisdom*,† as the expression of an indissoluble bond during the life-period of a universe, may thus be recognised in its scientific dress.

But we must now consider the subject in greater detail. I have referred to the *three* aspects of the Divine Life as reflected in the three fundamental modes of motion, and thus cognisable in the constitution and functions of matter even in its commonly miscalled inorganic condition. In order to make good the proposi-

* Tait. *Encyclopædia Britannica*, Art. "Mechanics."

† See p. 55, *first edition*.

tion, it will be necessary to make a brief excursus into the region of physics, and in what follows I am basing myself chiefly on the work of the American Professor Dolbear, whose book, *Matter, Ether and Motion*, appears to me especially full of suggestion. The English edition has been edited by Professor Alfred Lodge, and while Professor Dolbear's conclusions would not meet universal acceptance, his intuition appears to have brought him into singularly close touch with occult teaching on many points. Of course the suggestions as to the evidences of the working of the triune life-force are my own and entirely tentative, thrown out merely as germs of thought which abler students may think it worth while to develope.

We start then, on the one side, with the statements that the three-fold Life of Íshvara is involved in and vivifies every atom, and that His Life is motion, which on the physical plane is "merely mechanical." On the other side we have the statements that there are three fundamental modes of motion, *viz.*, rotary, vibratory and translatory, and that matter and all its properties are resolvable into ether motions, which must be one or other of these three, or two of them in combination.* It seems to me impossible not to recognise a connection underlying these two broad generalisations.

We have been told that in the manifestation of our universe there are recognisable three great outpourings of energy proceeding from the Third, Second and First Logos, respectively, in the order named; but I venture to think that hardly enough stress has been laid on the fact that we must recognise in each of the great outpourings all three aspects of the energy of Íshvara, each being inherent in each of the three Logoi, though one predominate. With our present limited knowledge it is in the work of the first great outpouring, ascribed specifically to the Third Logos, that we can best discern the evidences of this "trinity in unity."

It will simplify our study if we consider the three primary modes of motion, and see what properties in matter are said to be identified with each.

Commence with the rotary. The revolution of a body upon

* *E.g.*, spiral motion is a combination of rotary and translatory; wave motion of translatory and vibratory.

its own axis, or the existence of a vortical motion in a more or less fluid medium, is everywhere associated with the idea of resistance and stability. A circular movement in water creates a hollow depression, a vortex with definite boundary; a similar movement in air will bring into existence vortical rings which can be made visible, and which have so many elements of permanence and exhibit so many peculiar properties that they have practically suggested the vortex ring theory of the atom. Rapid rotation of a wheel or top enables either to maintain an upright position against the force of gravitation, and otherwise bestows upon them certain properties or qualities which in their quiescent condition they do not exhibit. In kind there would appear to be no difference between the rotation of sun and planets on their axes and the rotation of an atom on its axis; what appears to result in both cases seems an increase of resistance, stability, inertia. In the case of the atom it is affirmed that the vortical or rotary movement brings it into existence and it is suggested that different *rates* of rotation may be the cause of differences in mass, *i.e.*, resistance. Dolbear, in addition, finds in the rotary movement of atoms and molecules a possible cause of the phenomena of magnetism; he asserts a generally growing conviction that the *atoms* of all substances are magnetic, but that in molecular combination their magnetic fields tend to neutralise each other and thus most molecular compounds display no polarity. This he explains on the ground that the magnetic field of an atom is in reality due to its rotation. Assuming that it is a vortex ring, all the motion on one side is towards the centre of the ring inwards, on the other side it is outwards—the properties of the two sides are therefore opposite. There is in effect a sort of swirl or stress set up by the ring. Now if we imagine innumerable such rings combined in groups where their planes of rotation are at every conceivable angle, their tendency would be to neutralise each other's swirl in the surrounding ether, but if by any means they could all be disposed so that their rotation produced a combined swirl or stress, the effect would be the production of a perceptible magnetic field. Under the hypothesis this is presumably what happens when a current of electricity is sent through a bar of soft iron and a temporary magnet is thus produced.

The theory is an interesting one, and it becomes additionally so when we realise that the action of gravity might be explained by a hypothesis having for one of its conditions atoms capable of setting up stress in a medium like the ether—and especially when we remember that H. P. B. affirmed that gravity *was* a form of magnetism.*

These are fascinating lines of speculation; but I must pass on to note that Dolbear suggests that elasticity, mass, inertia, can also each be explained by a rotary movement of the atom, and, if he be correct, we are thus left with the suggestion that rotary movement, which confers its very existence, its mass, its elasticity, its magnetism (or shall we say gravity?), upon the atom, can be no other than the reflection of that First Aspect of the One Life which we ever associate with thought of reality, stability, power, will.

Turning next to the vibratory, the second mode of motion, the thought that at once strikes our attention is that heat, light and electricity are phenomena of matter which have all been associated with vibratory movement of atoms and molecules. Since Tyndall's classic work—*Heat a Mode of Motion*—it has been a matter of popular, as well as scientific belief, that the sensation we call heat is due to a vibratory movement of the particles composing any gas, liquid or solid, and that the transmission of heat through space is by undulatory movement in the ether (*i.e.*, a combination of vibratory and translatory modes of motion). It is now known that light and electricity traverse space through the same medium, with the same speed, with the same wave-like motion, though with different wave lengths. It is also known, by means of spectrum analysis, that atoms and molecules owe their temperature to a true vibratory movement. It is recognised that the degree of temperature depends on the amplitude of this vibration, and it is understood that when temperature is increased, the violence of the vibration tends to dissociate the molecules of which bodies are composed, and that it is possible to break up almost every substance with which we are acquainted, by subjecting it to the intense heat of the electric spark. Still further, spectrum analysis proves that in the enormous tempera-

* *Secret Doctrine*, I. iii.

tures reached in the hottest stars—beyond anything we can artificially produce here—substances exist in a state of dissociation more complete and hence more "elementary" than anything science can reach, but not perhaps unfamiliar to the student of Theosophy under the term etheric sub-planes. On the other hand it has been shown that intense cold tends to destroy cohesion among the molecules of a substance; chemical reactions are found not to take place at some exceedingly low temperatures, and it has been argued that at *absolute* zero (a temperature—or absence of temperature—not yet achieved) chemical action would cease altogether; there would be no cohesion among the atoms (of the chemist) and all molecules would fall to pieces.

Now these considerations have suggested the conclusion that all molecular combination depends upon temperature, that, in short, the possibility of building up atoms into molecules, and molecules into substances, rests upon the *vibration of the atom*.* Can we, with our Theosophy in mind, see in this second mode of "mechanical" motion, any other than the manifestation of that Life which is the predominant mark of the Second Aspect, the Life which builds all forms, holds all forms together, the Life which makes any combinations possible? The motion which enables forms to be builded has its limits within which it works, and the energy which forms is also that which destroys and dissociates. Is not the twofold Aspect ever the Second one? Is it not from this that in our own nature we get both love and hate, and does not all energy spring from one source, whether it be turned to good or evil (as *we* call it), even as all the energy of the steam engine springs from the fire in whatsoever fashion the engineer may direct its work?

And another thought. We have associated electricity with a vibratory mode of motion. Electric waves in space are found to travel with the same rapidity as light, and in the same fashion, and it may be that they arise by the changes in the magnetic fields of vibrating atoms; but it has also been pointed out that

* The theory being that the vibration produces nodal points (the hooks of the graphic formulæ of chemistry) at which the atoms attach to each other and build symmetrical combinations according to the modern geometric chemical theory. Needless to say all such combinations would depend on the different *rates* of vibration and *number* would lie at the root of them.

electrical currents in solid bodies apparently travel with a movement that is a combination of rotary and translatory, *i.e.*, spiral. Then we remember that kundalinî is spoken of as a *spiral* force; that kundalinî is a microscosmic manifestation of Fohat; that Fohat is "Solar Energy," "Cosmic Electricity," "the Electric Vital Fluid"; it is connected with Viṣhṇu; "the name Viṣhṇu is from the root *viṣh*, to pervade, and Fohat is called the pervader and the manufacturer, because he shapes the atoms from the crude material";* also Viṣhṇu is the name of the Second Aspect of the Hindu Trinity. "Thus," says the *Secret Doctrine*, "from Spirit, or Cosmic Ideation, comes our Consciousness; from Cosmic Substance the several Vehicles in which that Consciousness is individualised and attains to self- or reflective-consciousness; while Fohat, in its various manifestations, is the *mysterious link between Mind and Matter*, the animating principle electrifying every atom into life." And the materialists tell us that our thinking is accompanied by molecular vibration in the grey matter of the brain and gives rise to *electric* phenomena! Are we not then face to face with the fact that Fohat—especially related, as H. P. B. has stated, to the Buddhic Plane (itself related by reflection to the Second Aspect of the One Life)—has for manifestation on the physical plane that spirally working energy which takes its rise in the vibrations of the atoms?

And light? Is not that too associated in closest relationship with heat and electric phenomena? And to it we owe all the beauty that *colour* gives to *form*.

> This is its touch upon the blossomed rose.
>
> . . . . .
>
> That is its painting on the glorious clouds.
> And these its emeralds on the peacock's train.

And it was Viṣhṇu's Self who spoke:

> I show thee all my semblances, infinite, rich, divine,
> My changeful hues, my countless forms.†

* *Secret Doctrine*, i., 137; but see the whole section on Fohat; it is full of suggestion.

† It may perhaps be objected that I am forgetting that the building of forms belongs to the Second Life Wave, but I am only wishful to make clear the correlation of vibratory motion with the Second Aspect of the Divine Life. As far as the making of the matter of the planes is concerned we may, I think, regard the vibratory energy (tattvas and sub-tattvas) as bringing about aggregations of matter

But the third fundamental fashion of motion claims our thought—the translatory. The movements of bodies through space, whether they be planets or molecules, are all translatory, they are all changes of position with reference to other bodies. They may be direct—as the flight of an arrow—or they may be combined with rotary motion, as in the case of a wheel or planet, or with vibratory motion, as in the case of a wave-like progression. But in all cases they are changes of position with reference to other external bodies and therefore govern all spatial relationships. This can only mean that the positions of planets in a solar system, or positions of individual molecules in a crystal, or cells in a plant, are alike regulated by translatory motion. This leads us to the thought that everything in the universe which is of the nature of a plan must for that very reason be a regulator of translatory motion—must work by means of it. That does not mean that it must supply the *energy* whereby a body is moved from point to point—*that* comes from another source—but it must give the initiative, or perhaps one should better say, impose the limits. The actual energy expended is derived from the vibration of atoms and molecules, not only as when a bullet is fired, or a stone thrown, but in the case of free-path motion of particles of a gas expanding under increased temperature—or when a cell is built into the body of an animal or plant. In other words the tanmâtra limits the tattva. And this at once shows us under which aspect we are to classify that mechanical motion which here we call translatory. None but the Third Aspect, Mahat—the Universal Mind—can be correlated with our third mode of motion. Thence it is, we are told, that the root types of a universe come forth. According to that mighty plan the solar system is builded, and Fohat, "the dynamic energy of Cosmic Ideation," Fohat the steed of which Thought is the Rider, "calls the innumerable sparks and joins them together." The *energy* is His on every plane, but He works to the types of the Universal Mind.

This then is our Scientific Trinity, not matter, ether and

which would be distinctly different in character from the closely cohesive combinations produced when the special energy of the Second Logos is playing through them, and yet as representing in the first outpouring the work of the Second Aspect of the Divine Life.

motion, but that which here we recognise as the three aspects of One Life, three reflections of Sat-Chit-Ánanda, three reflections of the one Reality: (1) that motion which gives inertia, substance, stability; (2) that which gives energy, cohesion, attraction as well as repulsion; (3) that which gives type and order to the whole. And the thought which forces itself into the mind is their inseparable connection in every manifestation. We may speak of a first, second and third outpouring as proceeding respectively from the Third, Second and First Logos, we are perhaps bound to use these limiting terms of Time and Space; but we can no more suppose that in the work of the first out-pouring the Will of the First and the Energy of the Second Aspects were absent, than we can imagine motion of translation without the moving body and the energy which moves it*—no more than we can separate in any activity of our own the aspects of knowing, willing and doing. When we consider the making of the matter of the planes, we hear not alone of modification in consciousness but of tattva (or vibration) and atom. When we read of the second outpouring we are told that according to the root types formed in the Universal Mind the brooding care of the Second Logos built the forms of mineral, plant and man. And when, as the result of the third outpouring, man came to his possession of free-will, to *know* and to *do* were the essentials of its exercise.

One sometimes fancies that there is a tendency among us to exalt one aspect of the Divine Life at the expense of another; to repeat the old heresy against which the Creed of S. Athanasius was compiled to warn. One has heard expressions which conveyed the idea that the speaker regarded the work of the Third Aspect—at any rate in the human trinity—as separative in a bad sense, as opposed to the unifying work of the Second Aspect; as though knowledge were in some way inferior to bliss, as if it were *possible* to love without knowing and being! It seems to be hardly sufficiently realised that knowledge *in itself* must be utterly dispassionate, and that it is in reality from the same two-fold aspect which gives us the energy of love (attraction) that we

* Dolbear points out that translatory motions are maintained at the expense of vibratory motion, *i.e.*, of temperature, and "that such free-path motion as all gases have, and which produces pressure upon the walls of vessels, is maintained by the vibratory," p. 118. Of course each is easily transformed into the other.

also derive the energy of hate (repulsion). And it should also be remembered that the intellectual, so-called separative, faculty which discriminates differences is the same which perceives likenesses—which is synthetical as well as analytical.

If these roughly sketched ideas, which arise from a consideration of the working of the Divine Life in its lowest manifestation, are of any use at all, it will be if they serve to help others, as they certainly helped the writer, to a clearer conception of what we really mean when we repeat the words so often on our lips: "in Him we live and move and have our being"; if they tend to a better realisation of the Trinity in Unity, and to the recognition that "they are not three Gods but One God."

EDITH WARD.

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THE moment a man can really do his work he becomes speechless about it. Does a bird need to theorise about building its nest, or boast of it when built?

All good work is essentially done that way—without hesitation, without difficulty, without boasting; and in the doers of the best there is an inner and involuntary power which approximates literally to the instinct of an animal. Nay, I am certain that in the most perfect human artists reason does *not* supersede instinct, but is added to an instinct as much more divine than that of the lower animals, as the human body is more beautiful than theirs. . . . That journey of life's conquest in which hills over hills and Alps on Alps arose and sank—do you think you can make another trace it painlessly by talking? Why, you cannot even carry us up an Alp by talking! You can guide us up it, step by step, no otherwise—even so, best silently. You . . . who have been among the hills, know how the bad guide chatters and gesticulates, and it is "put your foot, here," and "mind how you balance yourself there"; but the good guide walks on quietly, without a word, only with his eyes on you when need is, and his arm like an iron bar, if need be.—JOHN RUSKIN. *Sesame and Lilies*. 3rd Edit.: p. 149.

# THE ARCHERS

Now in the Forest, so dim and vast, dwelt the Archers, and through that Forest must fare all the children of men.

The Archers were brethren, though men knew it not, nor indeed could have guessed them such; for one in his radiant beauty seemed the younger, while the stern eyes and silent lips of the other made him old in their sight.

Therefore called they the first Love, but his brother Death, and held that the arrows of Death were the sharper and more dreadful.

To most men came the arrow of Love first, and to each man in diverse fashion; to one when he reached the first turning in his path, to another only when his goal lay clear in sight.

In diverse fashions, also, did men meet their fate. Some called lamentably upon Death to remove Love's arrow, the which he did but seldom. Others strove to wrench it roughly from the wound, yet they but aggravated their woe thereby. Others, again, and they the most numerous, clasped it eagerly and drove it yet deeper, and to these Love came in due time and turned the fiery pain into a gentle warmth which made their heart glad for evermore.

Therefore men blessed the name of Love; for the trees grew high and close in the dark Forest and kept out much of the warm sunlight, and but for the tender warmth of Love within their hearts the journey would have been dreary.

"Blessed be Love," they sang, "who regardeth alike the rich and the poor, and gladdeneth, if they will, the smallest and weakest on their way."

But of Death they said: "O dread Archer, pitiless Smiter! By our skill and the favour of the Lord of the Forest may we turn aside thy sharp arrows for a time; yet we know that for each is one appointed at the last. Ah, hard Death! wilt thou not change thine icy darts for the warm shafts of Love?"

Then Death, who did not willingly afflict the children of men, grieved and said to his brother: "Lend me, Love, of thy full quiver that men may cease to rail upon me."

So Love lent Death of his full quiver, and Death fashioned him new bolts like unto Love's, so cunningly that none might see wherein they differed; and he went forth rejoicing and called unto the Forest-farers:

"Behold, I have new darts like unto those of my brother, whom ye call Love; so fear me no longer."

But alas for Death and for the children of men! The arrows were the arrows of Love, but the hands on the bow were the hands of Death; and though they came in the warm guise of Love they brought the sharp sting of Death, the more surely that men were deceived and sought not to turn them aside.

Therefore the bride died in the arms of her groom of a year, the mother breathed in Death from the lips of her child, and the friend from the friend he would help.

Then railed men afresh and more bitterly on Death, who came in the guise of Love; but in vain, for so cunningly had he forged his arrows that not even he might perceive their difference.

Yet, because they had been tipped with Love's own flame, they brought his sweetness with Death's pang, until men said of such as were laid low by them:

"Love hath conquered Death and Death hath made Love immortal; and lo, our ignorance hath called Life Death—Life, the brother of Love."

E. D. FARRAR.

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QUE rien ne te trouble;
Que rien ne t'épouvante;
  Tout passe.
Dieu ne change pas,
La prière tout obtient.
  Qui a Dieu,
Rien ne lui manque,
Dieu seul suffit.

S. THÉRÈSE.

# REINCARNATION AMONG THE ROMANS

In the Sixth Book of the *Æneid*, Virgil relates how Æneas is permitted to visit the "shades below."

He finds his father Anchises, the object of his search, in Elysium, and Anchises speaks as follows:

Know first, the heaven, the earth, the main,
The moon's pale orb, the starry brain,
    Are nourished by a soul;
A bright intelligence, whose flame
Glows in each member of the frame
    And stirs the mighty whole.
Thence souls of men and cattle spring.
And the gay people of the wing,
And those strange shapes that ocean hides
Beneath the smoothness of his tides,
A fiery strength inspires their lives,*
An essence that from heaven derives,
Though clogged in part by limbs of clay,
And the dull "vesture of decay."
Hence wild desires and grovelling fears,
And human laughter, human tears:†
Immured in dungeon-seeming night,
They look abroad, yet see no light.
Nay, when at last the life has fled,
And left the body cold and dead,
E'en then there passes not away
The painful heritage of clay;
Full many a long contracted stain
Perforce must linger deep in grain.
So penal suffering they endure
For ancient crime, to make them pure . . . .
Each for himself, we all sustain
The durance of our ghostly pain;‡

* The Ray from the Monad, the celestial Prâna. † Kâma, the Desire-nature.
‡ The lower regions of Kâmaloka, the Christian Purgatory.

Then to Elysium* we repair,
The few, and breath this blissful air
Till, many a length of ages past,
The inherent taint is cleansed at last,
And naught remains but ether bright,
The quintessence of heavenly light.†
All these, when centuries ten times told
The wheels of destiny have rolled,‡
The voice divine from far and wide
Calls up to Lethe's river side,
That earthward they may pass once more
Remembering not the things before,
And with a blind propension yearn
To fleshly bodies to return." . . . .
Meantime Æneas in the vale
A sheltered forest sees,
Deep woodlands, where the evening gale
Goes whispering through the trees,
And Lethe river, which flows by
Those dwellings of tranquillity.
Nations and tribes, in countless ranks,
Were crowding to its verdant banks. . . . .
Æneas, startled at the scene,
Asks, wondering what the noise may mean,
What river this, or what the throng
That crowd so thick its banks along.
His sire replies: "The souls are they
Whom Fate will re-unite to clay:
There stooping down on Lethe's brink
A deep oblivious draught they drink:
Although thy thought can scarce conceive
That happy souls this realm would leave,
And seek the upper sky,
With sluggish clay to re-unite."

Virgil wrote this some 40 years B.C., and as he was the, so to speak, poet laureate of Rome, he was expressing the belief of the thinking and earnest minds of his time—much as Tennyson does that of the present day in his *In Memoriam*.

L. R. M.

* The highest region of Kâmaloka, and the Rûpa levels of Devachan, the Christian Heaven.

† The Causal Body.

‡ The time spent in Devachan

# THE EVOLUTION OF CONSCIOUSNESS

(CONTINUED FROM p. 456)

## CONSCIOUSNESS

LET us now consider what we mean by Consciousness, and see if this consideration will build for us the much longed-for "bridge", which is the despair of modern thought, between Consciousness and Matter, will span for us the "gulf" alleged to exist for ever between them.

To begin with a definition of terms: Consciousness and Life are identical, two names for one thing as regarded from within and from without. There is no Life without Consciousness; there is no Consciousness without Life. When we vaguely separate them in thought and analyse what we have done, we find that we have called Consciousness turned inward by the name of Life, and Life turned outwards by the name of Consciousness. When our attention is fixed on unity we say Life; when it is fixed upon multiplicity we say Consciousness; and we forget that the multiplicity is due to, is the essence of, Matter, the reflecting surface in which the One becomes the Many. When it is said that Life is "more or less conscious," it is not the abstraction "Life" that is thought of, but "a living thing" more or less aware of its surroundings. The more or less awareness depends on the thickness, the density, of the enwrapping veil which makes it a living thing separate from its fellows. Annihilate in thought that veil and you annihilate in thought also Life, and are in THAT into which all opposites are resolved, the ALL.

This leads us to our next point: the existence of Consciousness implies a separation into two aspects of the fundamental all-underlying UNITY. The modern name of Consciousness, "Awareness," equally implies this. For you cannot hang up Awareness in the void; Awareness implies something of which it is aware, a duality at the least. Otherwise it exists not. In the highest

abstraction of Consciousness, of Awareness, this duality is implied; Consciousness ceases if the sense of limitation be withdrawn, is dependent on limitation for existence. Awareness is essentially awareness of *limitation*, and only secondarily awareness of *others* Awareness of others comes into being with what we call Self-Consciousness, Self-Awareness. This abstract Twain-in-One, Consciousness-Limitation, Spirit-Matter, Life-Form, are ever inseparable, they appear and disappear together; they exist only in relation to each other; they resolve into a necessarily unmanifest Unity, the supreme synthesis.

"As above, so below." Again let the "below" help us. Electricity manifests only as positive and negative; when these neutralise each other, electricity vanishes. In all things electricity exists, neutral, unmanifest; from all things it can appear, but not as positive only, or as negative only; always as balancing amounts of both, over against each other, and these ever tending to re-enter together into apparent nothingness, which is not nothingness but the source equally of both.

But if this be so, what becomes of the "gulf," what need of the "bridge"? Consciousness and Matter affect each other because they are the two constituents of one whole, both appearing as they draw apart, both disappearing as they unite, and as they draw apart a relation exists ever between them.* There is no such thing as a conscious unit which does not consist of this inseparate duality, a magnet with two poles ever in relation to each other. We think of a separate something we call Consciousness, and ask how it works on another separate something we call Matter. There are no such two separate somethings, but only two drawn-apart but inseparate aspects of That which, without both, is unmanifest, which cannot manifest in the one or the other alone, and is equally in both. There are no fronts without backs, no aboves without belows, no outsides without insides, no spirit without matter. They affect each other because inseparable parts of a unity, manifesting as a duality in space and time. The "gulf" appears when we think of a "spirit," wholly immaterial,

* That relation is magnetic, but of magnetism of the subtlest kind, called Fohat, or Daiviprakriti, "The Light of the Logos." It is of this substance, and in it the essence of Consciousness and essence of Matter exist, polarised but not drawn apart.

and a "body" wholly material—*i.e.*, of two things neither of which exists. There is no spirit which is not matter-enveloped: there is no matter which is not spirit-ensouled. The highest separated Self has its film of matter, and though such a Self is called "a spirit" because the Consciousness-aspect is so predominant, none the less is it true that it has its vibrating sheath of Matter, and that from this all impulses come forth, affecting all other denser material sheaths in succession. To say this is not to materialise Consciousness, but only to recognise the fact that the two primary opposites, Consciousness and Matter, are straitly bound together, are never apart, not even in the highest Being. Matter is limitation, and without limitation Consciousness is not. So far from materialising Consciousness, it puts it *as a concept* in sharp antithesis to Matter, but it recognises the fact that *in an entity* the one is not found without the other. The densest matter, the physical, has its core of Consciousness; the gas, the stone, the metal, is living, conscious, aware. Thus oxygen becomes aware of hydrogen at a certain temperature and rushes into combination with it.

### Its Development

We have seen that by the action of the Third Logos a five-fold field has been provided for the development of Units of Consciousness, and that a Unit of Consciousness is a fragment, a portion of the Universal Consciousness, separated off as an individual entity by a film of matter, a Unit of the substance of the First Logos, sent forth on the sixth plane as a separate Being. These are the Sons, abiding from everlasting, from the beginning of a creative age, in the Bosom of the Father, who have not yet been "made perfect through sufferings";* each of them is truly "equal to the Father as touching his Godhead, but inferior to the Father as touching his manhood,"† and each of them is to go forth into matter in order to render all things subject to himself;‡ he is to be "sown in weakness" that he may be "raised in power";§ from a static Logos enfolding all divine potentialities, he is to become a dynamic Logos unfolding

* *Hebrews*, ii. 10.
† Athanasian Creed.
‡ 1 *Corinthians*, xv. 28
§ *Ibid.*, 43.

all divine powers; omniscient, omnipresent on his own sixth plane, but unconscious, "senseless," on all the others,* he is to veil his glory in matter that blinds him, in order that he may become omniscient, omnipresent, on all planes, able to answer to all divine vibrations in the universe instead of to those on the highest only. Those who will to become creators enter into the five-fold universe to learn how to unfold their powers therein; while those who will not to become creators remain in their static bliss, excluded from the five-fold universe, unconscious of its activities. For it must be remembered that all the seven planes are interpenetrating, and that Consciousness on any plane means the power of answering to the vibrations of that particular plane. Just as a man may be conscious on the physical plane because his physical body is organised to receive and transmit to him its vibrations, but be totally unconscious of the higher planes though their vibrations are playing on him, because he has not yet organised sufficiently his higher bodies to receive and transmit to him their vibrations; so is the Monad, the Unit of Consciousness, able to be conscious on the sixth plane, but totally unconscious on the lower five.

He will evolve his consciousness on these by taking from each plane some of its matter, veiling himself in this matter and forming it into a sheath by which he can come into contact with that plane, gradually organising this sheath of matter into a body capable of functioning on its own plane as an expression of himself, receiving vibrations from the plane and transmitting them to him, receiving vibrations from him and transmitting them to the plane. As he veils himself in the matter of each successive plane he shuts away some of his consciousness, that of it which is too subtle for receiving or setting up vibrations in the matter of that plane. He has within him seven typical vibratory powers—each capable of producing an indefinite number of sub-vibrations of its own type—and these are shut off one by one as he endues veil after veil of grosser matter. The powers in Consciousness of expressing itself in certain typical ways—using the word power in the mathematical sense, Consciousness "to the

* H P. Blavatsky. *Key to Theosophy*. See p. 181 for the principle, though applied to a lower stage.

third," Consciousness " to the fourth," etc.—are seen in Matter as what we call dimensions. The physical power of Consciousness has its expression in " three-dimensional matter," while the astral, mental and other powers of Consciousness need for their expression other dimensions of Matter.

## The Second Life-Wave

### The coming forth of the Monads and the Preparation of the Forms

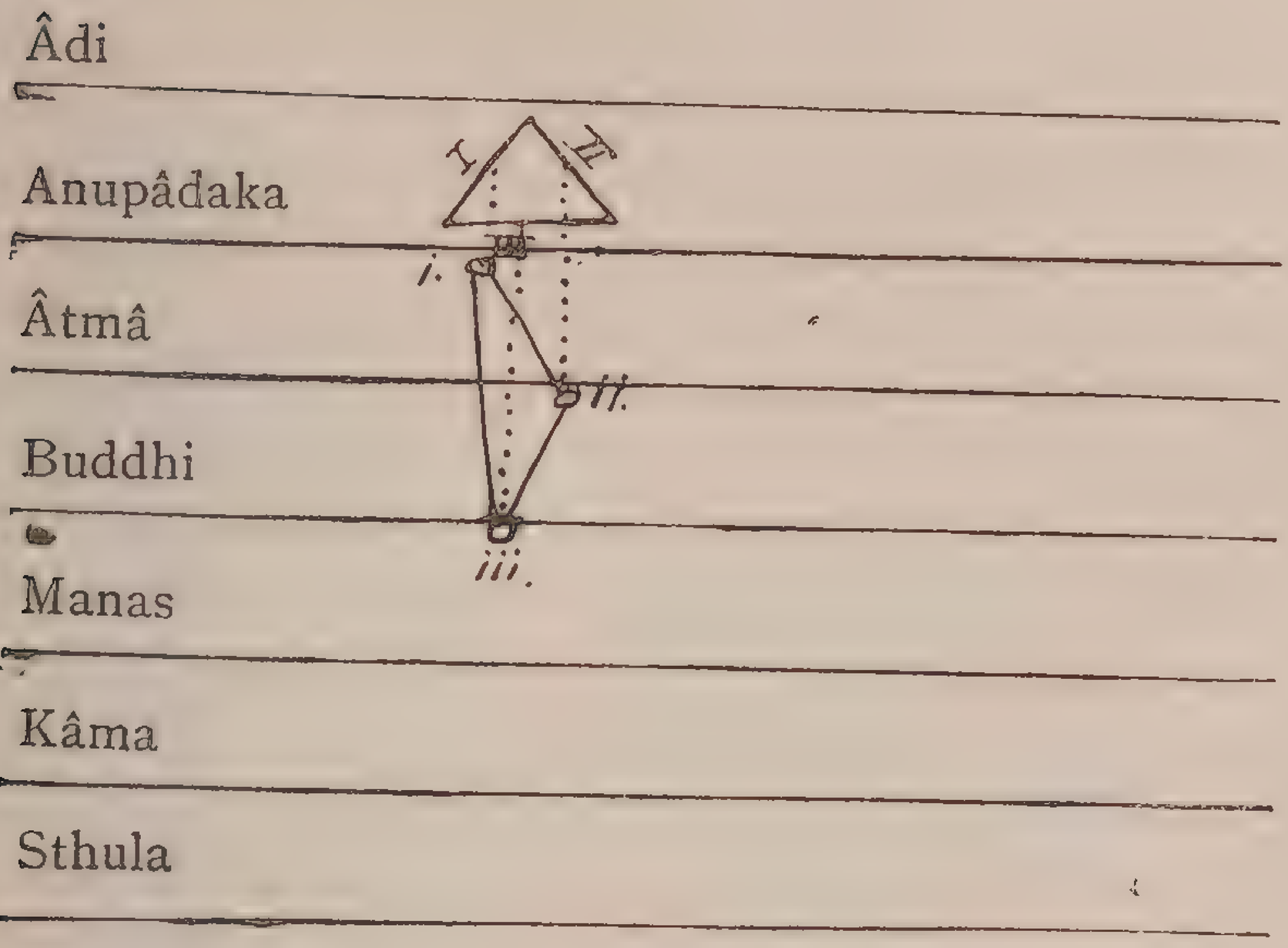
When the five-fold field is ready, when the five planes, each with its seven sub-planes, are completed so far as their primary constitution is concerned, then begins the activity of the Second Logos, the Builder and Preserver of forms. His activity is spoken of as the Second Life-Wave, the pouring out of Wisdom and Love—the Wisdom, the directing force, needed for the organisation and evolution of forms, the Love, the attractive force, needed for holding them together as stable though complex wholes. When this great stream of Logoic life pours forth into the five-fold field of manifestation, it brings with it into activity the Monads, the Units of Consciousness, ready to begin their work of evolution, to clothe themselves in matter.

H. P. Blavatsky has described their forthcoming in graphic allegorical terms, using a symbolism more expressive than literal-meaning words: " The primordial triangle, which—as soon as it has reflected itself in the ' Heavenly Man,' the highest of the lower seven—disappears, returning into ' Silence and Darkness' ; and the astral paradigmatic man, whose Monad (Âtmâ) is also represented by a triangle, as it has to become a ternary in conscious devachanic interludes."* The primordial triangle, or the three-faced Monad of Will, Wisdom and Activity, "reflects itself " in the " Heavenly Man," as the triple Monad of the lower, or astral man, and " returns into Silence and Darkness." The word " reflection " demands explanation here. Speaking generally, the term reflection is used when a force manifested on a higher plane shows itself again on a lower plane, and is conditioned by a grosser kind of matter in that lower manifestation, so that some

* *Secret Doctrine*, iii. 444.

of the effective energy of the force is lost, and it shows itself in a feebler form. As now used in a special instance, it means that a stream of the life of the Monad pours forth, taking as the vessel to contain it an atom from each of the three higher planes of the five-fold field—the fifth, the fourth and the third—thus producing the "Heavenly Man," the "Living Ruler, Immortal," the Pilgrim who is to evolve, for whose evolution the system was brought into being. The Heavenly Man is Âtmâ-Buddhi-Manas, and he is the expression of the Monad, whose aspect of Will is Âtmâ, whose aspect of Wisdom is Buddhi, whose aspect of Activity is Manas. Hence we may regard the human Âtmâ as the Will aspect of the Monad, ensouling an âkâshic atom; the human Buddhi as the Wisdom aspect of the Monad, ensouling an air (divine flame) atom; the human Manas as the Activity aspect of the Monad, ensouling a fiery atom. Thus in Âtmâ-Buddhi-Manas, the spiritual Triad, or the Heavenly Man, we have the three aspects, or energies, of the Monad, embodied in atomic matter, and this is the "Spirit" in man. It is identical in nature with the Monad, *is the Monad*, but is lessened in force and activity by the veils of matter round it. This lessening of power must not blind us to the identity of nature. We must ever remember that the human consciousness is a unit, and that though its manifestations vary, these variations are only due to the predominance of one or other of its aspects and to the relative density of the materials in which an aspect is working. Its manifestations, thus conditioned, vary, but it is itself ever one.

Such part of the consciousness of the Monad as can express itself in a five-fold universe enters at first thus into the higher matter of this universe, embodying itself in an atom of each of the three higher planes; having thus shone forth and appropriated these atoms for his own use, the Monad has begun his work; in his own subtle nature he cannot as yet descend below the Anupâdaka plane, and he is therefore said to be in "Silence and Darkness," unmanifest; but he lives and works in and by means of these appropriated atoms, which form the garment of his life on the planes nearest to his own. We may figure this action thus:




I. Will; i. Âtmâ. II. Wisdom; ii. Buddhi. III. Activity; iii. Manas.

This spiritual Triad, as it is often called, Âtmâ-Buddhi-Manas, is described as a seed, a germ, of divine Life, containing the potentialities of its own heavenly Father, its Monad, to be unfolded into powers in the course of evolution. This is the "manhood" of the divine Son of the First Logos, animated by the "Godhead," the Monad—a mystery truly, but one which is repeated in many forms around us.

And now the nature which was free in the subtle matter of its own plane becomes bound by the denser matter, and its powers of consciousness cannot as yet function in this blinding veil. It is therein as a mere germ, an embryo, powerless, senseless, helpless, while the Monad *on its own plane* is strong, conscious, capable, so far as its internal life is concerned; the one is the Monad in Eternity, the other is the Monad in Time and Space; the content of the Monad eternal is to become the extent of the Monad temporal and spatial. This at present embryonic life will evolve into a complex being, the expression of the Monad on each plane of the universe. All-powerful internally on his own subtle plane, he is at first powerless when enwrapped externally in denser matter, unable to receive through it, or to give out through it, vibrations. But he will gradually master the matter

that at first enslaves him, aided and watched over by the all-sustaining and preserving Second Logos, until he can live in it fully as he lives above, and become in his turn a creative Logos and bring forth out of himself a universe. The power of creating a universe is only gained, according to the WISDOM, by evolving within the Self all that is later to be put forth. A Logos does not create out of nothing, but evolves all from Himself, and from the experiences we are passing through now we are gathering the materials out of which we may build a system in the future.

But this spiritual Triad, which is the Monad in the five-fold universe, cannot himself commence at once any separate self-directed activity. He cannot gather round himself any aggregations of matter as yet, but can only abide in his atomic vesture. But the life of the Second Logos is as its mother's womb to the embryo, and within this the building begins. We may, in very truth, regard this stage of evolution, in which the Logos shapes, nourishes and developes the germinating life, as a period corresponding to the ante-natal life of a human being, during which he is slowly obtaining a body, which is nourished meanwhile by the life-currents of the mother and formed out of her substance. Thus also with the spiritual Triad, enclosing the life of the Monad; he must await the building of his body on the lower planes, and he cannot emerge from this ante-natal life and be "born," until there is a body builded on the lower planes. The "birth" takes place at the formation of the causal body, when the Heavenly Man is manifested as an infant Ego on the physical plane. A little careful thought will show how close is the analogy between the evolution of the Pilgrim and that of each successive rebirth; in the latter case the higher principles await the formation of the physical body which is building as their habitation; in the former the spiritual Triad awaits the building of the Quaternary. Until the vehicle on the lowest plane is ready, all is a preparation for evolution, rather than evolution itself—it is often termed involution. The evolution of the Consciousness must begin by contacts received by its *outermost* vehicle; that is, it must begin on the physical plane. It can only become aware of an outside by impacts on its own outside; until then it dreams within itself by the faint inner thrillings ever upwelling from the

Monad, causing slight outward-tending pressures in the spiritual Triad, like a spring of water beneath the earth, seeking an outlet.

Meanwhile the preparation for the awakening, the giving of qualities to matter, that which may be likened to the formation of the tissues of the future body, is done by the life-power of the Second Logos—the second life-wave, rolling through plane after plane, imparting its own qualities to that sevenfold proto-matter. The life-wave, as said above, carries the spiritual Triads with it as far as the atomic sub-plane of the third plane, the plane of Fire, of individualised creative power, of mind. Here they each have already an atom, the mânasic, or mental veil of the Monad, the Logos flooding these and the remaining atoms of the plane with His life. All these atoms, forming the whole atomic sub-plane, whether free or attached to Monads, may rightly be termed Monadic Essence; but as in the course of evolution, presently to be explained, differences arise between the attached and the non-attached atoms, the term Monadic Essence is usually employed for the non-attached, while the attached are called, for reasons which will appear, "permanent atoms." We may define Monadic Essence then as atomic matter ensouled by the life of the Second Logos. It is His clothing for the vivifying and holding together of forms; He is clad in atomic matter. His own life as Logos, separate from the life of Âtmâ-Buddhi-Manas in the man, separate from any lives on the plane—though He supports, permeates and includes them all—is clothed only in atomic matter, and it is this which is connoted by the term of Monadic Essence. The matter of that plane, already by the nature of its atoms* capable of responding to active thought-vibrations, is thrown by the second life-wave into combinations fit to express thoughts—abstract thoughts in the subtler matter, concrete thoughts in the coarser. The combinations of the higher sub-planes constitute the First Elemental Kingdom; the combinations on the four lower sub-planes constitute the Second Elemental Kingdom. Matter held in such combinations is called Elemental Essence, and is susceptible of being shaped into thought-forms. The student must not confuse this with Monadic Essence; one is atomic, the other molecular, in constitution.

* By the Tanmâtras, the divine Measures.

The second life-wave then rolls on into the second plane, the plane of Water, of individualised sensation, of desire. That substance of the Second Logos links the Monad-ensouled, or permanent, atoms of the third plane to a corresponding number of atoms on the second plane, floods the remaining atoms with its own life—these atoms thus becoming Monadic Essence as explained above—and passes onwards, forming on each sub-plane the combinations fit to express sensations. These combinations constitute the Third Elemental Kingdom, and the matter held in such combination is called Elemental Essence, as before, and on this second plane is susceptible of being shaped into desire-forms.

The life-wave then rolls on into the first plane, the plane of Earth, of individualised activities, of actions. That substance of the Second Logos now links the Monad-attached, or permanent, atoms of the second plane to a corresponding number on the first plane, floods the remaining atoms with its own life—all these atoms thus becoming Monadic Essence—and passes onwards, forming on each sub-plane combinations fitted to constitute physical bodies, the chemical elements, as they are called on the three lower sub-planes.

Looking at this work of the second life wave as a whole, we see that it consists of what may fairly be called the making of primary tissues out of which hereafter subtle and dense bodies are to be formed. Well has it been called, in some ancient scriptures, a weaving, for such it literally is. The materials prepared by the Third Logos are woven by the Second Logos into threads and into cloths of which future garments—the subtle and dense bodies—will be made. As a man may take separate threads of flax, cotton, silk—themselves combinations of a simpler kind—and weave these into linens, into cotton or silk cloths, these cloths in turn to be shaped into garments by cutting and stitching, so does the Second Logos weave the matter-threads, weave these again into tissues, and then shape them into forms. He is the Eternal Weaver, while we might think of the Third Logos as the Eternal Chemist. The latter works in nature as in a laboratory, the former as in a manufactory. These similes are not to be despised, for they are crutches to aid our limping attempts to understand.

This "weaving" gives to matter its characteristics, as the characteristics of the thread differ from those of the raw material, as the characteristics of the cloth differ from those of the threads. The Logos weaves the two kinds of cloth of mânasic matter, of mind-stuff, and out of these will be made the causal and the mental bodies. He weaves the cloth of astral matter, of desire-stuff, and out of this will be made the desire body. That is, that the combinations of matter formed and held together by the second life-wave have the characteristics which will act on the Monad when he comes into touch with others, and will enable him to act on them. So he will be able to receive all kinds of vibrations, mental, sensory, etc. The characteristics depend on the nature of the aggregations. There are seven great types, fixed by the nature of the atom, and within these innumerable sub-types. All this goes to the making of the materials of the mechanism of consciousness, which will be conditioned by all these textures, colourings, densities.

In this downward sweep of the life-wave through the third, second and first planes, downward till the densest matter is reached, and the wave turns at that point to begin its sweep upwards, we must think of its work as that of forming combinations which show qualities, and so we sometimes speak of this work as the giving of qualities. In the upward sweep we shall find that bodies are built out of the matter thus prepared. But before we study the shaping of these, we must consider the seven-fold division of this life-wave in its descent, and the coming forth of the "Shining Ones," the "Devas," the "Angels," the "Elementals," that belong also to this downward sweep. These are the "Minor Gods" of whom Plato speaks, from whom man derives his perishable bodies.

ANNIE BESANT.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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THE greatest of all the mysteries of life, and the most terrible, is the corruption of even the sincerest religion, which is not daily founded on rational, effective, humble and helpful action.—RUSKIN.

# THE LAND OF MARVELLOUS NIGHT

You are amazed, my friend and brother Fergus, because I, who come of a race that forgives not easily, forbore to take the life of Murtagh Redhands when he had put upon me a wrong that many who are pale-blooded and patient, as I was never known to be, would have avenged to the shedding of blood. For the man betrayed me, and his deed was the more evil because he was mine own foster-brother, and between us was the blood bond that may not be broken without bitter shame. Moreover, I trusted him; so that when I knew his treachery my love turned to fierce hate, and I pursued him that I might slay him. When I came to his house he had fled before me; I burned his goods, and razed his dwelling to the ground, and slew such of his people as fell into my hands. It was told me by one of these, who desired to save his own life, that Murtagh had fled to the House of the Oaken Field, there to seek sanctuary, for the place was very holy, and he thought I should fear to break the law of peace which rules within the houses where men have given their lives to God. I hanged the man who betrayed Murtagh my enemy, because he was a traitor to his master; and when he was dead I pursued Murtagh alone, leaving my followers encamped by the burning house of the man whose life I sought; the men were weary and needed food and sleep; but as for me, I said in my heart I would not rest till I had killed the man, and I would kill him even though he sheltered within the Church, and clung to the very altar.

Those who knew me in the days wherein he wronged me, aye! and those who know me now in my more sober years, wonder why I did not kill him, why I ceased to seek his life. They would show their scorn of a man who, after deep wrong, abandons a blood feud, or, at least, they would question me concerning that which I did, save that they fear me, and therefore they spare to show scorn or to question.

To you, O Fergus, I shall unfold the matter; because of the

love and friendship that lie between us, who learned the arts of war, of the chase, and of peaceful citizenship together at the court of my good father. Moreover, you have patiently and loyally trusted me, believing I held myself to have good cause and honest purpose for and in what I did; therefore to thee I shall tell of the wonder-night wherein I pursued Murtagh Redhands, mine enemy.

Alone I followed him, and when the sun set, and the mists crawled grey over the barren mountains I had come to the hill of Queen Eithné, a spot of ill repute, for thereon the heathen Gods were worshipped, and there men see lights flitting, and hear voices murmuring and singing when there is no man to speak or to sing.

I, truly, at another time would not have faced the devils of that hill after the sun had set and the witch hour dawned over the land; but wit you well, my brother Fergus, there was a mightier devil in my heart that day than was upon the hill, and I held my course towards the Oaken Field.

The dry heather bells tinkled in the wind; the hill was greyish brown, a sluggish stream crept round its base. I halted by the stream and flung the cool brown peat water over my face and head; the blood sang and throbbed in my brows by reason of my haste, and the deadly hate that was in me. I feared I might die of rage ere I had killed the man.

As I rose to my feet, I saw a grey stone cairn on the hill, and thereon stood one who was looking towards me. Despite my anger my blood chilled; I knew none of our country would stand on Eithné's cairn after sundown; but my dogged intent to slay Murtagh Redhands was as a shield to me; I would have tried to strangle Satan himself, if he came in human form, had he stood between me and the man.

He who stood on the cairn leaped down, and came towards me; I, knowing it is useless to fly from the Lonely Ones of the moor, or even, for that matter, from the less fearful trooping People who sport in bands, and glamour men for mirth, I—I say—abided his coming; sure was I, because of his stature and bearing, that he was of the Solitary Ones and not of the Little People of Eithné.

When he drew near I thought he was but a man like myself; a young man with a smooth face, thin and worn, and very pale, with great black eyes, and tangled curling black hair; he was bare-footed, clad in faded garments bleached with sun and rain; in his hand he carried a little rod of peeled willow, at least, such it seemed to me. He stood on the farther side of the stream:

"Greeting and peace, Ughtred of the Swords," said he; for so they called me, as ye know, because of the great swordsmen whom I held at my will, who were my men to do my bidding.

"Greeting," said I, "and as for peace that is as it may be."

Thereat he laughed, and I felt my blood chill once more.

"You follow a hunting trail?" said he.

"Aye," said I, "I do so; and I shall run my quarry down and kill before sunrise."

"Your quarry is Murtagh Redhands," he said, "the man has sought the Garden of the Souls made One."

"You lie," I answered. "He is at the House of the Oaken Field seeking sanctuary; and I will slay him there even before the altar, though my soul be lost to the end that endeth not, because of that killing."

"Aye, Ughtred of the Swords," he said carelessly, "you call it the Oaken Field, and we the Garden of the Souls made One, for thou speakest one tongue and we another. But the man will fly again at sunrise, for such an one knows no rest; what hinders that you be glamoured by the people of Eithné, even for pure sport, and wander here till cock-crow—or, for that matter, till Doom?"

It was true; I had missed the way already, and I ground my teeth.

"What will you grant me, Ughtred of the Swords," said he, "if I bring you to the Garden of the Souls made One before the sun rises?"

"Will you guide me faithfully," I said, "for I have it in my mind that thou art Murtagh's man, and would fool me if thou couldst?"

"Our people may not break their pledged word," he answered. "We should be powerless babes if we held not thereto; I shall

lead thee faithfully, but thou must follow me through the Land of Marvellous Night to reach the place."

"Now, human or of Eithné's people whichever ye be," said I, "I know thou liest, for I know the place; and it is but by the ways of mine own familiar country that I must pass to reach the Oaken Field."

"Ughtred of the Swords," he answered, "I shall not throw back to thee the lie thou hast put on me, for when children babble falsely they lie not, their falsehood being unwilling. Hear thou this: To know the shell of the egg is not to know its yolk; to know the rind of the fruit is not to know its core; to know the bodily seeming is not to know the man; to know the without is not to know the within; to know these hills and valleys is not to know the Land of Marvellous Night within them and throughout them. Tell me, shall I lead thee to the Garden whereof I spoke?"

"If you will bring me thither," I said, "I will cause the bond of blood to bind thee and me; and I will be thy man, I and mine, to fight in thy quarrels and avenge thy death, if I live longer than thou."

"It shall not be so hard a boon," he answered. "Suffer that I touch thee with the tip of this wand, between thy brows and on thy breast, and of a surety thou shalt reach the Garden of the Souls made One before this Murtagh flies from the Oaken Field."

And I noted hereafter as we held converse that he spake ever of that holy house as of a Garden, but of Murtagh he spoke as sheltering at the Oaken Field. I feared for the first time in my life; I set my teeth and answered:

"The boon shall be as thou sayest, but if thou betray me I will slay thee."

He smiled and stepped across the stream; then he laid the tip of the willow wand between my eyes and over my heart. I reeled and fell to the earth, but he raised me from the ground; and in truth whether I was in or out of this my body, I know not to this day.

"Come," said he. "I shall lead thee now, Ughtred of the Swords,"

"To the Oaken Field?" I asked.

"To the Garden of the Souls made One," he answered.

This House of the Oaken Field was a lonely church built of turfs, clay and wattles; around it were the huts of the men who built it; twelve were they, and their leader; thirteen in all. They dwelt together in a silent valley; given were they to prayer and fast, to vigil and contemplation, and to high thought of great mysteries.

My guide walked a pace before me; and now I saw that the man's body shone; his feet lighted the ground, and the willow wand in his hand glowed as though with fire. The whole country—mine own familiar country where I chased the deer and wild boar—shone; everywhere it quivered with faint light. We left the hill and plain of Eithné and came to a wood; it was a thick, tangled forest. I did not know the place; but he who led me found a path, and we walked quickly along it; the path dipped downwards into a valley and rose again to the summit of a hill. Trees were on either side of us; and now as we went I saw a mist that drove slowly down the path and streamed through the wood; this mist was not grey and wet, crawling ghostlike and chill over the land, but it was pure fire that burned not; a mist of delicate, quivering flame sweeping along like a breath of subtle life. I wondered whether this was in truth the fire of life, ever flowing through the land, unseen of us, unless our eyes be opened by the Lonely People to see the wonders of the Land of Marvellous Night.

I felt my strength wax a thousand fold as the fire drove past. I thought it swept forth from some spot where abided a great and fearful power; as we drew on our way I thought the power waxed stronger till I could hardly endure further. At last the path led us to an open circle walled about with trees; the ground was clothed with pale, dry grass, thick and coarse, bleached yellow-white by winter frost and rain; within that circle were small bent trees, their rough leafless boughs silver-grey, and trees of blackthorn white with blossom. The circle of grass, the grey trees, and the milk-white blooth were as though fashioned of silver, some tarnished and some bright, and over all drove a mist of quivering violet flame. In the centre of the circle was an

altar of white stone shaped like a cross, and thereon somewhat, covered with a fair linen cloth.

The man who guided me halted:

"That which lies on the altar," he said, "is the vesture of one most holy, who descended from heaven, and hereafter shall ascend thereunto with power. Will you see his garment, Ughtred of the Swords?"

Then I feared the place greatly, and feared to touch the vesture of one so holy; nevertheless I went to the altar and plucked the linen cloth away; and behold! on the altar the body of a man, and that man, Murtagh Redhands, my enemy; and he lay as though asleep.

Then my lust for the life of the man waxed more fierce because of the power of the place, and the might of the fire as it swept through me. I drew my sword and plunged it into the breast of the sleeping body; and lo! it was not Murtagh who lay there, but I—Ughtred of the Swords—and I knew I had slain myself.

Even as I gasped and shook in a great horror of the place, the man and the altar were gone; I stood, with my sheathed sword by my side, in the lonely circle of silver, girdled by dark trees, and lit by the driving violet fire-mist.

I turned to the man who guided me: "I cannot slay thee," I said. "Thou art of the Lonely People, of the Land of Marvellous Night; and I wonder how, either by night or day, you dare to guide me to a holy house of Christian brethren."

"Wherein you purpose to do murder," he said.

"The man hath wronged me," I answered sullenly. "I hate him. But I am a Christian man, and thou art of the Lonely People."

"Ughtred of the Swords," he answered me, "believe thou this: even as thou canst not slay me, so also thou canst not slay either this Murtagh or thyself. Thou sayst I am of the Lonely People; receive this of me, I pray thee: Thou, and not I, art of the Lonely People; for there is nothing above or below so lonely as the soul that hates. Think not, thou Lonely One, I seek to stay thee from thy foe, or to stem thee in thy hate; slay if thou wilt, hate if thou wilt, and garner therefrom the fruitage of murder

and of hatred. As for thy wonder that I dare to draw near the Holy House of Christian men, know thou this: heaven and earth and all that in them is, fair and foul, ill or well, are fashioned into a Holy House for the Souls made One, of whom I, and my brethren, and these pious men are."

I followed him in silence; his words rang in my ears; I though it likely I should die by the vengeance of Heaven for profaning a holy house, but I was willing so to die, for in my soul was a great lust of blood.

I saw high on a lonely mountain a little hut in which a light shone like a star; a s'ennight past I slew a boar in those woods, and then the hut was not upon the mountain.

"Whose hut is that?" I said.

"It is the hut of Ughtred the Saint," he answered, "the sinner's saint, the pitiful and holy, the lover of all that lives."

"I had not known till now," I said, "that I bore the name of a saint."

I looked at the light, and by some magic power, I, who stood in the marshy valley by the lily tarn, could see within the mountain hut; therein was a man clad in a linen garment; my eyes and his, in which lived a boundless patience, met; behold! though he was unlike to me, I knew of a surety it was I, Ughtred of the Swords, who sat within that hut. I turned and fled; I ran fast, fast as a horse could gallop. When I paused and looked back I saw the hut and the light were still on the mountain; many of the things I saw that night vanished as I gazed on them; but ever when I looked I saw, unchanged, the hut of Ughtred the Saint, the lover of all that lived, abiding on the mountain, with the starlike gleam shining from its window.

And I, Ughtred the sinner, the hater of Murtagh Redhands, shuddered in rage and fear, because of my inner surety that, do as I would, I could never pluck down nor destroy the hut wherein Ughtred the Saint sat in patience—waiting.

The man who had promised to guide me was by my side, but now I needed no guidance, for I knew the place and trod swiftly to my revenge. At last we reached the top of the hills above the Oaken Field. These hills were set circle-wise about the vale; their sides were green and smooth; through the valley

ran a stream with meadows on either side; by the stream was the church shapen like a cross; and the huts in a circle; twelve were set in a ring, and the thirteenth hut was in the centre.

"Behold," said he who stood out beside me, "the Garden of the Souls made One, Ughtred of the Swords."

As he spoke he touched me twice and thrice with the wand he bore, and the church and huts vanished from my sight.

Then I saw a great sphere of light that filled the valley, and therein many colours whirling wheel-like, streaming forth and driving through the flame; nor was this sphere ever at rest, but it moved with a motion passing the tongue of man to describe; angelical indeed it was, and therein nothing earthly. The colours sang together and gave forth divers notes in a harmonious chanting more sweet than any choir; from the great sphere with its many colours and notes there streamed forth and back, east, west, north and south, the mist of fire that drove streamer-wise through the land; ever and anon there smote outwards from the unseen heart of the sphere a blue-white light, like the smiting of moonlight on gleaming mother-of-pearl. When this was so, the great sphere thrilled like a living body, aquiver with exceeding joy and bliss past human thought; the many hues grew brighter, their song was sweeter, and the driving threads of mist-like fire fled forth faster.

When I saw this wonder of the Land of Marvellous Night it was more than I could bear; I fell to the earth and lay there in a trance. When I woke therefrom I lay on the hills above the Oaken Field; the sky was grey with dawn; from the church I heard the song of the men who built it, the Souls made One. Their unseen life had power on me, though I no more beheld it, nor saw the living flame sweep throughout the land, when the light smote outwards through the Souls made One.

I saw a man steal fearfully from the church and look to the right and to the left. I knew it was Murtagh Redhands, my enemy; but the man was then no more to me than a wraith, a mist-wreath on the hill. I watched him steal away like a fox to his earth. Sitting on the hill I watched him; when he had gone I went down the hill, and sat without the church till those men who sang together ended their solemn hymn of praise.

MICHAEL WOOD.

# THE GULF BETWEEN CONSCIOUSNESS AND MATTER

THE subject of the apparently impassable gulf between consciousness and matter is discussed with great clearness and force by Mr. G. F. Stout, in the Introduction to his *Manual of Psychology*.*

He says that there are three alternatives in regard to the relation between the inner and the outer life:

(1) Interaction.
(2) One-sided action.
(3) Parallelism.

And that the chief difficulty in the way of the interaction theory is the impossibility of imagining the transference of mental to physical energy and *vice versa*; also that these difficulties equally apply to the theory of one-sided action; so that he himself inclines to the theory of parallelism.

"On the interaction hypothesis, a cerebral process may produce a state of consciousness, just as a nervous process may produce a muscular contraction, or as a change in one part of the cortex may produce change in another part; and inversely a conscious process, such as a volition, may act on the cortex, just as the cortex acts on sub-cortical centres, and these on the muscles."

But "when we come to the direct connection between a nervous process and a correlated conscious process, we find a complete solution of continuity. The two processes have no common factor. Their connection lies entirely outside our total knowledge of physical nature on the one hand, and of conscious process on the other. The laws which govern the change of position of bodies, and of their component atoms and molecules

* Chapter on "Body and Mind."

in space, evidently have nothing to do with the relation between a material occurrence and a conscious occurrence. No reason in the world can be assigned why the change produced in the grey pulpy substance of the cortex by light of a certain wave-length, should be accompanied by the sensation *red*, and why that produced by light of a different wave-length should be accompanied by the sensation *green*. It is equally unintelligible that a state of volition should be followed by a change in the substance of the cortex, and so mediately by the contraction of a muscle."

Now it is sometimes said that Theosophy explains how this interaction takes place.

Oh yes, it is said, it is quite simple; there is a vibration in the physical body which is communicated to the etheric, then to the astral, then to the mental body; and so the higher planes are gradually reached.

But, in fact, the point in question, how a vibration in matter can be changed into a sensation in consciousness, has never been touched. We have only pursued the material aspect of the question a little further. And we have still the problem to solve, though in a slightly different form, which has been propounded by Mr. Stout.

It has now become: *No reason in the world can be assigned why a particular kind of vibration in the astral body should be accompanied by the sensation red.* The gulf between consciousness and matter yawns as wide as before.

We seem driven to the conclusion that as consciousness cannot have been produced at any particular point in the series of vibrations, it must have been there all the time, in the physical vibration as in the later ones, and that consciousness and matter do not act and react on each other because *they are actually the same thing*, seen from different points of view.

The vibration in the astral body *is* the sensation red, and nothing else; it does not cause it, nor is it caused by it.

This is the truth that lies behind the third theory of the relation between consciousness and matter, which Mr. Stout calls *parallelism*.

"Modifications of consciousness emerge contemporaneously with corresponding modifications of nervous process. The ner-

vous changes are supposed to be parts of the total continuous process of the physical universe, so that science will require none but material conditions to explain them. On the other hand there is causal connection within the process of consciousness itself, as such. This psychical causation runs parallel with the material, but is not itself material. When a bodily action, such as moving a finger, follows upon volition, it is the cortical process concomitant with the volition which sets the muscles in contraction and so produces the movement. When an external impression is followed by a sensation, what the external impression produces is a cortical process, which is concomitant with, but does not cause the sensation. The external impression may be regarded as if it were a cause of the sensation, inasmuch as it is a cause of the cortical process correlated with the sensation. Similarly the volition may be regarded as if it were a cause of the movement, inasmuch as it is correlated with the cortical process which sets the appropriate muscles in contraction."

Mr. Stout goes on to say that no explanation except a metaphysical one can be suggested for the theory of parallelism.

"The individual consciousness, as we know it, must be regarded as a fragment of a wider whole, by which its origin and its changes are determined. As the brain forms only a fragmentary portion of the total system of material phenomena, so we must assume the stream of individual consciousness to be in like manner part of an immaterial system. We must further assume that this immaterial system in its totality is related to the material world in its totality as the individual consciousness is related to nervous processes taking place in the cortex of the brain.

"Within the immaterial system the individual consciousness is a determining factor: within this system it acts and is acted on. But this interaction is virtually interaction between conscious process, and the material world; for the total immaterial system to which the individual consciousness belongs is correlated with material phenomena in general, as the individual consciousness is correlated with nervous occurrences in the cortex."

He next considers: "The relation of the immaterial system

as a whole to the material system as a whole." Matter as a whole is related to consciousness as a whole because "there can be no appearance or presentation apart from a subject to which an object appears or is presented. . . . . All that makes matter material presupposes some consciousness that takes cognisance of it. . . . .

"The world of material phenomena presupposes a system of immaterial agency. In this immaterial system the individual consciousness originates. To it in some way the sensational experiences are due, which form the basis of our knowledge of the material world. It is on it the individual consciousness acts when it produces changes in the material world. All this is possible because the system of immaterial agency is identical with what we know as matter in so far as matter exists independently of its possible presentation to a perceiving subject."

The source of parallelism is thus traced back to the Logos and Mûlaprakriti, and it is then pointed out that the Logos is identical with Mûlaprakriti *in so far as the latter exists independently of its possible presentation to a perceiving subject.* In other words, the gulf between consciousness and matter persists throughout manifestation, and we can only transcend it by going back to Parabrahm.

SARAH CORBETT.

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By love, or harmony, the Ego is raised to higher planes of being and bliss; by love it is brought into contact with the deeper truths of life. And penetrating the veil—the illusion of form—it sends out its unconscious tendrils towards the life within, thereby developing the higher powers of adjustment, co-ordination and sacrifice. Though the broken images of the Self, thus attracting the Self in man, may temporarily lead the Ego astray and attach it to forms, yet their resultant effect is the expansion of consciousness when the phenomena forms perish.—*Prashnottara.*

# TIBET

The Land of Mystery, the Heart of Asia, the Roof of the World, are all picturesque but true appellations of Tibet. It is a land of mystery: to students of Theosophy because it is reputed to be the home of Adepts; to everyone else because so little is really known about it. Nature has made it inaccessible, and internal policy seems to support nature in maintaining its splendid isolation. Nevertheless we are not without some fairly authentic records of this land, and the difficulty is to understand, rather than to glean, the information available.

Scattered over the five volumes of *Isis Unveiled* and *The Secret Doctrine*, H. P. Blavatsky has left many references to Tibet; these taken by themselves are perhaps apt to give a rather one-sided impression of the country and its people—an impression altogether idealistic. She concerns herself with the esoteric and philosophic side rather than with the external, the people, their religion and their customs. The other extreme is rendered in recently published books of travel and adventure, which apparently are intended to glorify the authors rather than to enlighten the reader; but a happy mean seems to be provided in this respect in the account given by Abbé Huc in his *Travels in Tartary, Tibet and China*. Huc penetrated into Lhassa in 1845, and is consequently a little behind the times in the matter of dates; but it would not appear that Tibet changes as quickly as we do, and his experiences are most instructive when they are read side by side with the statements of H. P. B.

Abbé Huc was a priest engaged in the Roman Catholic mission around Pekin, and he and a fellow missionary, M. Gabet, boldly resolved to penetrate into the heart of Tibet and there preach Christianity to the Dalai Lâma, hoping to convert the "Pope of Tibet" to the religion and authority of the Pope of Rome. While waiting for an escort the priests decided to learn

the Tibetan language, and they secured the services of a Lâma to instruct them. The outcome was an invitation to reside as guests at the famous Lâmasery of Kounboum. Here they lived for three months and had probably a unique opportunity of studying Lâmaism from within its borders.

The greater portion of the male population of Tibet consists of Lâmas. Lâma means "spiritual-teacher." The Lâma follows the monastic system strictly, and embraces celibacy. Huc says that in almost all families every son, except the eldest, who remains a layman, becomes a Lâma. Lâmaseries are found all over Tibet, the largest being at Lhassa, where two of them protect no less than 30,000 Lamas, and in the immediate neighbourhood the number of Lâmaseries is not less than thirty. The Lâmasery is really a town rather than a monastery, which is often a single building.

Huc describes that of Kounboum as covering two sides of a ravine which occupies a site of enchanting beauty. On the slopes rise the white dwellings of the Lâmas, of various sizes but all alike surrounded by a wall. Amidst these modest habitations rich only in their intense cleanliness, are numerous temples with gilt roofs, sparkling with a thousand brilliant colours. Of the Lâmas of Kounboum Huc speaks admiringly. Their habits are simple. Garlic, brandy and tobacco are interdicted and little used, though some contraband trade is, he says, effected in these articles. A. H. Savage Landor (1897) describes the Lâmas he met as celibates in name, but actually slaves to the worst vices, and to him they appear in the light of degraded savages; but Huc found them for the most part tolerant, generous and noble, and he makes no charges of extreme vice, as does Landor. There may be, and probably are, many degrees of merit and discipline in different Lâmaseries also; then again H. P. B. tells us that Tsong-kha-pa, the reformer of Lâmaism in the fourteenth century, forbade necromancy; this led to a split amongst the Lâmas, and the malcontents allied themselves with the original Bhons against the reformed system. Even now they form a powerful sect practising the most disgusting rites all over Sikkim, Bhutân, Nepaul, and even on the border land of Tibet.* As it

* *Secret Doctrine*, iii. 409.

is in these border states that Lâmaism has for the most part come under the notice of Europeans, the worst side of it has no doubt been presented to them. The reformers are known as the Yellow Caps; the Bhons and their allies are the Red Caps. These comprise the two great sects in Lâmaism; it was with the Yellow Caps that Huc resided.

Kounboum is, according to Huc, widely famous for its excellent discipline and superior learning. It is an educational centre, and like our Universities has its Faculties: those of Mysticism, which comprehends the rules of the contemplative life; of Liturgy, comprising the study of the religious ceremonies and ritual; of Medicine, covering botany and the pharmacopœia; and of Prayers. Side by side with much knowledge and high spirituality there is superstition and credulity. Pilgrimages are made to the Lâmaseries, and merit sought by turning prayer-barrels, making prostrations all round the sacred precincts, and performing disagreeable tasks—such as carrying round a pile of books of prayer, the contents of which are supposed to be recited when the pilgrim has staggered over the full circuit of the Lâmasery with his burden.

Occasionally Huc met Lâmas, who performed what were to him miracles, effected by the aid of the Evil One. They heat irons red-hot, he tells us, and then lick them with impunity, make incisions in the body which an instant after heal, leaving no trace of wound behind. One Lâma could fill a vase with water by the mere agency of Prayer. Every operation had to be preceded by Prayer.

The word Kounboum means ten thousand images. True Lâmaism dates back to the fourteenth century, when the old religion largely associated with spirit and devil worship was reformed by Tsong-kha-pa. Popular tradition has it that this great reformer was born of shepherd parents where Kounboum now is. When born his face expressed extraordinary majesty, and he was immediately able to express himself with clearness and precision in the language of his country. At the age of three he resolved to renounce the world and embrace the religious life. His mother cut off his flowing hair, and threw it outside the tent, when forthwith there sprang up a tree, the wood of which dis-

pensed an exquisite perfume, and each leaf of which bore engraved on its surface a character in Tibetan.

Such is the tradition; the Abbé and his companion were hardly prepared for the sequel, and when in a great square enclosure at the foot of the mountain on which the Lâmasery stands they beheld the wonderful tree itself, they eagerly examined the leaves, and were "filled with an absolute consternation of astonishment," when upon each of them they saw well-formed Tibetan characters. The characters appeared "as portions of the leaf itself, equally with its veins and nerves"; the position was not the same in all; in one leaf they would be at the top, in another in the middle, in a third at the base, or at the side; the younger leaves represented the characters only in a partial state of formation. The characters covered also the bark of the tree and its branches, and were found on the young bark in indistinct outlines in a germinating state. Thinking there was some trickery, everything was examined with the closest attention, and, says the Abbé, "the perspiration absolutely trickled down our faces under the influence of the sensations which this most amazing spectacle created." The tree appeared to be of great age, the leaves are always green and the wood has an exquisite odour. The Lâmas stated that all efforts to propagate it, whether by seeds or cuttings, had always been fruitless.

H. P. B. confirms this description and adds the statement that the characters are in Senzar (ancient Sanskrit), and that the sacred tree, in its various parts, contains, *in extenso*, the whole history of the creation, and in substance the sacred books of Buddhism.* Senzar is elsewhere described as the sacred sacerdotal symbolic language, older than Sanskrit. It is the language of the *Book of Dzyân*, quoted in *The Secret Doctrine*.

After three months at Kounboum, the priests removed to Tchogorton, a small Lâmasery about a mile distant, which constituted a sort of outpost connected with the Faculty of Medicine. Tchogorton was the abode of five contemplative Lâmas, who had hollowed out their retreats in the precipitous rocks on the peak of the mountain. One of these hermits had entirely renounced the world and voluntarily cut off all means of ingress and egress, his

* *Isis Unveiled*, i. 440.

only means of communication with the outside being a bag tied to a long string, which was kept supplied with the alms of the Lâmas and shepherds. Huc says he had frequent conversation with some of these contemplative Lâmas, but could never ascertain exactly what it was they contemplated up there in their nests, and they themselves, he says, could give no clear idea on the matter, and told him they had embraced this manner of life because they had read in their books that Lâmas of very great sanctity lived in that way.

It is impossible to gather from what Huc says, whether the contemplative Lâmas are mere formalists, or are pursuing the most effective course for opening up the inner faculties which lie hidden behind the normal activities of the mind. Possibly there are both genuine ascetics following scientific methods to this end, and also their imitators so far as externals only are concerned, but it is interesting to compare a reference which H. P. B. makes to retreats; she tells us that great Teachers have been known to live in the snowy range of the Himâlayas for countless ages. They live in Âshramas (hermitages); but it is seldom, she says, that these great Men are found in Lâmaseries except for short visits. In the time of the Buddha, these Âshramas were on the spots they now occupy, and were there even before the Brâhmaṇas themselves came from Central Asia to settle on the Indus. Before that, men of fame and historical renown had sat at the feet of those Teachers, learning that which culminated later on in one or another of the great philosophical schools.*

The would-be missionaries were impressed with the religious observances of the people. Every evening at sundown everybody left house or shop and flocked into the main streets and squares, and there joined in chanting prayers. Huc remarks that the "religious concerts" produced by these numerous assemblages create throughout the town an immense solemn harmony which operates forcibly on the soul, and he draws a "painful comparison" between this "pagan town" and the cities of Europe where people would blush to make the sign of the cross in public. The evening prayers vary according to the season, but another habit is common to the Tibetans of repeating on their rosaries one

* *Secret Doctrine*, iii. 406.

particular formula, at all times and seasons. This formula or mantram, as Huc renders it, is "Om mani padme houm"; he says it is not only in everyone's mouth, but you see it written everywhere about in the streets, in the squares, and in the houses, on flags which float over the public edifices, and engraved upon stones and rocks. The literal sense of this phrase is given by Huc as "Oh the Gem in the Lotus. Amen"; but another rendering is: "I am in Thee, Thou art in me." The latter, implying as it does the divine nature of man and the binding relationship between human and divine, may well constitute a motto for a people whose whole life is essentially religious.

The Dalai Lâma is acknowledged as the legislative, executive and administrative Head of the Tibetans. He is believed to be a great Adept, whose lives as Dalai Lâma are a series of quickly succeeding reincarnations. When the Dalai dies the chief Lâmas proceed to search for him in the form of a young child. The whole country is searched that the right child may be found, and when found he is examined and tested with a view to ascertaining the extent of his knowledge, and of his memory of past incarnations. Many wonderful stories are told of the phenomenal intelligence of these infant kings. The reigning Dalai Lâma in 1845, the year of Huc's visit, was a child of nine years, who had occupied the palace for six of them. He was taken from a poor and obscure family in one of the outlying principalities.

H. P. B. says that the importance Europeans attach to the Dalai Lâmas is a mistake, as it is the Teshu Lâmas who are *de facto* the Popes in Tibet.* Huc also found there was another great power in the land, and he refers to the Teshu Lâma when he describes the Bandchan-Remboutchi, who, sixty years of age, was "of a fine majestic frame and astonishingly vigorous." Huc's own words are interesting in many ways: "This singular personage states himself to be of Indian origin, and that it is already some thousands of years since his first incarnation took place in the celebrated country of the Azaras. . . . . The learned Lâmas who occupy themselves with Buddhic genealogies explain how the Bandchan, after numerous and marvellous incarnations in Hindustan, ended by appearing in Further Tibet and

* *Secret Doctrine*, iii. 408.

fixing his residence at Tji-gad-ji. . . . . Whatever may be his biography . . . . this able Lâma has managed to establish an astonishing reputation. The Tibetans, the Tartars and the other Buddhists call him by no other name than the Great Saint, and never pronounce his name without clasping their hands and raising their eyes to heaven. . . . He knows how to speak, they say, all the languages of the universe . . . and can converse with pilgrims from all parts of the world. . . . The Tartars have so strong a faith in his power that they invoke him continually." According to Huc the Teshu Lâma resides at Tji-gad-ji (the mountain of oracles) the capital of Further Tibet, situated eight days' journey south of Lhassa. A glance at the map will show that this would bring the region well into the heart of the Himâlayas. This seems to afford a clue to various matters of interest to students of Theosophy.

H. P. B., speaking of Tsong-kha-pa, the reformer and the hero of Kounboum before referred to, infers that He was a direct incarnation of Amitabuddha and the founder of the secret schools near Tji-gad-ji attached to the private retreat of the Teshu Láma. With Him (Tsong-kha-pa) began the regular system of Lâmaic incarnations. It is the Teshu Lâmas who are, in fact, the spiritual sovereigns of Tibet. "The Dalai Lâmas were the creation of the sixth reincarnation of Tsong-kha-pa, and He Himself gave the signs whereby the presence of one of the twenty-five Boddhisattvas in the human body could be recognised."* The Boddhisattvas are elsewhere described as those great souls who are so highly evolved as to require only one more earthly incarnation to become perfect. A fair deduction seems to be that the succeeding incarnations of the Dalai Lâmas were in the past, at any rate, those of the most Holy Ones who reached human perfection.

H. P. B. also states that among the commands of Tsong-kha-pa there is one that enjoins the great Teachers to make an attempt to enlighten the world (including the West), every century at a certain specified period of the cycle, and she tells us that so far (1886) none of these attempts had been very successful. In this connection she also mentions a prophecy, and

* *Secret Doctrine*, iii. 408

permits the inference that a certain great teacher, whose Tibetan name she mentions, will be reborn in the West before the misconceptions of Europe will be uprooted. Another prophecy is also mentioned which declares that the Secret Doctrine will remain in all its purity in Tibet only while it is kept free from foreign invasion, this being the true key to Tibetan exclusiveness.* Again, the same writer tells us that it is only in the trans-Himâlayan fastnesses, loosely called Tibet, in the most inaccessible spots of desert and mountain, that the esoteric Good Law lives to the present day in its pristine purity,† and that the *Book of Dzyân*, the book of the Secret Wisdom of the world, is kept in secret and apart, in the charge of the Teshu Lâma of Tji-gad-ji.‡

Huc's description of the palace of the Dalai Lâma, with its golden roof, is reminiscent of other palaces which are now regarded as relics of very ancient civilisations, and there are other evidences that point to Tibet as at some time in the dim past the seat of a mighty people. The Gobi Desert on the north-eastern side promises to provide evidence of this sort to the archæologist, and Dr. Sven Hedin has already brought the district into prominence. Years ago H. P. B. declared that round no other region, not even Peru, hang so many traditions, and that the howling waste of shifting sand was once one of the richest empires the world ever saw, while beneath the surface lies such wealth in gold, jewels, statuary, and all that indicates civilisation, luxury, and the fine arts, as no place in Christendom can show to-day.§

While it would appear that Tibet was the seat of great material civilisation, its chief interest to the Theosophist must necessarily be in the fact that it is still the home of the Masters of Wisdom. Maybe it is in its recesses that is established the physical link between the world of to-day and that wondrous One who holds spiritual sway over the initiated Adepts throughout the whole world, the "Initiator," called the "Great Sacrifice," He who Himself at the threshold of Light will not cross into it, because of the lonely sore-footed pilgrims who are still striving

* *Secret Doctrine*, iii. 412.

† *Ibid.*, 424.

‡ *Ibid.*, 415.

§ *Ibid.*, 18.

to find their way out of "this limitless desert of illusion."* As our knowledge of the East increases, particularly of this portion of it, the careful student will probably find accumulating the external evidences which point to the most inaccessible parts of Tibet as the centre from which for many ages the light of knowledge and power has flowed into race after race and empire after empire on its ascending arc; as now once more the old life flows in to refresh, enlighten and ennoble the Kelt and Teuton in his youth, a youth that has the promise of an inconceivably great maturity. Europeans may despise the East, but if evidence goes for anything they cannot grow to power without its aid; and our Theosophy of to-day is woven round the text of the *Book of Dzyân* itself, which lies in the safe keeping of the Great Lâma at Tji-gad-ji.

T. H. MARTYN.

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# CORRESPONDENCE

## INDIAN POVERTY

*To the Editors of* THE THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW

THE review of Mr. Dadabhoy Naoroji's recent work on *Poverty and Un-British Rule in India* which has appeared in the pages of the THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW is unconsciously misleading, and illustrates how difficult it is even for one of the best friends of India, as the writer of the review evidently is, to understand and grasp the real difficulties of the problem of Indian poverty. It is anything but true that "to-day there are enormous, almost incredible, amounts of wealth stored up and hoarded all over India." I know the condition of the people of India a thousand times better than this theosophical reviewer can do, and I can assure him, in the most positive manner, that to-day the people are so poor and poverty-stricken that there is no possibility for them to hoard "enormous, almost incredible, amounts of wealth."

* *Ibid.*, ii. 208 (O. E.).

Then, he advises Indians to become "capable and efficient officers, lieutenants, captains, generals, in the great army of labour." The fact is ignored that the present impoverished condition of the Hindus has been mainly brought about by their forcible deprivation of the right to "control and guide labour" in their native land. It must not be forgotten that India was not only an agricultural, but also an industrial and manufacturing country. It was the early policy of the English which strangled all the industries and manufactures of India. The attention of the reviewer is drawn to the following extract from the standard *History of British India*, by Mill and Wilson :—

"The cotton and silk goods of India up to this period (1813) could be sold for a profit in the English market at a price from 50 to 60 per cent. lower than those fabricated in England. It consequently became necessary to protect the latter by duties of 70 and 80 per cent. on their value, or by positive prohibition. Had this not been the case, the mills of Manchester and Paisley would have been stopped at the outset and could scarcely have been set in motion even by the power of steam. They were created by the sacrifice of the Indian manufacturers. Had India been independent, she would have retaliated. This act of self-defence was not permitted her. British goods were forced upon her without paying any duty, and the foreign manufacturer employed the arm of political injustice to keep down and ultimately strangle a competitor with whom he could not have contended on equal terms."

An officer, Major J. B. Keith, writing in the columns of the well-known Anglo-Indian daily of India (the *Pioneer*) said :—"Everyone knows how zealously trade secrets are guarded. If you went over Messrs. Doulton's pottery works, you would be politely overlooked. Yet under the force of compulsion the Indian workman had to divulge the manner of his bleaching and other trade secrets to Manchester. A costly work was prepared by the India House Department to enable Manchester to take twenty millions a year from the poor of India ; copies were gratuitously presented to Chambers of Commerce, and the Indian ryot had to pay for them. This may be political economy, but it is marvellously like something else."

AN INDIAN F.T.S

# REVIEWS AND NOTICES

## The Kabalah

The Doctrine and Literature of the Kabalah. By Arthur Edward Waite. (London: The Theosophical Publishing Society; 1902. Price 7*s.* 6*d.* net.)

Few occult traditions have given rise to the exercise of so much misdirected ingenuity as have the flotsam and jetsam from Jewry's mystic past preserved in mediæval Kabalistic literature; and few traditions have come down to us in so chaotic a state, and so fantastically mingled with rubbish from the old-world midden of sorcery and superstition, number-juggling and letter-magic. Indeed the magic and sorcery elements have so obscured the mystic, philosophic and spiritual contents of the tradition, that few sober-minded folk have the patience to sift out the valuable material from the rubbish.

This state of affairs is largely owing to the too enthusiastic later adherents of the Kabalah, who in their perfervid encomia ever make the more stupendous claims for their Tradition in proportion as they are ignorant of the text of the literature which they idolise, and the history of the developments which they take to be original revelations of unrealisable antiquity.

It is, therefore, with the greatest pleasure and satisfaction that we welcome the appearance of Mr. Waite's book, which at last gives us a sensible account of the matter from a critical and historical standpoint. Mr. Waite is neither a rhapsodist who sings an indiscriminate pæan of praise over all things Kabalistic, nor is he a hostile critic like a Graetz or a Ginsburg. He takes the middle ground of sober enquiry and impartial investigation, and gives us a book that is really useful and not a partisan tractate.

Occult traditions, in my opinion, do far more harm than good if they are not corrected by the sober discipline of historical and critical research. What we want in all such matters is a proper focus, a correct valuation, perspective and proportion. It is of first importance to determine the comparative size, that is to say importance, of

the elements or factors of such a tradition. Without the sober precision of the "higher criticism" the imaginative enthusiast of the "occult" rejoices to take a pig for an elephant, and a swan for a pterodactyl. He has ever done so in the past, and will continue to do so, unless someone adjusts his mental lenses for him by the force of facts sympathetically brought to his notice.

This Mr. Waite has largely succeeded in doing in the case of the Kabalah, and my own opinion of the service he has rendered is best estimated by the fact that our Publishing Society undertook the printing of the book at my instigation. An unlucky fate had attended its genesis. It had been almost entirely set, when the printing office where the work was being done was burnt down, and although the remaining MS. escaped destruction, the firm which was publishing the book thoughtlessly chose this moment to wind up its affairs. By chance a mutual friend lent me a copy of the proofs of Mr. Waite's labours, and I was at once struck by the evident good-will, impartiality and exactitude displayed by the writer. It was just the very kind of book on the Kabalah I had been hoping to see published, a healthy corrective to the innumerable absurdities which have been written on the subject, and yet not a destructive criticism of anything of real value in the tradition.

I have, therefore, very great pleasure in recommending it to my fellow students as the best introduction to the subject in the English language, and in some ways the most helpful study that has yet appeared in any language.

It is an introduction and a study, however, and though it has a compass of some 500 pages is by no means exhaustive. We have still to await a translation of the documents on which so much has been written, and to hope that ere long a competent Hebraist will make the contents of the tractates of various dates and importance and the main commentaries upon them, which constitute the main stream of Kabalistic tradition, accessible in some modern language. It is almost incredible that latter-day enthusiasm for the Kabalah has been almost entirely displayed by those who have never read a line of the original text, and to a large extent by those who have never even studied the five encyclopædic volumes of Knorr von Rosenroth, who in the latter half of the seventeenth century in most disorderly fashion put many of the tractates into Latin, in the hope of converting the Jews to Christianity. It is further to be noticed that the translations which have appeared in French and English are

for the most part from the pens of those who have never shown any knowledge of Hebrew or Aramaic in any other direction, and are always of tractates already translated by Rosenroth into Latin.

Mr. Waite's labours do not include any attempt at translation, and the proportion of his book which he devotes to the summarising of doctrine is small compared with his historical and critical researches. He apparently has no knowledge of the originals, but has rendered great service by analysing Rosenroth's chaotic lexicon and versions, which are by no means easily understandable even to a good Latinist. Another point in which Mr. Waite falls short is his small acquaintance with the painstaking critical work done in Germany, the country beyond all others to which we turn for a scientific first-hand knowledge of every literary monument of rabbinism.

In brief, Mr. Waite has relied mostly on Knorr von Rosenroth's *Kabbala Denudata*, and on works in French and English, all of which he has studied with great assiduity and good critical insight. His work on those lines is so good and useful that it is perhaps ungracious to point out where it requires to be supplemented; for his previous studies of the alchemists and mystics of the middle ages and subsequently make him peculiarly fitted to discuss the connections between movements and tendencies of this nature and Kabalism, and he does splendid work in exposing misconception after misconception and error after error which are still dear to the hearts of occult triflers and pretentious hierophants. But all this he does with such courtesy that it will be difficult even for the most bombastic to take offence—a most difficult and delicate task wisely performed.

Mr. Waite has treated of Kabalism from the middle ages onward, and has little to say in detail of its earlier ancestry, a side of the subject which perhaps did not come into his scheme. What he says on this part of the matter is cautiously advanced and stated with moderation, but my own studies have convinced me that all the distinctive doctrines of the Kabalah proper can be paralleled in the mystic literature of the first centuries. Ain Suph, the Sephiroth, the Two Countenances, the Heavenly Marriage, and much else, can all be paralleled in Gnostic and allied literature, and this in no vague and conjectural manner, but fully and completely. From as rigid a standpoint of history and criticism as can with any justice be demanded we can prove the existence of the Kabalah proper, not in germ but most highly developed, in the days of the Therapeuts, Essenes, Gnostics and Hermetists; and as the Talmud was developed

in opposition to all those tendencies, and in the interests of rigid Jewish orthodoxy, Mr. Waite, in my opinion, is in error in saying that the "roots" of the Kabalah may be found in the Talmud. Some traces of current Kabalah, it is true, have crept into the Talmud *in spite of* the hedge which the Rabbis built round the Torah, but the earlier stream of Kabalism flowed in wider channels than the Talmud stream of orthodox Jewry.

G. R. S. M.

## Poverty in excelsis

The Lady Poverty. Translated by M. Carmichael. (London: John Murray. Price 5*s*. net.)

There is a certain flavour—shall we call it the brown bread of mysticism?—about S. Francis that renders him peculiarly dear to the "precious" whose palates are accustomed to caviare of religious emotions and froth of philosophy. A whole mass of Franciscan literature has recently invaded the press, and on the shelves of that fluctuating quantity, the buying public, lives of S. Francis in *éditions de luxe* (strange parodox!) jostle Omar Khayyam, and François Villon, testifying to the catholicity of the taste of the moment. Briefly, the "Poverella" has become fashionable—under the wing of Mudie. Perhaps there is an especial and delicate luxury in dwelling upon records of a saint, an ascetic and a mystic, when that record is bound in art vellum.

To the student of mysticism this great and simple soul will always be an object of reverence and love, and he will thank fashion for providing him with more information about "the little Poor Man of Assisi," the saint who, above all other Christian saints, approaches most nearly to his great Master, Christ. Such a student is Mr. Montgomery Carmichael, who has just translated from the Latin the *Sacrum Commercium*, or *The Lady of Poverty*. This exquisite little thirteenth century allegory relates the mating of the Blessed Francis with My Lady Poverty, and how he and his Brothers persuaded her to live once more in honourable guise amongst men; of her sad history; and of her consent to live with the Brothers if they would diligently serve her with contented hearts.

The *Sacrum Commercium* was written in all likelihood in 1227 by an anonymous Franciscan, preceding Thomas Celano's *Legenda Prima* by one year; thus it is probably the first book ever written about S.

Francis. The authorship has been much disputed, however, and in his interesting and scholarly preface Mr. Carmichael goes thoroughly into the pros and cons of the matter. There are three Latin editions extant: one was printed in Milan in 1539, of which the only copy is in the Ambrosian Library; a second appeared in 1894, edited by Professor Alvisi; and the third was published last year by Père Edouard d'Alençon. There are also three Italian editions, the third of which has only just been published. I cannot resist quoting from a chapter at the end of the book which describes the sojourn of My Lady Poverty with the Brothers:

And when the Brothers had made all Things ready, they urged the Lady Poverty to eat with them. But she said unto them: "Show me first your Oratory, the Cloister and Chapter House, the Refectory, Kitchen, Dormitory and Stables, your fine Seats and polished tables and noble Houses. For I see none of these Things, and yet I do see that you are blithe and cheerful, abounding in Joy, filled with Consolation, as if you expected all these Things to be supplied to you at will." But they made answer and said: "O Lady and Queen, we thy Servants are weary with the long Journey, and thou in coming with us hast endured not a little. Therefore, if it please thee, let us eat first and thus refreshed, we will do thy Bidding." And my Lady answered: "It pleaseth me well. But first bring Water that we may wash our Hands, and a Cloth therewith to dry them." And they brought forth a broken earthenware Vessel—for they had no sound one—full of Water. And having poured the Water on their hands they searched on all sides for a Cloth. But when none could be found one of the Brethren offered the Habit he wore, that therewith my Lady may wipe her Hands. And giving Thanks she took it, magnifying God with all her Heart Who had given her such Men as Companions. And after this they led her to the Place where the Table was made ready. But she looked around about, and seeing Nothing save three or four Crusts of Barley-bread laid upon the Grass, she marvelled exceedingly within herself saying: "Who ever saw the Like in the Generations of Old? Blessed art Thou O Lord God, Who hast care of All, for Thy Power is at hand when Thou wilt, and Thou hast taught Thy people, that by such Works they may Please Thee." And thus they sat a while giving Thanks to God for all His Gifts. Then my Lady Poverty commanded them to bring in Dishes the Food which they had cooked. But they fetched a Basin full of cold Water, that all might dip their Bread therein, for here was there no abundance of Dishes or superfluity of Cooks. My Lady Poverty then begged that she might at least have some uncooked savoury Herbs, but having neither Garden or Gardener, the Brethren gathered some wild Herbs in the Wood, and placed them before her. Who said: "Bring me a little Salt, that I may savour these Herbs, for they are bitter." But they answered her: "Then must thou tarry awhile, Lady, until we go into the City to obtain

it. If haply there should be anyone who would give us some." Then she asked them, saying: "Fetch hither a Knife that I may trim these Herbs, and cut the Bread, which verily is hard and dry." Who answered: "O Lady, we have no Smith to make us Knives. For the present, use thy Teeth in the place of Knife, and afterwards we will provide." Whereupon she said: "Have you a little Wine?" To which they answered: "No, Lady, we have no Wine, for the necessities of Man's Life are Bread and Water, and it is not good for thee to drink Wine, for the Spouse of Christ should shun Wine as Poison." And when they were satisfied, rejoicing more in the Nobility of Want than if they had an Abundance of All Things, they blessed the Lord in Whose sight they had found such favour, and led my Lady Poverty to a place where she might sleep, for she was weary. And she lay down upon the bare ground. When she asked for a Pillow, they straightway brought her a Stone, and laid it under her Head. So after she had slept for a brief space in Peace, she arose and asked the Brothers to show her their Cloister. And they, leading her to the summit of a hill, showed her the wide World, saying: "This is our Cloister, O Lady Poverty." Thereupon she bade them all sit down together, and opening her Mouth she began to speak unto them Words of Life, saying: "Blessed are you, my Sons, of the Lord, Who made Heaven and Earth, who have received me into their House with such Fulness of Charity, that it seems to me as if that I had to-day been in Paradise."

However it was not mere beggary that S. Francis preached; he preached rather contentment of spirit and the happiness that springs from the inner instead of the outer life. His message was not unlike the message of Thoreau, who cried "Simplify, simplify!" The Lady Poverty of the saint was not a self-torturing ascetic, but one who had no desire for ease and self-indulgence, whose wants were reduced to a minimum, whose outer seeming was beautiful as well as frugal. The sordid poverty of a London slum with all its attendant uglinesses is the only poverty with which we in these days of luxury are familiar, but this is a travesty of the Divine Lady of the Poor Man of Assisi. "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven," says He who, like S. Francis, espoused the Lady Poverty.

The epilogue on "The Spiritual Significance of Evangelical Poverty," by Father Cuthbert (O.S.F.C.) contains much that will interest and appeal to theosophical readers. It is, moreover, broad and rationalistic.

E. M. S.

## An Ideal

The Life of John William Walshe, F.S.A. By Montgomery Carmichael. (London: John Murray. Price 6*s*. net.)

Mr. Carmichael has published simultaneously with *The Lady Poverty* another book which will appeal to the readers of this Review, *The Life of John William Walshe, F.S.A.* Though written in so convincing a manner, with its foot-notes, editor's queries, and references to real events, it is not a biography, but a piece of fiction. It purports to be the history of a certain John William Walshe, written by his son, and edited by Mr. Carmichael, and, so complete is the illusion, that the reader who had not been informed previously to the contrary, would imagine that he was reading the life of a real personage, and that Mr. Walshe, scholar, saint and poet, had actually existed. Of course, to that ubiquitous and obnoxious person, the Man-in-the-Street, saints, seers, and miracle-workers, are, with unfaltering perspicacity, put down as religious maniacs, cranks or frauds, unless they come in the semblance of mental science, or of some other old wine in new bottles. But then it is bad form to indulge in any kind of enthusiasm that is not enigmatic, except over the polo at Ranelagh or the cricket at Lord's, and it is a gentle implication of deficient brain-power if you do not talk epigrammatically about the serious. But in spite of the raised eye-glass of a century too serious to be anything but frivolous, and too fearful of becoming thoughtful to think, Mr. Carmichael has made his subject attractive and credible. The character that he has created for us in the person of Mr. Walshe is one that those who have studied the psychology of mysticism as developed in the ascetics of Cluny, the devotees at Port Royal and the Lourdes phenomena, will appreciate for its subtlety and truth. But it is not merely an analysis; it is a tender and sympathethic study of a rare soul and its religious aspirations, with a background of the simple Tuscan life which has remained so little changed since the days of S. Francis, and which Mr. Carmichael knows so well how to describe.

The early religious struggles of the Manchester boy in his uncongenial home surroundings, his flight to the Promised Land of Italy, his joy in finding in the pious and scholarly Lord Frederick a friend to whom religion was the one great fact which contained in itself all the other facts and interests of life, his joining the Catholic Church in the Passionist Church on the Monte S. Angelo, and the story of his subsequent inner life, are pourtrayed with a series of

touches so delicate that one can hardly be persuaded that one is not reading about a real personage. The part of the book which deals with his trances is especially interesting from the point of view of the psychologist.

A feeling of anxiety came over me: there was a bright light coming from my father's room, just as I had seen it when I was a tiny boy. I hurried to the end of the passage and gently knocked on the door. No answer. I knocked again three times, the third time very peremptorily. Still no answer. I opened the door hastily and entered. "Just God!" I cried, "and dost Thou love Thy servant so much as this?" My feeling of alarm had given way to feelings of veneration and deepest, consuming, awe-stricken reverence. There I saw him, standing at the end of the room, with wide arms out-stretched. His face was towards me; the eyes were up-turned, the lips just smiling, the whole expression and bearing such as you have seen many a time in pictures of the Saints, save that he was standing and not kneeling. There could be no doubt about it; my father was in a rapture, caught out of himself by the loving arms of God into that seventh heaven of bliss which His Saints alone are privileged to visit during this earthly pilgrimage. I went over to him and reverently took one of the out-stretched hands in mine: he neither moved nor stirred: the arm was quite rigid. I put my arms round him and looked up into that dearest face; his eyes though fixed, were soft and shone brightly. I then laid my head upon his shoulder, and sought to join my unworthy soul to his while he was so perfectly conjoined to God. Now and again I would whisper in his ear, calling him by endearing names that I had used in imaginary conversation, but had never dared to utter to his face because of the odd little barrier of shyness that there was between us. And still he did not move. I laid my head back upon his shoulder, and I may have been in that position about three minutes, when I heard him give a great sigh; the Holy Name escaped his lips; I felt the muscles of the body relax, and his hands were upon my head gently stroking my hair. The touch of those holy hands, new quickened with celestial fire, seemed to infuse into my soul a new felt peace and bliss. I was too happy to raise my eyes to his, and that long embrace was the sweetest savour of Paradise that I had ever tasted in this valley of tears.

Mr. Carmichael, in his character of filial biographer, puts in some touches of gentle humour to relieve the general tenor of a character otherwise too idyllic to be human. Mr. Walshe's hobbies, particularly heraldry, and the little ruses by which his son used to induce his father without his knowing it to soften the austerities which he hid from everyone but the watchful eye of his son, the quaint colour of the Italian background, the Passionists, the innocent delight which father and son took in tracing a pedigree which entitled them to wear a coveted coat of arms, and their scholar's treasure trove—all

these are delightfully written about. It is a book which possesses the imagination before and after reading.

E. M. S.

### Borderland

Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research, June, 1902. (London: 8, York Buildings, Adelphi. Price 4*s.* 6*d.*)

This xlivth part of the Proceedings of the well-known Society for Psychical Research contains some interesting papers read at general meetings, and reviews of books dealing with the subjects to which it devotes itself. From Dr. Lodge, the President of the Society, we have a paper introducing a series of six, which report experiences observed at sittings with Mrs. Thompson, a sensitive living at Hampstead. Dr. Lodge keenly analyses the possibilities of "fraud" involved in the phenomena observed, and makes the suggestive remark that what may technically be called "deception" is by no means necessarily conscious and voluntary. Referring to results obtained in other cases from what he calls "an organised subliminal fraudulent scheme"—subliminal=unconscious so far as the waking mind is concerned—he declares himself as impressed with Mrs. Thompson's "absolute sincerity and real desire, not always successful, to avoid every normal assistance or other aid."

Borderland phenomena are likely to be more successfully studied when observers thus recognise the fact that "a medium" is usually ignorant as to the workings of her own consciousness, and that the brutality with which suspicions of "fraud" are entertained and uttered must inevitably distress and increase the confusion of a sensitive honestly anxious, so far as her waking consciousness is concerned, to act with perfect candour.

The Reports of sittings with Mrs. Thompson are from the pens of the late Mr. F. W. H. Myers, Dr. F. van Eeden, Messrs. Wilson and Piddington, Dr. Hodgson, Miss Johnson and Mrs. Verrall, and will well repay reading. The scrupulous care to record all facts "without fear or favour" gives a high value to this interesting document.

Annie Besant.

### A Strange Book

The Gospel of the Holy Twelve. Edited by a Disciple of the Master. (The Order of Atonement. Price 5*s.*)

This book is one of those which claim a special inspiration, but contains nothing to justify the claim. It is alleged that this Gospel is

an ancient Christian fragment, preserved in a Tibetan monastery, and originating among the Essenes. It reached the editors, however, not as an ancient MS., but as a translation from the original by Swedenborg, Dr. Anna Kingsford, Edward Maitland and a Franciscan priest, given by them "in dreams and visions of the night" to those who now publish it. It is apparently a collection from many sources, and we cannot see anything in it that required the mediation of the well-known seers above named. Like so many "spirit-teachings," it does not rise above a rather low level of mediocrity, wherever there is anything which is not a quotation from familiar sources. Much of it is taken textually, or with slight verbal modifications, from the authorised gospels, and much similarly from the numerous documents classed as apocrypha. It has nothing special to recommend it, its main peculiarity being that it substitutes "Parent who art in Heaven" for "Father which art in heaven," and "Father-Mother" for "Father"—thus indicating a special tenet of the Order that publishes it. These terms, somehow, do not suit the literary palate.

ANNIE BESANT.

## MAGAZINES AND PAMPHLETS

*Theosophist*, May. The Colonel begins in this number the first chapter of his fifth series of "Old Diary Leaves," commencing with the year 1893—one of the most eventful in the history of our Society. G. Ramachandra Iyer continues his series of articles entitled "The Temple of God," while Miss Arundale contributes a paper on "How do we get our notions of Time?" In "The Foundations of our Friendships" W. G. John puts forward a sensible, common-sense view of the manner in which the spirit of friendship may be aroused. "I hold it plainly shewn," he says, "that the family offers the most fertile field for growth of real friendship—and it is family relationship which is the most important factor in bringing people together in a future life." W. A. Mayers, under the heading "Jesus, called the Christ," deals with "The Logos of S. John" and "The Mystic Christ of S. Paul." Alexander Fullerton begins an onslaught on "Materialism," A. A. Perera discourses on "The Supernatural in Ceylon," and A. Marques supplies the first instalment of a lecture delivered by him in Auckland and Sydney on "The Ideal of God." In the *Supplement* the President-Founder publishes the official report of the formation of the Italian Section.

*Theosophist*, June. In "Old Diary Leaves" Colonel Olcott de-

scribes a case of supposed incurable glaucoma in which he restored the patient to sight on four successive occasions. There were "four experimental observations, the first three with intervals of two years, the fourth after an interval of six; . . . between the first and second he enjoyed clear sight half a year, between the second and third it stayed with him three times as long, and between the third and fourth five whole years, that is to say, ten times as long as at first." The articles on "Materialism," "The Temple of God," and on "How do we get our notions of Time?" are concluded. Mrs. Hooper is represented by an interesting essay on the Pengap Chants. S. Stuart begins a treatment of "Evolution and Consciousness," P. F. deals with "Technical Education in India," and D. S. S. Wickremeratne's little story of "The Four Cobras, or Asioisopama" concludes a good number.

*Central Hindu College Magazine*, June, contains Mrs. Besant's "The Ways of the Râjaputras," "Two Little Fortune-Hunters," by J. M. Davies, and other bright articles by various writers.

*The Vâhan*. In the June number G. R. S. M. replies to a question, addressed to him personally, concerning the use of the word "Logos," C. W. L. points out that phenomenal proof of clairvoyant powers must not be expected from members of the Society, and B. K. contributes a long answer to a question on "Thought-forms." In the July number, details are given of Mrs. Besant's forthcoming lectures, and in the "Enquirer" there are further answers to the question on "Thought-forms," while B. K. replies to a question on the statements made by Christian Scientists.

*Revue Théosophique*, May, contains the first portion of a lecture delivered by Mr. Leadbeater in Paris, on "The Ancient Mysteries;" Mrs. Besant's "The Power of Thought," Dr. Pascal's "The Great Instructors of Humanity," and T. H. Martyn's "On the Bible," are concluded.

*Théosophie*, June, has the report of a lecture by Mr. Leadbeater at Brussels, in November, 1901, on "Dreams." The July number devotes considerable space to "The Catastrophe of S. Pierre," viewed from a theosophic standpoint, and Dr. Pascal contributes a short article on "Proofs."

*Teosofia*, May, has the editor's article on the commemoration of White Lotus Day, the conclusion of Mr. Leadbeater's "The Possibilities of Human Consciousness," and the continuation of Mrs. Besant's "Some Problems of Religion." The June number contains

a short account of the formation of the various groups which have contributed to establish the new Italian Section, a report of a lecture by M. E. Boutroux in Paris, on "The Psychology of Mysticism," and an interesting essay on "Spinoza as a Theosophist." An answer by Mr. Leadbeater to a question on the condition of the Monad when beginning its long pilgrimage, concludes an excellent number.

*Sophia*, May, has Alexander Fullerton's "H. P. B. and the Theosophical Society," the continuation of Mrs. Besant's "Esoteric Christianity," and of H. P. B.'s "From the Caves and Jungles of Hindustan."

*Theosophia*, our Dutch contemporary, begins with an account of White Lotus Day in Holland and is then given over to translations from H. P. B., A. Fullerton, Mrs. Besant and Michael Wood. The Report of the Sixth Annual Meeting of the Dutch Section concludes the number.

*New Zealand Theosophical Magazine*, May and June. S. Stuart gives some valuable advice on "Branch Work." He warns his readers against laying too much stress on the visible results of effort and urges would-be lecturers to make as little use of manuscript as possible. He concludes his remarks with the following hint: "When a new idea is brought forward the only thing is to *try how it goes*, for in no other way will any of us really succeed in Branch Work."

*Theosophy in Australasia*, April and May, contains the report of the Eighth Annual Convention of the Australasian Section and announces the appointment of Mr. W. G. John to the post of General Secretary vacated by Mr. H. A. Wilson. H. W. Hunt writes on "The Old Order and the New," and S. Studd on "Practical Theosophy."

We have also to acknowledge: *The Theosophic Gleaner; Prashnottara; The Theosophic Messenger; East and West; La Nuova Parola; Sophia*, a new monthly from Santiago which promises well; *Revista Teosofica; Bulletin Théosophique; Theosofisch Maandblad; Teosofisk Tidskrift; Conferencias Teosóficas*, a Spanish translation of Dr. Pascal's lectures given at the University of Geneva; *The Brahmavâdin; The Indian Review; Lotus Lodge Journal;* The 1901 *Report of the Madura Theosophical Society; Light; Mind*, in which the Rev. C. J. Adams answers the question "Is the lower animal immortal?" in the affirmative; *The Psycho-Therapeutic Journal; The Logos Magazine; The New York Magazine of Mysteries; The Humanitarian; The Herald of the Golden Age; Wings of Truth*, in which the Editor has borrowed

without acknowledgment or apparent permission A. H. Ward's diagram which appeared in our April number of last year; *The Light of Reason; Letters from the Spirit World; The Philistine; Little Journeys: Gainsborough* and *Velasquez; The Imperial and Asiatic Quarterly Review; Abandonment*, containing an announcement by the Editor that the name flashed upon him at New York, March 28th, 1902, at 9.45 p.m.; *National Defence*, consisting of a letter to *The Times* by Mr. S. Smith, M.P., and an article from *The Spectator; The Ârya; Modern Astrology*, to the July number of which J. H. van S. contributes a very interesting article on "The Genetic Spiral and its Relationship to the Wheel of Life"; *The Animals' Guardian; The Dawn; Rosa Alchemica; Review of Reviews; Revue Bleue*, which opens its pages to an excellent contribution from M. Léon Clery entitled "Suffering according to Theosophy"; *Erevna*, an Oxford magazine, in modern Greek, which desires "to change the mode of thought prevalent in Greece, or elsewhere, and to direct it into healthier channels"; *Dharma; The Animals' Friend; Eckige Kreise; Das Denkvermögen* and *Die Entwicklung des Lebens und der Form*, translated respectively by Herr Deinhard and Herr Wagner; *Æsus* (second and third parts). We have also received the translation of the useful little Catechism written by Mr. Leadbeater in 1889, when he was working in Ceylon, for boys too young to learn the well-known *Buddhist Catechism* by Colonel Olcott. It was circulated in Sinhalese, and is now translated into English by Mr. Jinarajadasa, B.A. We have also a pamphlet entitled *The Unseen World*, a useful reprint of a lecture lately delivered by Mr. Leadbeater in Harrogate.

G. S. A.

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CARDINAL MORAN appears to have been studying *The Secret Doctrine*, and to have learned that the sixth sub-race is to germinate in the United States. In an address on emigration, delivered at a meeting of the Maynooth Union, he said that in the United States the Germans and Irish are intermarrying so largely that within a generation a practically new race will have arisen in the Republic of the West—a race which will have a blend of the solid, stolid characteristics of the Teutons and of the poetry, imagination, and sentimentalism of the Kelts. This is true, though many other conditions are working in.

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